

THE
CAPTURE OF RICHMOND

(1864—1865)

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

HISTORY
OF
GRANT'S CAMPAIGN

FOR THE
CAPTURE OF RICHMOND
(1864-1865)

WITH AN OUTLINE OF THE
PREVIOUS COURSE OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

BY
JOHN CANNON.
"

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1869.

5.27

E470
C22

1 826

37

PREFACE.

IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES I have sought to give an accurate, clear, and impartial narrative of the campaign which brought to an end the American Civil War, by subduing Richmond, and the great general and brave army defending it; thereby crushing the rebellion, preserving the Union of the States, and accomplishing the abolition of slavery.

To explain the state of affairs when General Grant, placed at the head of the whole army of the United States, began the final advance on Richmond, two or three introductory chapters seemed necessary. These I have endeavoured so to write that the reader, if he has not already consulted any history of the war, may yet comprehend the outline of its course during the years 1861, 1862, and 1863.

It is hard to say that any one out of the four years of fighting surpasses the other in interest or importance. If the first is distinguished by the battle of Bull Run, and by the novelty of war operations to both sides, the second comprises half-a-dozen battles of huge slaughter, the first trial in fight of iron-clad vessels, and the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation by President Lincoln. And if the third can exhibit the thrilling spectacles of

Jackson's death at Chancellorsville, the all-important battle of Gettysburg, and the reduction of Vicksburg, and the course of the Mississippi, the fourth unfolds events which, after all, seem to be of supreme grandeur—Spottsylvania (the greatest battle of the war), Sherman's march (the greatest war operation), the capture of Richmond, the close of all resistance by the South, and the tragic assassination of President Lincoln.

Almost all who study the great conflict will concur in the remark made by General Grant himself to an English visitor:—‘Say what they will, this war has been the *biggest* job of its sort that has been done in this world—nothing like it has gone before.’* It must indeed be incorporated into our history; and since the Americans dwell with fondness on old English glory as in part theirs by descent, so may we consider with pride the manly bearing of the nation *we* founded, whilst we pray that their great strife may be the last ever to arise in any portion of the Anglo-Saxon race.

To sketch the whole in detail, and to combine a careful equal review of the simultaneous labours of statesmanship, and the solutions effected of moral and material problems, I considered, after brief reflection, to be a task too voluminous and varied for me to venture upon unsupported and uncriticised. I resolved, therefore, to write the history of the fourth and last year of the war, conducted, and triumphantly concluded, by General Grant.

The opening pages of this work were written when Grant's campaign was but two months old; when the

* Dr. Vaughan, ‘Notes on the United States since the War,’ *British Quarterly Review*, October 2, 1865.

news had just arrived of the first onset on Petersburg, and its result lay in the unknown future. I close it after a study of nearly four years, just as General Grant is about to commence a Presidency of the restored Union, from which all expect the most happy results.

It is with great diffidence that I present this work; for though the subject be of great and enduring interest, and though I am conscious of having bestowed zealous labour and earnest thought in searching, selecting, and weighing its facts, these merits may be counterbalanced by an unpleasing style, or other defects, involuntary and unknown.

The literature and documents of the war, Northern and Southern, are so extensive, precise, and, on the whole, so fair in the statement of events (though not perhaps of numbers) that the historian is much encouraged in his efforts for accuracy.

My acknowledgements are due to the authors of the many narratives of facts, and scientific or philosophical commentaries, which I have made use of. The references at the foot of many pages to some extent express them.



CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

	PAGE
SKETCH OF PREVIOUS CAMPAIGNS FOR THE CAPTURE OF RICHMOND	1

CHAPTER I.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE—HE A SECOND TIME INVADES MARYLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA—THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG AND OTHER SIMULTANEOUS REVERSES TO THE SOUTH—SUBSEQUENT OPERATIONS IN VIRGINIA DOWN TO THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1863	35
---	----

CHAPTER II.

THE APPEARANCE, DISCIPLINE, AND CAMP LIFE OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, AS ESTABLISHED ON THE RAPIDAN . . .	66
---	----

CHAPTER III.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT—HIS OPERATIONS UNDER HALLECK IN 1861-2—THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG—HIS EXPEDITION TO GET TO ITS REAR—CAPTURE OF VICKSBURG—HIS OPERATIONS AT CHATTANOOGA—HE IS NOMINATED LIEUTENANT-GENERAL, AND ASSUMES COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC	83
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

	PAGE
THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA	135

CHAPTER V.

MARCH OF GENERAL GRANT FROM SPOTTSYLVANIA TO THE OUT- SKIRTS OF RICHMOND—THE BATTLE OF COLD HARBOUR— MOVEMENT THENCE TO THE SOUTH OF THE JAMES RIVER, AND ATTACK ON PETERSBURG	178
---	-----

CHAPTER VI.

THE THIRD CONFEDERATE INVASION OF MARYLAND AND PENN- SYLVANIA	217
--	-----

CHAPTER VII.

OPERATIONS BEFORE PETERSBURG—FUTILE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS	231
--	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

OPERATIONS BEFORE PETERSBURG—EXHAUSTION OF THE SOUTH —DETERMINATION OF THE NORTH	246
---	-----

CHAPTER IX.

MARCH OF GENERAL SHERMAN FROM CHATTANOOGA TO ATLANTA, AND FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEA	263
--	-----

CHAPTER X.

CONQUEST OF THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY BY SHERIDAN—CLOSER INVESTMENT OF RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG—OVERTHROW OF HOOD BY THOMAS IN THE WEST	311
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

	PAGE
STATE OF AFFAIRS IN THE NORTH—ADVANCE OF SHERMAN THROUGH THE CAROLINAS—GLOOM AND DESPONDENCY IN RICHMOND	358

CHAPTER XII.

DESPERATE EFFORT OF GENERAL LEE—ADVANCE OF GENERAL GRANT—FALL OF RICHMOND—SURRENDER OF LEE . . .	404
---	-----

EPILOGUE.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN—DISBANDMENT OF THE ARMY	457
---	-----



HISTORY OF GRANT'S CAMPAIGN FOR THE CAPTURE OF RICHMOND.

1864-1865.

INTRODUCTION.

SKETCH OF PREVIOUS CAMPAIGNS FOR THE CAPTURE OF RICHMOND.

THE THIRD YEAR of the American Civil War had closed, and the army of the Potomac was as far as ever from the goal for which it had first set out in July 1861. It lay peacefully on the north bank of the Rapidan, sixty miles distant from the goal to reach which it had so often marched, to win which it had tramped through Virginian mud and crossed Virginian rivers; had endured fever and the heat of the Virginian summer in the swamps of the Chickahominy; and had given up in battle thousands and tens of thousands out of its ranks; to within sight of which it had once—and once only—attained. Six generals had commanded this great army—this great engine of warfare—and had worked it as unsparingly as if it had indeed been an immense machine, instead of a vast congeries of human beings. It had fought seven great battles with the opponent who barred its way: five in attacking him, and two to repel him when, flushed with

victory, he carried the war into the Northern States. And now as January 1864 began, it was encamped sixty miles from the prize for which it struggled, the lodestone of the American war; the city on which, as well in Europe as in America, all eyes were fixed—Richmond—the chief city of Virginia and capital of ‘the Confederate States of North America.’

The generals who had commanded the Northern army, and the campaigns undertaken by it, must now be briefly reviewed. The advance southward of General M'Dowell begun on the 16th July 1861, at the commencement of the war, was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the memorable battle of Bull Run, on the 21st July.* His routed and disorganised army took refuge in Washington, and anxiously expected an attack within twenty-four hours. The victorious Confederates did not follow up their good fortune by attempting to possess themselves of the Federal capital. They let slip what has ever since been considered a golden opportunity, and contented themselves with re-occupying the country on the right bank of the Potomac up to the fortifications on Arlington Heights.

A young general of five-and-thirty, who had been stationed in Western Virginia, where he had come off well in some petty engagements, which the New York newspapers magnified into great victories, was appointed to the command of the Northern army, in lieu of M'Dowell. Though his reputation as a general rested solely on these aforesaid petty battles, he could justly claim to have received a thorough military education. GEO. B.

* Bull Run is a little river running into the Potomac. The battle was fought just north of the little railway junction of Manassas. M'Dowell's loss, according to his own admission, was 2,679. The Confederates, however, estimated his loss at 4,500. The Confederate loss was 1,752.

M'CLELLAN was born at Philadelphia in 1826. At the age of sixteen he entered the West Point Military Academy, where among others he had as classfellows the famous 'Stonewall' Jackson, and A. P. Hill, another lad of subsequent distinction. Both were to be opposed to him in battle in the Civil War. After a training of four years at West Point, M'Clellan entered the army, graduating as second lieutenant of Engineers. In the Mexican war he was promoted to a first lieutenancy for gallant and meritorious conduct in the actions at Contreras and Cherubusco. He was also in the encounters at Molino del Rey and Chapultepec, and by the close of the war had obtained his captaincy (1848). Stationed at West Point again, as a director of field labours and infantry instructor, he continued industriously studying the theoretical parts of the art of war, and his *Manual for the Army*, and his *Introduction to the Bayonet Exercise*, gave proof of his devotion to his profession. Soon after we find him superintending the erection of Fort Delaware; anon exploring the Red River; next ordered to Texas, and then commanding a survey for the western division of the Pacific Railroad (1852). He was for a short time in the West Indies, on secret service. To complete his varied experience of things military, the young soldier was to contrast with the free-and-easy warfare he had seen in Mexico, and the adroit but rough engineering of his countrymen, the tradition-governed tactics of European armies, their strict discipline, and their manner of conducting siege operations for the capture of a fortified city. Appointed one of the United States Military Commission to the Crimea during the Russian war of 1855, Captain M'Clellan, from the camp of the allied armies of France and England, saw out the remarkable siege of Sebastopol. On his return to America, at the close of the war, he

published the result of his observations in a work on the Organisation and Conduct of European Armies.*

A year or two later, promotion being slow in the United States army, and seeing no prospect of any active military occupation, he resigned his commission and undertook the management of two of the great Western Railways. For three years he was Vice-President of the Illinois Central Railway Company, and in the beginning of 1861 was General Superintendent of the Ohio and Mississippi, when the outbreak of the rebellion gave him the opportunity of an active military command which, influenced by his predilection for his old profession, he at once accepted.†

In person General M'Clellan was of medium stature, but square build, well knit together, and capable of enduring fatigue. His features indicated great self-reliance, combined with a courteous and unobtrusive nature. His complexion was fair, his hair light brown, and his moustache and chin-tuft quite light. The photographs of him, which abounded in the years 1861-62, must have given many persons an erroneous impression through their one deficiency, that of colour.

General M'Clellan arrived in Washington on July 26, and set earnestly to work to re-organise the army of the Potomac. It was a task of no ordinary difficulty. What was little better than a vast mob of civilians masquerading as soldiers when it left Washington, on the week's campaign which terminated at Bull Run, was now further demoralised by defeat. M'Clellan did his work well. He reformed the organisation of the army; by daily drill and frequent reviews he trained the raw civilian volunteers

* Republished at Philadelphia in 1861. It contains some sharp criticism on the operations before Sebastopol.

† *Life and Campaigns of General M'Clellan* (Philadelphia, 1864).

into a soldier-like appearance ; and he enforced a stricter supervision over the officers, who could no longer lounge about the streets of Washington, and throng the hotels and bar-rooms, as had been their wont. The army recovered confidence in itself, and felt confidence in its leader ; and within three months after the stinging defeat of Bull Run the populace of the North was congratulating itself on the numbers, the good equipment, the discipline, and the presumed efficiency of its magnificent army. Loud were the praises of the general who had done all this ; he was at once proclaimed to the world as the great military genius of America. The ‘ New York Herald ’ pronounced him a ‘ young Napoleon,’ who would soon smash up the Rebels in ‘ the coming Waterloo ’ in Virginia. And, on the resignation of the aged General Scott, on November 1, George B. M‘Clellan found himself appointed Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States.

Since the battle of Bull Run the Confederates had not once assumed the offensive, and General M‘Clellan was in no hurry to commence hostilities. For seven months the two armies confronted each other on the lines of the Potomac. With the spring of 1862 came the first indications that the war would go on in earnest—that the Northern army would advance into the territory of the South. In the month of January a Federal victory, in the battle of Mill Spring, Kentucky, proved the forerunner of a series of successes which redeemed Kentucky and carried the Union flag to the south of Tennessee. In the beginning of March M‘Clellan was undoubtedly maturing his plans for an advance, when the sudden falling back of the Confederate forces gave him the opportunity for an immediate forward movement.

On March 10 General M‘Clellan led his army out of Washington. Without a shot being fired they marched

to and beyond Bull Run. They encamped about Manassas and Centreville, points where the contest had gone on. M'Dowell was present—now as a subordinate general—and we read, with a feeling of respect, that he shed tears as he gazed on the spot where so many of his men had fallen. American generals had not yet become familiarised to days of wholesale slaughter. During the half year's training a good commissariat had been instituted by the Northern War Department, and the troops had with them supplies and stores in abundance. This was a matter of some importance, for the country was desolate, and the retreating Confederates had carried off with them, or carefully destroyed, all their *materiel* and all their camp appurtenances. Yet what were those pieces surmounting the fortifications over which the Federals could now ramble at will? It was with rage and vexation that the officers surveyed these trophies which the Confederates had left for them, for these guns which had frowned on them so long were *wooden ones*.*

The retreating Confederates were neither routed nor in any way demoralised, as New York newspapers had asserted on the receipt of the news of the evacuation of their position in front of Washington. Knowing that M'Clellan's advance must come soon, their generals had merely drawn them back to a stronger position, and they were now entrenched on the south bank of the river Rappahannock. To carry this position—and successful in that, to march some sixty miles, crossing several smaller rivers—was the direct road to Richmond. But General M'Clellan had not seriously thought of taking this route. He resolved on a plan which he had probably carefully

* The Prince de Joinville says that M'Clellan knew for a long time that the enemy had wooden cannon mounted, but his army was not mature, and the roads were unfit for an advance.—*Campagne du Potomac*, p. 42.

studied whilst lying in Washington. By a reference to the map it will be seen that the city of Richmond stands upon a bend of the James river, eighty miles above its fall into the sea, or rather into the broad estuary of Hampton Roads, which, merging with the extreme south of the great Chesapeake Bay, is even then twenty miles from the ocean proper. Between the mouths of the Potomac and the James, two other great rivers, with similar wide mouths, issue into the Bay. The one most to the north is the Rappahannock, which has just been spoken of. The southern, and consequently the nearest to the James, is the York River. Between the James and this latter, whose mouth is fifteen miles to the north of Hampton Roads, is the Yorktown peninsula, formed by the near approach of the two rivers before they join the Bay. At the extreme point seawards of this peninsula is Fortress Monroe, which, garrisoned by the United States Government troops at the outbreak of the rebellion, had been retained by the Federals all through the war. It was this peninsula that M'Clellan determined to make his basis for operating against Richmond. The army of the Potomac was moved from Manassas close up to the river, and within ten days, from March 20 to the beginning of April, the bulk of the army was quietly transported down the wide Potomac, and the sea-like Chesapeake Bay, to a landing in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe. A large force being left at Manassas, under Generals Banks and M'Dowell, to control the Confederate line of the Rappahannock, General M'Clellan himself at length departed, and was with his troops by the first days of April. Ere he started, an order of President Lincoln relieved him of the general command of the United States' Armies.

With an enormous army, estimated at 100,000 men, with a numerous and powerful body of artillery, about 350

pieces altogether, and supported by gunboats, General M'Clellan set forward for Richmond. A march of twelve miles brought him to the first obstacle to his progress. This was Yorktown, situated on the isthmus between the rivers York and James. The Confederates had thrown up entrenchments right across the isthmus, which is about six miles wide. These were actually of little strength, and a European general would not have spent much shot and shell over them before ordering an assault. General M'Clellan instituted a siege, and for well nigh a month amused himself by besieging Yorktown, by entrenching and reconnoitring, skirmishing, and practising his artillery on the fortifications. So pleased seems he to have been with this *dilettante* warfare, that it is impossible to say how long he might not have remained without attacking the place, had not the Confederates a second time politely opened the door for him.* They had augmented their forces, and it was probably their settled design to draw the Federal army on towards Richmond, and give battle on their own ground. During May 2 and 3 they quietly evacuated Yorktown, and left General M'Clellan free to resume his march. After an engagement on the 5th, well sustained on both sides, they withdrew from Williamsburg, which General M'Clellan occupied the next day. The Confederates retreating in perfect order as he advanced, he bore to the north of the Chickahominy, and marched with his main army to Cumberland on the Pamunkey river, which flows

* Looking over the newspapers of the last few days preceding the evacuation, we do indeed find this eminently luminous report of progress—to come. Says the Associated Press dispatch from Yorktown, April 29th: 'The time is drawing near when the commanding general will commence the task of reducing the enemy's works, erected to impede the advance of the Union forces.' What, then, had he been about during the three weeks before this, that he was now only going to 'commence the task'?

into the York, whilst a division of 16,000 men, under General Franklin, ascended the York in transports, and, supported by gunboats, took possession of West Point, where, ten miles from Cumberland, they formed M'Clellan's rear. Cautiously and slowly M'Clellan moved along the south bank of the Pamunkey, and by the 21st his advance-guard had come up to the Chickahominy river, and Richmond was in sight. Something else, too, was in sight—the pickets of the Confederate army. For Richmond was now but ten miles off, and if the Rebels were going to make a stand, it must be here, and at once. So said the New York press.

Whilst General M'Clellan was thus drawing near to Richmond events had taken place far off in the north, and near to him in the south, which materially affected his position. Naval operations were going on in the James which might prove of assistance to him; and aid which he calculated upon, or at least hoped for, from the line of the Potomac, was turned aside.

The evacuation of Yorktown by the Confederates necessitated also their withdrawal from the Government seaport of Norfolk, on the southern side of Hampton Roads. This accordingly was done, and the place was occupied by Federal troops from Fortress Monroe on May 10. The famous 'Merrimac,' which ever since her one glorious day of battle on March 8 had lain idly but usefully guarding the entrance to Hampton Roads—usefully, for it monopolised the attention of the Federal fleet off Fortress Monroe—was abandoned and blown up in the early morning of the 11th, and thus the James river was open to their vessels. The Federal ironclads, Monitor, Nangatuck, and Galena, with other vessels, immediately passed into Hampton Roads, and steamed up the James, in hopes of making their way right up to

Richmond. But their progress was arrested on the 15th by Fort Darling, on a bend of the river eight miles below that city. From the batteries of this fort, situated on a high bluff 200 feet above the water surface, they were subjected to a heavy fire, which they could not reply to effectively, and after sustaining considerable damage they were obliged to return down the river.

Thus, though the gunboats could not get near to Richmond, they had possession of the river to this point, only eight miles below it, and had M'Clellan's line of march been by the side of the James, a combined attack by the gunboats and the troops would probably have given him possession of this fort, and he would have marched side by side with them on to Richmond. As it was, the River Chickahominy, the Confederate army, and Fort Darling, were between him and the gunboats. But General M'Clellan had not chosen his more northerly route by the Pamunkey without a reason. Fifty miles to the north, on the River Rappahannock, whence, as we have seen, he had brought his army, there yet remained a large Federal force under the command of General M'Dowell. The exact number is not easily ascertained, but it was probably at least 25,000 men. This army lay strangely inactive. There was not any considerable Confederate force to oppose it, and General M'Clellan calculated on its immediate advance and junction with his army in front of Richmond. For this purpose troops were withdrawn from another of the Federal armies, stationed more to the west, and it seemed to be really going to M'Clellan's aid.* On May 26 General M'Dowell advanced six miles to the south of the Rappahannock. The next day he hurried twenty miles to the

* *Campagne du Potomac*, p. 138. Edge, *M'Clellan and the Yorktown Campaign* (London, 1865). Schalk, *Campaigns of 1862 and 1863* (Philadelphia, 1863).

rear, where his army was wanted for the defence of Washington. This curious state of affairs came on thus. The army from which M'Dowell had drawn his reinforcements was that of General Banks, situated in the valley of the Shenandoah River, on the western side of the Blue Ridge—that wonderful range of mountains which stretches diagonally through the centre of Virginia. This army had for some time been reported as driving the 'Rebels' down the whole length of the valley, insomuch that at the close of the month of April the 'Rebel' forces, whose general was said to be one Jackson or Johnson (the newspaper correspondents were uncertain which was the name), and who was in truth the great commander soon after so well known and so famous as Stonewall Jackson, were reported to have fled to the east of the Blue Ridge. That general was in fact only waiting his opportunity. The ill-advised withdrawal of a portion of the Federal general's forces gave it to him. On Friday, May 23, Jackson's cavalry fell like a thunderbolt on the Federal outpost at Front Royal, a village in the head of the valley, and about sixty miles due west of Washington. The almost entire destruction or capture of this outlying detachment gave warning to the main body under General Banks himself, lying at Strasburg, twelve miles off, and he prepared in haste for flight. The next day was a race northward to Winchester, a distance of twenty-two miles. Four several times during the day the Confederates came up with General Banks' rear-guard, and cut it up terribly. At daybreak on the 25th he was again assailed, driven in disorder from Winchester, and forced to perform a march of thirty miles the same day, harassed by Jackson's cavalry all the while, till he could get to safety at Williamsport, on the north bank of the Potomac.

But Washington was in no real danger, and General Jackson knew very well that he could not maintain the position he had gained, even had such been his intention. On the contrary, having routed Banks' army, gained stores, arms, and prisoners, and put the Northern statesmen in a flutter for a few hours, he was now intent on making his way down the Shenandoah valley again as rapidly as he had emerged from it. M'Dowell, whose troops, as we have seen, should have been marching to the aid of M'Clellan, had sent General Shields with 15,000 men to Manassas, *en route* to oppose him, and from the west of Virginia another of the too scattered armies of the North—that of General Fremont—was coming up. Exactly a week after the fiery expulsion of Banks, General Jackson passed through Winchester again; with consummate skill he eluded coming to blows with Shields and Fremont, who, arriving from opposite points, were now joining their forces at Strasburg, and, complete master of the situation, he took his way down the valley. Of course he drew the two Federal generals after him; but, blind to the dangers of the chase they were engaged in, they separated their forces, and came on in tracks slightly apart. On June 6 General Fremont found himself close on Jackson's rear-guard, which was marching out of Harrisonburg, a town in the foot of the valley. A regiment of cavalry, which was sent on four miles to reconnoitre, fell into an ambuscade of Jackson's posted in the woods, and suffered great loss, nearly all its officers being shot down. On the 8th Jackson, who had received reinforcements, turned and gave battle, inflicting heavy loss on Fremont's army; and on the next morning, having moved off during the night, he fell with fury on Shield's division, which was coming up by the side of the Shenandoah River.

The two Federal armies thus routed in detail fell back towards Strasburg, and after watching them for a few days, Stonewall Jackson went over the Blue Ridge and on his way to Richmond, to participate in fresh victories and to gain fresh laurels.*

Who was Jackson? and why had he this cognomen of Stonewall? Jackson was a tall, quiet, serious Virginian, who had been educated at West Point, and had served in Mexico with great credit—would, likely enough, have then made himself a name, had the Mexican war lasted a little longer. After that was over he became a Professor in the military college at Lexington, in the Shenandoah or Virginia Valley, and filled that post for ten years. He took up arms in 1861, from a feeling of devotion to his State. At Bull Run a Confederate officer, watching his firm bearing, exclaimed ‘Look at Jackson there, standing like a *stone wall*,’ and the epithet was taken up by everybody ever after. His great principle for war operations was ‘Mystery.’ His soldiers were taught to answer ‘Don’t know’ to any question of military plans or information. On the march he would sometimes pitch his camp at four cross roads, and often he would hurry his men along at the double-quick to meet an imaginary foe.

We left General M‘Clellan and his army on the left bank of the river Chickahominy. Up to his arrival there all had gone well and smoothly with the young commander. So well and smoothly indeed, that people were condoling with the ‘Young Napoleon’ in that he had not yet had the opportunity of any engagement for displaying his military genius. He was not destined to wait for this much longer.

Reconstructing the bridges called Bottem’s, the Rail-

* New York newspapers. Daniell’s *Life of Stonewall Jackson* (New York, 1863).

way, and the New, which, crossing the river at three points in a length of about fifteen miles, had been broken down by the Confederates, General M'Clellan cautiously transferred a portion of his forces to the south bank whilst, extending his right wing further to the north, he took possession of Hanover Court House. This was done on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of May. The line of his army was now spread over a distance of twenty miles, and its forefront—the division transferred to the south bank, which was under the immediate command of General Silas Casey—was less than five miles distant from Richmond. At midday of the 31st, taking advantage of a heavy thunder-storm which had swollen the river and injured some of the bridges, the Confederates in great force made a vigorous attack on this division on the field of FAIR OAKS. Undaunted by the play of the Federal artillery, they forced their way by a continuous and deadly fire of musketry; they captured the batteries and drove the Federals back in confusion towards the river; the assistance of the other Federal forces to the right of Casey's, on the same bank of the stream, could with difficulty hold them in check; and it was not till nightfall that reinforcements, brought by great exertions over the swollen river, reinstated the Federal generals in their position of the morning. The losses on both sides were heavy; hundreds lay rigid on the earth, never to rise again, and the ambulance waggons were filled with wounded. The combat was renewed the next day with the same desperation (Sunday, June 1); the fortunes of the fight were more equalised; the Federals repelled all the Confederate attacks; they even advanced their lines a short distance, and the close of the battle on the afternoon allowed them the boast—little as it might be valued—that they remained the masters of the field. General

M'Clellan was on the field of battle himself this day, and under his eyes four successful bayonet charges were made. A curious incident is related of this battle, and illustrates the character of the American soldier. Newsboys went from rank to rank amidst the din of battle, crying the latest New York papers, which had just arrived in camp—the soldiers bought them eagerly. The total loss of the Federals in the two days' battle amounted to 5,739; viz. 890 killed, 3,627 wounded, and 1,222 missing. The Confederates paid no less severely for their onslaught, their loss in the aggregate being estimated at 5,897.*

For two weeks after this no important operations took place on either side. After the cessation of the rain, which for some days impeded all occupation, the Federal troops were employed in strengthening with earthworks their position on the south bank of the Chickahominy, and the Confederates in their front were observed to be doing the same. Even yet not a few in the Federal camp clung to the belief that the 'Rebels' were preparing to evacuate their capital without further resistance, and many of the volunteer soldiers, whose stomachs for fighting had been turned by the stiff two days' contest at Fair Oaks, indulged in the pleasing dream that they would achieve a peaceful glory by a quiet entry into Richmond, similar to that which had been their experience at Yorktown. Little did they think that Stonewall Jackson had left the shade of the Blue Ridge mountains, and that trains filled with his tried soldiers were even then speeding along the Virginia Central Railroad, to the succour of the Virginian capital.

But General M'Clellan was not at his ease. He saw

* *M'Clellan's Official Reports*. New York newspapers. Some Federal authorities put the Confederate loss at 6,783 Conynham, *Irish Brigade and its Campaigns* (New York, 1867).

that he was not to advance an inch further towards his goal but by dint of fighting; he had begun to suspect that he was outnumbered; and though he may not thus early (June 14) have anticipated that Jackson would come to add to the enemy's strength, the diversion of M'Dowell's succour caused by Jackson's daring raid in the Shenandoah Valley had terribly disconcerted his plans. He wrote urgently to Washington for reinforcements.

Meanwhile the Confederate Government, in the threatened city of Richmond, was full of hope and confidence. Johnston having been wounded in the battle of Fair Oaks, the command in chief was given to General Lee, an officer who had not till then held any important separate command, but whose great abilities were known to many. As we intend to enlarge upon the career of this great general in commencing the body of this work, we make no further comment on him here.

While the armies lay thus confronting each other, General J. E. B. Stuart, chief of the Confederate cavalry, performed a dashing exploit which signalised that branch of their service, and began to make his name memorable in the history of the war.* At the head of one thousand

* General Stuart was in his 27th year only, having been born in Patrick County, Virginia, in 1835. Graduating at West Point in 1854, he obtained soon after a second lieutenancy in the United States 1st cavalry regiment, of which the (subsequent) Federal General Sumner was colonel, the Confederate General Hardie lieutenant-colonel, and the Federal General Sedgewick junior major. He saw service against some of the Indian tribes in the west, and distinguished himself in a fight with the Cheyennes, June 27, 1857, receiving a severe wound. He was promoted to captain in 1860. On the news that his country had joined the other Southern States, he sent in his resignation to President Lincoln, and entered the Virginia State service as colonel of cavalry. He had the command of that arm at Bull Run, and was subsequently appointed Brigadier-General. In September 1861, he obtained credit for daring audacity in an attack on a Federal force at Lewinsville, near Washington. He was soon after made a Major-General, and was looked up to as the virtual chief of the Southern cavalry.

horsemen and two guns he issued from Richmond (June 14), dashed round M'Clellan's right flank, crossed the Chickahominy, and made for the Pamunkey, his object being to seize or destroy as much as possible of M'Clellan's stores, which were accumulated near Whitehouse, on that river. In this he had considerable success, destroying some tents and quantities of forage; whilst, regarded as a *coup-de-théâtre* intended to amaze and bewilder the Federal generals, the expedition was a nonpareil. For several days the Federals were astonished to find squads of the enemy's horse still hovering about their rear; till, having damaged the railroad from the Federal camp to West Point, on the York River, and cut the telegraph wires, General Stuart drew all his men quietly back to Richmond. He took with him also many prisoners, who found themselves going on to Richmond by a route they had not expected to travel.

As the month of June drew to a close, indications were not wanting that a crisis in the struggle was at hand. Frequent skirmishes took place in the front, and the Confederates were thought to show a desire to bring on a general engagement. And, most ominous of all, it became known in the Federal camp that Stonewall Jackson was somewhere in the vicinity; it was vaguely reported that he was coming round the north of the Pamunkey to fall on their rear and attack their magazines, which Stuart had not been strong enough to do (June 25). Convinced of the substratum of fact which these reports contained—that he was to expect an attack from Jackson—General M'Clellan resolved on a measure which, it is said, he had for some time contemplated—to bring all his troops to the south bank of the Chickahominy; then, moving south, to take up a fresh basis of operations on the James River, where he would have the assistance of the gunboats. His

heavy stores and his wounded being at Whitehouse, on the Pamunkey, the water thoroughfare formed by that river, the York, and the James, would afford an easy means of transporting the wounded to Fortress Monroe, and the stores to his new basis on the James.* It was true that this would be falling back from Richmond, and a confession that its capture would be deferred some time; but he probably felt in its full force the insecurity of his present position; and, could he have performed his movement unmolested, it is possible that he might have made an immediate attack on Fort Darling, which would have been a virtual blow at Richmond. Whether, however, his movement to the James was indeed a carrying out of preconceived plans (plans conceived, that is to say, during the month he lay before Richmond), or whether he only hit upon it in the emergency of the moment, caused by the Confederate attack which we are about to detail, certain it is that it was now too late for him to draw back with safety from before Richmond; that Stonewall Jackson was in Richmond; that the Confederate generals had matured their plans; and that they aimed at nothing less than the destruction or capture of the Federal army in its entirety. A conflict, extending over seven days, took place, and of these battles, with the subsequent movements of M'Clellan, we must endeavour, as briefly as possible, to sketch the outlines. The armies which were about to engage in tremendous battle were very nearly equal in strength. Each consisted of about 100,000 men of all arms.† The contest was initiated by General M'Clellan, who, on the morning of Wednesday, June 25, ordered an

* Letter of the Prince de Joinville to his brother the Duc d'Aumale, June 27, 1862. English newspapers. American newspapers. *Lecomte, Campagnes de Virginie et de Maryland.*

† See a careful critical statement of the whole 'Seven Days' Battles' in *Harper's Monthly* for March 1866, by A. H. Guernsey.

advance of his left and left centre, the corps of Generals Heintzleman and Sumner. According to the hypothesis that General M'Clellan was now preparing his move to the James, this advance was to obtain sufficient room for drawing to the south bank his right wing. Advancing directly towards Richmond, the main body, under General Hooker, captured the enemy's rifle-pits, and drove him further back. General Kearney's division on the left was equally successful, but in the afternoon was driven back. However, at nightfall, Hooker's division retained the ground gained—an advance of two miles—and General M'Clellan officially reported that 'the pickets and lines under Generals Heintzleman and Hooker were where he wished them to be.' They were at the point nearest to Richmond which they were to attain. Not for two years was a Federal army to be again so near to the Confederate capital.

On Thursday the 26th, or the second day, the anticipated attack on M'Clellan's forces on the north bank of the Chickahominy took place. It was made by Generals Lee and Jackson, who delivered battle on the extreme Federal right, but it was only begun late in the day, and the combat, though severe, was not decisive. M'Clellan, however, saw that all that he dreaded was about to be fulfilled; under his orders, therefore, all the baggage of the right was brought over the river, and on the morning of the 27th the troops were ranged parallel to the stream, preparatory to their passage. Their line now stretched, east and west, a distance of about three miles. In their rear was the Chickahominy, which it was their object to pass, but the Confederates, being still in their front, of course precluded them from doing so without a battle. Musketry-firing during the morning announced the activity of both parties, and at noon the combat assumed a

grand scale. From one till six the Federals held their ground against the desperate attacks of General Jackson; but, although they inflicted heavy loss, their own loss was terrible; their utmost reserves were engaged; they staggered beneath the incessant volleys of the desperate Confederates; and, as the sun was going down, a furious assault on the left division put the finishing touch to the panic which was rapidly spreading through their ranks. Broken, disordered, mingled together, they rushed in headlong flight towards the bridges. Many officers who attempted to rally and re-form their companies were involuntarily borne along with the mass; others shamefully yielded to panic, and ran with their soldiers as the cry arose that 'the Rebels were coming.' The intervention of night alone, and the desire of the victorious Confederates to push on for the West Point Railway and the magazines of supplies there, the road to which now lay open to them, permitted the Federal generals to get their troops safely across the river to the south bank. There they were passed to the left flank, and that portion of the army, by General M'Clellan's orders, was immediately put in motion for the James River. The Federal encampment presented a scene of indescribable confusion on the morning of the 28th (Saturday, the fourth day). The baggage-trains of the whole army were hastily loaded and started. The left division, which had enjoyed immunity from the past day's battle, marched off in orderly array; the tired and drooping fugitives from the right flank followed in straggling columns; the divisions which had formed the centre were disposed to resist the enemy's attack, now coming from the north of the river; heavy stores were heaped up and set on fire; cavalry rushed off to save or destroy the stores of the stations on the West Point Railway, and brisk skirmishing was going

on all the while; everything betokened a hurried and disastrous retreat. Simultaneously, but unconnectedly, similar scenes took place at Whitehouse, which the Confederates were in hopes of capturing. Through the exertions of the Federal officers (General Stoneman and Colonel Ingalls), however, who, prior to the battle of Friday, had been detached to protect the railway and evacuate the position there, the Confederates were disappointed in their aim. The most valuable stores were put on board the transports, and went down the river protected by gunboats, along with a few regiments of infantry and the wounded; the greater part of the stores, cars, engines, depôt-houses, tents, hulks, and forage were destroyed; and as these were burning, the Whitehouse itself—a large and ancient building, which was the property of a son of the Confederate General Lee—was set on fire. It had not yet fallen to the ground when, at half-past four in the evening, the Confederate videttes came up, and the proprietor—Fitz-Hugh Lee himself, a cavalry officer under Stuart—with them. Despite Ingalls' exertions, the Confederate re-occupiers found plentiful and choice stores to regale themselves with.*

Some sharp engagements were fought the next day, as McClellan's retreating army slowly made its way towards the James River. As the rear-guard, composed of Heintzleman's, Sumner's, and Franklin's divisions, fell

* 'Never in all my life had I seen such enormous quantities of commissary stores, never had I supposed that an army of invasion would voluntarily encumber itself with such an incalculable amount of useless luxuries. Hundreds of boxes of oranges and lemons were piled up together . . . Great pyramids of barrels of white and brown sugar, and of salt fish and eggs packed in salt, were blazing on all sides. One of the blazing barrels of eggs we knocked open, and found its contents roasted *à merveille*, which gave us, with other edibles within our reach, such a repast as we had not enjoyed for many months.'—Von Bocke, *Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence*.

back from the Chickahominy, the Confederates—their troops now returned from Whitehouse—placed themselves on the south bank in like manner, and made two attacks during the day, which were repulsed. Not only this; but the Federals, as with daylight they set forward for the James, found a body of the enemy's cavalry in their front, which, by a parallel line of march, had headed their line of retreat. General M'Clellan was perplexed, and called a halt, for he feared he might be attacked in force here also, and his march to the James stopped. Such, indeed, seems to have been the plan of the Confederates; but, by the ill-execution of General Lee's orders, a sufficient force, fortunately for M'Clellan, had not yet been assembled at this point. The Confederate cavalry charging, were shot down by a battery of artillery which they knew not of, and no further attack being made as night came on, the march was resumed. A toilsome march, taking all the night, though it was but a distance of ten miles—the road being narrow and miry, and skirted by forests, against the trees of which the waggons were continually upsetting—brought them, as the morning of the 30th broke, to the longed-for banks of the James River, where—equally pleasing sight—lay their allies, the black gunboats.

But their combats were not over. The 30th (sixth day) was signalised by a battle nearly as bloody as that of the 27th. The Confederates, who had closely followed the Federal rear-guard, opened a tremendous cannonading; the Federal batteries replied with equal spirit, and for several hours an artillery battle was kept up with frightful execution on both sides. In the afternoon the Federals discovered that another body of the enemy, advancing directly from Richmond, was edging round their left by a road a short distance from the river. To

oppose it there were only the corps of Keyes and Porter—the disorganised and tired-out troops of Friday's battle and the ensuing day's retreat. The Confederates attacked with their usual desperate valour; they were visibly driving the hard-pressed Federals to the river, and it seemed as if M'Clellan's army was yet to suffer the crowning disaster of war, when a new species of combatants came to its relief to retrieve the fortunes of the day. The Federal gunboats steamed up alongside the conflict, and opened a fierce fire on the enemy from their rifled guns. The Confederate soldiers, who had faced musketry and hand-to-hand conflicts dauntlessly, could no longer keep their ground, and the Federals recovered their position. The Confederate attack on the rear, though inflicting and receiving heavy loss, had not broken the Federal lines. They renewed their attack on that position the next day (July 1, seventh day of battle), but had no better success; mindful of the gunboats' fire, they did not venture to attack by the river side again. With the evening of this day their leaders gave over further designs of compassing the capture of the Federal army, and General M'Clellan could at length telegraph to Washington that 'The army of the Potomac was safe.'

But what a heavy toll it had paid in moving to the haven of safety in which it now anchored. In the short space of seven days the Federal army, according to the official reports and the estimates obtained by the Committee on the conduct of the war, had lost in killed 1,582, in wounded 7,709, and in missing 5,958. The Confederates have always spoken of their losses in these battles as far inferior to M'Clellan's, yet a Northern critic has compiled from their own reports a table showing that they lost more than M'Clellan.

General M'Clellan—his army rested, and the Confederates having disappeared from his front—would fain have made another effort to capture Richmond by the way of the James, could he have counted on the necessary reinforcements and the co-operation of a naval force. But the Cabinet at Washington, bent on carrying on the war with vigour, was already setting on foot other movements, in which all the available forces of the line of the Potomac were to be used. Two generals from the west, esteemed as very mighty men of war by the *vox populi* of America—which, in the early stages of the war, put up, as its standard of laudation, success, however small, and by whatever chance-medley gained—had arrived at Washington (July 11). One of them had risen to power with the Government; the other, through him, to favour. To General H. W. Halleck was given the high office of General-in-Chief of all the armies of the United States, and General John Pope was entrusted with the formation of an 'Army of Virginia,' which, organised in the neighbourhood of Washington, was, under his command, to make an immediate advance and perform various wonders, culminating in the capture of Richmond. Such at least were the prospects which the newspapers of the North laboured to disseminate.

General M'Clellan, thus left to his own devices for a short time in his position at Harrison's Landing on the James River, made a few feeble tentatives in the direction of his former goal, from which he was now twenty miles distant. The Confederates had erected some batteries on the south bank of the James, commanding his position, and on July 31 they opened fire on his camp, not without effect; but the Federal gunboats silenced them the same day. This gave General M'Clellan an idea, and the next day he transferred some troops to that side of the

river; the Confederates, who were in no force, retired without fighting. A few days after he despatched a cavalry force, under Colonel Averill, on a reconnoitring expedition on that side of the river. They rode up to within fourteen miles of the important city of Petersburg, —a place with which we shall become familiar in the course of this history, for it figures in Grant's campaign as the bulwark with which General Lee for nine months defended Richmond. At the same time General Hooker made a 'reconnaissance in force' from Harrison's Landing to Malvern Hill and White Oak Swamp, the scene of the last two days' battle in the retreat from the Chickahominy. He camped there for a day or two, had a slight engagement with a body of Confederates who made their appearance, and then fell back again to Harrison's Landing (August 8). A few days after General M'Clellan received orders from Washington to evacuate the peninsula altogether, and bring his army back to the banks of the Potomac, where it was again needed. A part of the troops and the stores went down the James to Fortress Monroe (August 12 to 16), and the main army marched quietly through Williamsburg to Yorktown, where a fleet of transports was in readiness for them. The people of the North congratulated themselves that the army of the Potomac had at length 'escaped safely,' and the Northern press proclaimed that 'M'Clellan's successful evacuation of the Yorktown peninsula was a great victory!'

The series of battles before Richmond resulting in the defeat of the Northern army, and the complete overthrow of M'Clellan's campaign, may be looked upon as the second landmark in the war—the first being Bull Run. In the eleven months intervening between the two, indeed, battles had taken place in the West, naval expeditions had landed armies at several points on the Atlantic sea-

board of the Southern States,* and the chief of them had captured for the North the important city of New Orleans, the greatest in extent and population of the South. But the fighting in the West had brought forth no display of generalship; the minor naval expeditions had been failures; and if the capture of New Orleans was a step towards the important operations on the Mississippi a year later, in itself it was of no consequence compared to the Richmond campaign, on the result of which everything for that time depended.

But the week of battles with M'Clellan before Richmond is the second turning-point in the history of the war. Success there was the present salvation of the South; it invigorated the people, trained the soldiers, gave them the prestige of victory, and the knowledge that they had great generals at their head. Defeat before Richmond, in the campaign on which their chief hopes were set, was no less a stimulant to fresh exertions for the Northerners; it galled them to put forth their whole strength, whilst it opened their eyes to that of their antagonists. On the Federal soldiers, too, the effect was immense; the army of the Potomac returned from the Yorktown peninsula beaten, it is true, but with the elements of future power implanted in it by the severe training it had received.

Henceforth the war goes on on a gigantic scale. It is no longer conducted in the hesitating manner that a previous fifty years' peace had given to its commencement. Great generals now grew famous—for a time, chiefly, on the side of the South, but as time went by, on both—campaigns were conceived and battles fought, rivalling, in a military and strategical point of view, those of the greatest wars of modern Europe; whilst the application in war,

* Port Royal, Burnside's *Cape Hatteras Expedition*, &c. &c.

for the first time, of the discoveries and improvements of 19th century science, developed features and tactics never before possible in any war.

We have treated somewhat at large on the campaign of General M'Clellan, as it was the only one, previous to General Grant's, in which the Northern army actually arrived in the vicinity of Richmond, and because we shall have to institute a comparison in some points between the two. We must now merely run over, in the briefest manner possible, the leading incidents of the operations in Virginia, up to the battle of Chancellorsville.

Pope, who had signalised his accession to command by several very high-sounding orders, set forward and crossed the Rapidan River, southwards; then came 'doubts as to the whereabouts of Stonewall Jackson;' and then (August 9) these doubts were solved by that general's routing the advanced divisions of Pope's army at Cedar Mountain, with heavy loss. A few days after, Pope's whole army began to retreat. Under the orders of General Halleck, and the Federal Secretary for War, attempts were made to conceal the disasters from the people of the North; but it was not long before the true state of affairs became perforce known to them, and it was a truly alarming prospect. The whole Confederate army, under Lee and Jackson, was coming north. To the latter general was deputed the task of following up Pope, and well did he perform it. A second battle took place near Bull Run (August 28 to 30), and Pope's army fled in haste and confusion before the fiery onslaught of the Confederate general. It was a great battle, this second Bull Run; Pope's loss was nearly 10,000. Again the scouts of the Confederate horse rode up to within view of Washington, and the military position was curiously similar to that which followed the defeat of M'Dowell in 1861. As then,

McClellan, returned from the peninsula, was placed in command of the defence of the capital. But, as then, the Confederates did not hazard a direct attack on Washington. They had, however, another design as daring, and from which they hoped to derive results as important as would have been obtained by the capture of that city. General Lee crossed the Upper Potomac, above Washington (September 7), planted the standard of the South in Maryland, and issued an address, inviting the people of that semi-southern State to make common cause with the Confederacy. But it had not the effect anticipated. A few recruits came in to his army, but the people of Maryland cared not to avow themselves the friends of the invader till further victory should have crowned his arms. The conflict came quickly, and the opportunity passed away.

McClellan, for once shaking off his besetting sin, procrastination, marched straight after Lee, who had taken up a position near Hagerstown, Maryland. The latter had detailed Stonewall Jackson to take Harper's Ferry, on the south bank of the Potomac, where a large body of Federal troops lay cut off from all help from the main army. The place surrendered; 11,000 men giving themselves up prisoners; but, miserable defence as it was which they had made, it had taken Jackson two days longer than he or his chief anticipated; and when he joined the main army (September 16), it had already been assailed by McClellan (at South Mountain, September 14), and was holding him at bay on the banks of a small stream, the Antietam. In this great battle the Federals, though sustaining an accustomed enormous loss, repelled all the efforts of the two great Confederate leaders, putting on them the necessity of re-crossing the Potomac; and General McClellan, as the report of his greatest achievement,

telegraphed that 'Maryland and Pennsylvania were safe!'

The Federal loss in the battle of Antietam was 2,010 killed, 9,416 wounded. The Confederates were stated by Lee to have lost only 9,000 altogether.

Numerically disastrous as it was, the battle of Antietam was the first great action which bore even the semblance of a Federal victory; the people of the North had their expectations now raised to high pitch, and they wondered that M'Clellan did not pursue the advantage which was undoubtedly gained. Far from continuing the offensive, however, the Federal general was of opinion that having put the enemy on the south side of the Potomac again, his army had done enough for 'one while.' For nearly six weeks the antagonists were encamped on either side of the Potomac, quietly watching each other. M'Clellan, however, did not keep a very strict watch, for during this interval the daring cavalry-leader, Stuart, with a small force of bold Southern horsemen, re-crossed the river, and made the complete circuit of the Northern army, ransacking and carrying off the Government stores in the small town of Chambersburg, through which he passed. This bold ride, a distance of nearly one hundred miles, was performed in little more than twenty-four hours, and with the loss of only one man, who was 'cut off' and captured by some Pennsylvania farmers.

In the beginning of November the Southern army exhibited signs of withdrawal from its position; and General M'Clellan moved his army to the south bank of the Potomac, and took some cautious steps in a south-east direction. But the Federal Government resolved on superseding him, and on November 7 General Ambrose E. Burnside was appointed to the command of the army of the Potomac.

Lee, anticipating a rash advance on Richmond, retired to the south side of the Rappahannock, and securely entrenched himself on the heights behind the town of Fredericksburg. Enticed by the falling back of the enemy, Burnside advanced to the very place the Confederates wished to entrap him in, and the fourth advance on Richmond was stopped by a crushing defeat (December 13). Having occupied the town, Burnside hurled his troops again and again, without the least effect, against the heights behind Fredericksburg, bristling with cannon, and occupied by the whole Confederate army. He had to answer for the deaths of 1,150, and the wounds of 9,000 of his soldiers; for, magnanimously enough, he took on himself, in his official report, the whole blame of the disaster. The year 1862 went out with a perfect blaze of Confederate triumph.*

As might be expected, the unsuccessful general did not retain much longer the command of the army of the Potomac. Hooker, a man of that temperament which has been styled 'fire-eating,' and who presented the world with a second edition of Pope's recklessness and ultimate non-success, willingly accepted the post. In return, it may be, for the cognomen of 'Fighting Joe,' with which his soldiers complimented him, he proclaimed that the troops of which he was now in command formed 'the finest army in the planet.' With bold assurance he promised victory to the members of the Government, and they furnished him all the reinforcements he required. At the end of April General Hooker had all ready to lead the army of the Potomac 'on to Richmond' again.

* Renewed reverses, after the victory of Antietam had seemed to promise success, told heavily on President Lincoln. After Fredericksburg he exclaimed, in the anguish of his soul, 'If there is any man out of hell suffering more than I, I pity him!' But not for a moment did he think of relaxing his efforts to maintain the Union.

The Confederates still held the position in the rear of Fredericksburg, and General Lee expected that the attack would be made directly on his front, as Burnside's had been made. Instead of this, Hooker, whose dispositions certainly showed ingenuity, carried the greater part of his army some distance above Fredericksburg, and crossing successfully to the south bank of the Rappahannock, appeared suddenly on the Confederate left, threatening Lee's communications with Richmond. Lee at once turned his whole force westward to confront the Federals. This was what Hooker thought to be an advantage, as the Fredericksburg heights were then occupied by a Federal force under Sedgwick, which he had left for that purpose. At the same time he started a large cavalry force under Stoneman (for the Federals had now learnt, by experience, the necessity and use of cavalry tactics), to cut up the roads in the Confederate rear.

The battle of Chancellorsville ensued (May 1 to 5, 1863). Hooker, the day before, issued an address to his soldiers, in which he declared that 'the Rebel army' was the 'legitimate property' of the army of the Potomac; that the enemy must either 'ingloriously fly,' or 'give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him.' But he scarcely knew how to commence operations against the enemy of whom he spoke so contemptuously. He ordered an advance of his left, and whilst it was cautiously moving forward, behold! his right, the 11th corps—some divisions of which were composed chiefly of Germans—was flying pell-mell before Stonewall Jackson. A total rout was imminent, when Berry's Federal corps stemmed the flood of victory. On the next day the fight ran along the whole lines. The Federals were not forced from their position, but they were powerless for resuming the offensive. Sedgwick,

who had occupied Fredericksburg, could not effect a junction with the main body, and was driven out again, and on the 5th General Hooker led the army of the Potomac back to its old quarters on the north bank.

General Hooker displayed singularly bad taste in his exhortations to his troops: 'If the army had not accomplished all that was expected from it, the reasons were well known to the army;' that was what he said in his general order after the great defeat of Chancellorsville. General Hooker's officially reported loss was 17,197, Lee's only 10,277. Hooker was a brave and zealous officer, but he had failed woefully, and the fault must be attributed to him, not to the army. It is estimated that he had 123,000 men in this battle, and Lee but 62,000.*

But an accident almost wholly annihilated the rejoicing of the Confederates; and, perfect victory though it was, Chancellorsville stands marked as a day of grievous loss for the South, for this was Stonewall Jackson's last fight. It is foreign to the scope of my task—the history of Grant's campaign—to enlarge upon the incidents of the war during its previous three years, though I have deemed it desirable to give the reader these outlines of its course. Yet I cannot resist the temptation to sketch the last moments of a hero.

In the evening of the 2nd he was riding back from the front, satisfied so far with the day's labour, but meditating another movement which should cut off the enemy's retreat, when a regiment of his own corps, which had received orders to fire at anything coming up the road, poured in a volley on the little cavalcade of their general

* Hotchkiss and Allan, *Battle-fields of Virginia*. Chancellorsville. (New York, 1867.) It was commonly reported at the time that General Hooker was not sober during the great portion of the battle. New York and English newspapers.

and his staff, which, in the darkness of the night, they took to be a body of Federal cavalry. Three balls struck General Jackson, and he fell from his horse. Hurrying forward, his officers took him into the lines, and he was placed on a litter. He remarked, 'All my wounds are by my own men.' As he was carried to the rear, the soldiers, seeing a leader borne wounded from the fight, asked 'Whom have you got there?' The suffering general whispered to the doctor who rode by his side, 'Do not tell the troops I am wounded.'

The doctors determined on amputation of his left arm, which two balls had entered. This was done, and for a day or two it seemed that no fatal result need be apprehended. He himself asked, 'How long shall I be kept from the field?' and smiled cheerfully when the doctors assured him he was doing well. He asked how the battle was going, heard how Lee had frustrated all the enemy's plans, and how his own old brigade had again covered itself with glory. 'Yes, yes,' he said, 'men who live through this war will be proud to say to their children "I was one of the Stonewall brigade," for it is *their* name and not mine,' added the self-denying hero. His loved wife arrived and nursed him, but the effects of the wound and the operation had weakened him; he lay in a state of prostration. On Sunday morning, May 9, it became apparent that he was rapidly sinking; Mrs. Jackson was informed of his condition, and she told him that he was going to die. Very calmly and peacefully he received the intelligence; he said, 'Very good, very good, it is all right.' He had previously said, 'I consider these wounds a blessing. They were given me for some good and wise purpose. I would not part with them if I could.' He spoke farewell messages for all his companions in arms. 'Who is preaching at head-quarters

to-day?' he asked. Then looking steadfastly forward for the last question, he said 'Bury me at Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia.' Presently the end came; the brain went; he imagined himself on the battle-field, and his breaking voice uttered orders of battle; it grew weaker and incoherent, and then suddenly it was hushed, and he ceased to breathe.*

Thus died Thomas Jonathan Jackson, called for his unflinching valour 'Stonewall.' The news of his death made a great impression, not alone through North and South, but across the Atlantic, in Europe, and especially in our own country, where two parties had formed themselves, opposed as vehemently in opinion on the great American conflict as were its very actors.

It is curious to consider in how short a space of time Jackson's fame was acquired. On the 2nd of May, 1861, he was placed in command of the Virginian troops at Harper's Ferry. On the 2nd of May, 1863, he fell at Chancellorsville. Of the two years which these dates denote, the first only gave him renown in Virginia; it was during the second that his fame became world-wide, and had it not been for the events of those two years he might never have emerged from obscurity at all.

Jackson was dead; but one greater even than he yet remained to the Confederates. The chieftain who, with Jackson for his right-hand man, had for a twelvemonth chained victory to his car, still stood, with this last chaplet of victory—Chancellorsville—in his hand, a tower of strength to the Confederacy. A sketch of the previous life of Grant's great opponent will be the fitting opening to our history of Grant's Campaign.

* Hotchkiss and Allan. Chancellorsville (narrative of Dr. McGuire, in attendance on General Jackson). *Richmond Enquirer*, May 13th, 1863.

CHAPTER I.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.—HE A SECOND TIME INVADES MARYLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA.—THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG AND OTHER SIMULTANEOUS REVERSES TO THE SOUTH.—SUBSEQUENT OPERATIONS IN VIRGINIA DOWN TO THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1863.

IN the year 1808, when Washington had been dead ten years, and when the city which bears his name was but just uprising—uprising in such motley fashion as to justify the satirical couplet of the English poet who saw it later*—fifty miles lower down the Potomac, on the Virginian bank, in the little township of Stratford (Westmoreland County), was born the greatest warrior whom America has yet produced—Robert Edmund Lee. Yes! though victory, which had so long followed his footsteps, at length deserted him, and he fell, beaten, before ‘the larger battalions;’ though, when further resistance was futile, the Commander-in-Chief of the South rendered himself a prisoner to a magnanimous conqueror; though his army exists no longer, save in history; and though the crumbling works of his tenaciously-defended Richmond are now merely the monuments of an unsuccessful resistance and a crushed rebellion; not for this, nor because we may not approve of the cause which he upheld, can we avoid the conviction that, as the warrior of the war, Robert Edmund Lee stands by himself, supreme in military genius.

A native of Virginia, General Lee was also born of

* The famed metropolis, where Fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees.

one of the proudest families of that aristocratical commonwealth—aristocratical, for, as is well known, Virginia, whose first settlers were many of them the younger sons of English squires, some of them of English nobles, has always boasted, what is to all intents and purposes a title of rank—the appellation or order of F. F. V.* But General Lee was not only descended from an old family; he was the son of a man distinguished in American history as one of the Virginian heroes of its War of Independence. When, in 1776, the State of Virginia followed the lead of the New England States, and acceded to the Declaration of Independence of England, Henry Lee, a young man of twenty-one, raised a body of cavalry, which, under his command, achieved no little fame as ‘Lee’s Legion,’ whilst he himself was identified with it as ‘Light Horse Harry.’ He was perhaps the best American cavalry general of that war; and this is no light praise, for in the irregular warfare in the Carolinas, where his exploits chiefly took place, the Carolinian generals, Sumter and Marion, were acting with him, and opposed to him and them was the enterprising and indomitable English cavalry leader, Colonel Tarleton, a soldier of very high abilities. A right good server of his country, then, was General Harry Lee; as a soldier he displayed ability. When Britain acknowledged the independence of her former colonies, and peace and progress resumed their happy sway, he turned himself to the arts of peace, was elected to Congress, held for some years his seat among the counsellors of the nation, and for some years was Governor of his native State. He will always, on his own merits, fill a place in American history, and even in European biographical dictionaries will command

* F. F. V., *i. e.* *First Family of Virginia*—a whimsical title, and admitting of no gradations.

notice; but, by the fame of his son, the name of Lee, of Virginia, will acquire a far greater renown, and his own name a surer remembrance. Notable of him are two other particularities besides those just indicated:—first, that he held the chief command in the quelling of certain disturbances in Pennsylvania, which were called collectively the Whiskey Insurrection; second, that his profuse hospitality as a Virginian squire resulted in very grave and unpleasant financial consequences. His creditors became not simply troublesome, but relentless, and General Harry Lee was for some time imprisoned for debt. When arrested, and during confinement, he displayed both the *insouciance* of a soldier and the adroitness of a wit.* Thus when, in 1809, in prison in Spottsylvania County, he wrote his ‘Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States,’ a valuable and interesting contribution to the history of the Revolutionary War.

General Henry Lee married twice. By his first wife—his cousin, Miss Matilda Lee, daughter of another of the very numerous representatives of the Lee family—he had one son, Henry, who on arriving at manhood became a major, and was afterwards the author of two or three books, the principal one in defence of his father against some aspersions on his character in Jefferson’s writings. His career presents nothing remarkable, and he appears to have died some time before the year 1840. By his second wife, Miss Anne Carter, of Shirley, Virginia,

* A story is told that, having been arrested for debt, as he was riding along with the sheriff, he remarked that he was glad that he was on his way to confinement, since, having been bitten by a mad dog, he needed to be taken care of. Soon after this introduction of the subject, he exhibited such energetic symptoms of mania that the officials made off in hot haste. Allen’s *Biographical Dictionary*. Duyckinck’s *Cyclopædia of American Literature*.

General Lee had three sons and two daughters. The sons were named Charles Carter, Robert Edmund, and Sydney Smith. General Henry Lee died at Savannah in 1818, on his return from a residence in some of the West India islands.*

Robert Edmund Lee was born in the year 1808, and it seems probable that all his early years were passed in the ancestral home of his family at Stratford.† As the son of a Virginian squire, he gradually received a good education, and acquired refined manners and a happy bodily strength and size, well suited to the military profession which he was to follow. To this end he was at the age of sixteen entered in the West Point Military Academy, the now celebrated military training school of the United States.

This institution, the only one of the kind which is maintained by the United States Government, was established in 1802. West Point is situated on the River Hudson, in the State of New York, on the rocky western bank, at a picturesque bend of the river, fifty-one miles distant from the city of New York. The Military Academy possesses 250 acres of land, and the buildings consist of two stone barracks for the cadets, a large stone building containing models of fortifications, &c., and used for military exercises in the winter; a chapel, observatory, hospitals, dwelling-houses for the officers, &c. The appointment of each cadet is made by the President of the United States, and the total number is limited to 250. Notwithstanding the hitherto peaceful characteristics of the Americans, the number of applications for admission to West Point has always been very great, so

* Lossing's *Eminent Americans*. (H. Lee.)

† The Lee family in Virginia dates from about the year 1666. Shropshire is believed to be the English county it was originally seated in.

that the candidate must feel his claims to be indeed overwhelming who can calculate upon admission with any degree of certainty. In the selection of candidates for admission, the descendants of revolutionary officers, and of those who served in the war of 1812, were considered as having peculiar claims to notice, and on this ground the young Lee had, as we have seen, the highest of recommendations. The age of admission is from sixteen to twenty-one.

The staff of instructors comprises forty persons, including the Superintendent and Commandant, professors and teachers. The regular course of study lasts four years, at the end of which, on passing the examinations, the cadet receives an appointment in the army. During two months of every year (July and August) the cadets form an encampment on the plains, and whilst receiving the instruction of officers they are also put through all the duties and exercises of private soldiers. Little attention has been hitherto paid to this institution, or to American military affairs generally, by European connoisseurs, but the good practical instruction which the United States Military Academy affords has been now well attested by the experience of a great four years' war, all the commanders of note in which had received their training at West Point.

As the son of a general of the War of Independence Cadet Lee had a standing to maintain, and he appears to have been a highly creditable pupil at the Academy. Not once, we read, did he receive a reprimand; not once was he found lacking in intelligence, industry, or punctuality. Not many of the subsequent generals of the Civil War were associated with Lee at West Point; few of them were born so near the beginning of the present century as the Virginian chief. Only two remarkable

names can be singled out from among his class-fellows—Joseph E. Johnston, Virginian like himself, and O. M. Mitchell, Kentuckian. Mitchell distinguished himself soon after by his talent for astronomy; later by some very eloquent lectures on the science he loved so well; later still, when the Civil War came, by ardent patriotism in the cause of the Union.

On the expiration of his four years' course of study, Lee graduated No. 2 in a class of 46 (1829). Directly afterwards, according to one account, he crossed the Atlantic and travelled for a few months in Europe, but obtained a commission the same year; and on his return married Miss Custis, grand-daughter of the wife of George Washington, who had been a widow (Mrs. Custis) when the future First President married her and adopted her two children. With this lady Lee obtained the magnificent Arlington Estate, situated but a little north of Washington's domain of Mount Vernon, and just opposite the city of Washington. Lee, therefore, became quite a rich man; but notwithstanding this, he diligently followed his profession.*

His first appointment was to the Topographical Engineer Corps, and he was for several years employed on the various coast fortifications. In 1835 he acted as assistant astronomer in the demarcation of the boundary line between the States of Ohio and Michigan.

Lee first saw active service in the year 1847. To the student who wishes to obtain an insight into the early career (and thereby into the character) of the chief Federal and Confederate commanders, it is an indispensable necessity, and an almost unfailing source of supply, thoroughly to master the details of the Mexican War. There he will

* *New York Herald*, February 8th, 1865.

find Lee figuring brilliantly and conspicuously among General Scott's young officers. At Vera Cruz, on the first landing of Scott's army, Captain Lee, second commander of the Engineers, with Lieutenants Beauregard and M'Clellan under him, worked so well as to attract much attention from the General-in-Chief. At Cerro Gordo his 'gallant and meritorious conduct' was again noted, and General Scott said 'I am compelled to make special mention of Captain R. E. Lee, engineer. This officer greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Vera Cruz; was again indefatigable during these operations in reconnoissances as daring as laborious, and of the utmost value. Nor was he less conspicuous in planning batteries and in conducting columns to their stations under the heavy fire of the enemy.' The army marched on. Captain Lee was again 'gallant and meritorious' in the actions of Contreras and Cherubusco. They neared the city of Mexico, and another battle was fought, and Lee distinguished himself in it and afterwards. Said General Scott: 'The victory of September 8, at the Molinos del Rey, was followed by daring reconnoissances on the part of our distinguished engineers—Captain Lee, Lieutenant Beauregard, &c. Their operations were directed principally to the south, towards the gates of the Piedad.' In the further combats at Chapultepec, which resulted in the capture of the city of Mexico, Lee did yet more brilliant service; but he could not, with his comrades, 'revel in the halls of the Montezumas' afterwards, for he received severe wounds. Scott again praised and promoted him.*

* Besides the approbation of his chief, Lee won golden opinions from all sorts of men. The student will find mention of Lee in several of the unofficial chronicles of the Mexican War. There are some few of them, but I think that the testimony which would most pique the curiosity of the reader would be that of Raphael Semmes (afterwards commander of the

‘Captain Lee, so constantly distinguished, also bore important orders from me (September 13) until he fainted from a wound and the loss of two nights’ sleep at the batteries.’*

After the Mexican War Lee was appointed a member of the Board of Engineers, and remained so till 1852. About this date he spent much time at home in his stately mansion and charming domains of Arlington. His estate must at this time have given him all that a man could wish for; from the windows charming views could be obtained of Washington, which was now vastly ennobled in aspect, compared to what it had been at the time of Lee’s birth. The estate was extensive, and he had a large number of slaves.†

Alabama). Here is a short extract:—‘Among the most prominent of the engineers were Captain Lee and Captain Mason, the former serving at General Scott’s head-quarters, and the latter at those of General Worth. The services of Captain Lee were invaluable to his chief. Endowed with a mind which had no superior in his corps, and possessing great energy of character, he examined, counselled and advised, with a judgment, tact and discretion, worthy of all praise. His talent for topography was peculiar, and he seemed to receive impressions intuitively which it cost other men much labour to acquire.’—Semmes, *Campaign of General Scott in Mexico* (Cincinnati, 1852), p. 267.

* Scott, Official Report. General Scott always retained a high opinion of Lee. In his autobiography, written in the closing scenes of his life, amidst the changes of civil war, the veteran still dwells with pleasure on the services of Captain Lee, under him, in Mexico.

† It seems necessary that a statement contained in the *British Quarterly Review* of October 2, 1865, should be briefly referred to. In the article therein on his ‘Impressions of America,’ by the editor (Dr. Vaughan—a champion of the South during the war), a story is told of General Lee, which, if entirely true, cannot but considerably lessen the respect with which in every other phase of his life he is to be regarded. Slaves he held under the will of some member of the Custis family were, by that document, to be emancipated. Lee construed it—no doubt correctly—as enforcing their servitude for five years under him. This caused ill feeling; and some of the slaves attempting to leave, were harshly dealt with, even a female slave receiving by his express orders a severe flogging. Such is the story related,

All his conditions of life were pleasant; he was universally looked up to as one of the leading gentlemen of that part of Virginia, and he had also what was a distinction all through America—a collateral family connection with Washington.

In the year 1852 Lee's regiment was ordered to New Mexico. It does not appear, however, that he accompanied it, as, on September 1, he was appointed superintendent of the West Point Military Academy. There he was stationed three years, and in 1855 he was promoted to a cavalry regiment (the 2nd). This regiment was employed chiefly against the Indians of Texas, up to 1860. In much of the period Lee appears to have resided at Arlington, and while there, in the close of the year 1859, he is brought dramatically to our notice in connection with the 'Harper's Ferry Raid' of 'Old John Brown.' Colonel Lee headed the party of United States Marines which surrounded the engine-house in Harper's Ferry, where the fanatical old abolitionist had ensconced himself. Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart acted as his aide. Lee, whose temperament seems much to resemble the perfect calmness of Washington, made not the least sign of his personal feelings upon the raid. His manner is merely described to us as cold and severe. He protected Brown from the violence of the mob during the first moments after his capture, but was glad to turn over the custody

as far as I am aware in the cited periodical only. But that the authority is so respectable it should not be mentioned here at all, nor can I reconcile myself to the idea that General Lee acted in the manner described. It seems to me more likely that Dr. Vaughan was wholly or partially deceived. Had it been a fact, would not some of the Northern newspapers have published it during the war, to the detriment of Lee the Rebel, in European circles? I can only add on this subject that Lee's testimony before the reconstruction committee, after the war, shows that he had reasonable opinions on the nature of the negro. Report, March 27, 1866.

of him to Mr. R. Ould, United States District Attorney, and then immediately returned home.*

In the month of November 1860, Lee received the news—probably while stationed at San Antonio, Texas—of the election of Mr. Lincoln as President of the United States. Days passed by, and as the forecast shadows of coming strife grew deeper over the American Republic, and State after State were seceding and forming a Southern Confederacy, Lee's attention was turned fixedly to the course of action which his own native State was falling into; and on April 17, 1861, Virginia passed an ordinance of secession. Lee felt personally—we have his own record for it—neither wish for nor belief in the necessity of secession; but from a paramount idea of duty and devotion to his State, he deemed himself bound to leave the United States army as soon as Virginia should be out of the Union, and to aid in Virginia's defence should she be attacked. He sent in his resignation of his commission in the United States army, accompanying it with the following letter to General Scott. Another, which we give also below—despatched the same day to his sister, a lady residing in the North—shows excellently the sentiments which were working in his mind.

‘Arlington, Virginia, April 20, 1861.

‘GENERAL,—Since my interview with you on the 18th instant I have felt that I ought not longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which

* Pollard, *Lee and his Lieutenants* (New York, 1867), p. 46. *Southern Generals* (London, 1865). *Harper's Weekly*, March 14, 1863. Redpath, *Life of John Brown* (London, 1860).

I have devoted all the best years of my life, and all the ability I possessed.

‘During the whole of that time, more than a quarter of a century, I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors, and the most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been as much indebted as to yourself, for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will ever be dear to me.

‘Save in defence of my native State, I never again desire to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me, most truly yours,

R. E. LEE.

‘LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT,
Commanding United States Army.’

‘Arlington, Virginia, April 20, 1861.

‘MY DEAR SISTER,—I am grieved at my inability to see you. . . . I have been waiting “for a more convenient season,” which has brought to many before me deep and lasting regret. Now we are in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn; and though I recognise no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have therefore resigned my

commission in the army, and, save in defence of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword.

‘I know you will blame me, but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavoured to do what I thought right. To show you the feeling and struggle it has cost me, I send a copy of my letter to General Scott, which accompanied my letter of resignation. I have no time for more. . . . May God guard and protect you and yours, and shower upon you every blessing, is the prayer of your devoted brother,
‘R. E. LEE.’

This letter of General Lee to his sister is very interesting; and, viewed by the light of the mighty severance and strife which followed, and the sacrifices Lee was making, is truly affecting. At the same time it is strange to see Lee ‘recognising no necessity for this state of things,’ *i.e.* a rebellion, throwing up his ‘devotion to the Union’ merely for sentiment. It would appear, then, that had Virginia not seceded, Lee would not have resigned; and, from all we can gather from both the above letters, would have drawn his sword against all the rest of the Southern States which *had* seceded.

The interview between Lee and General Scott on April 18 had been very affecting. General Scott did all he could to keep Lee from throwing up his service to the Union. It is said a very high command was ready for Lee had he adhered to the Northern cause. But, though it grieved him to part as he did, Scott’s entreaties had no effect. Lee went with his State, and it was worth a reinforcement of 20,000 men to the Confederacy.*

* Pollard, *Lee and his Lieutenants. Southern Generals, &c.*

In the first year of the war Lee played no prominent part. Soon after his resignation his estate on Arlington Heights, opposite Washington, was seized by the Federal Government as the property of a Rebel. In the summer Lee accepted a commission in the Confederate army, was breveted a general, and was stationed for some time in Western Virginia, to hold in check a Federal force under General Rosencrantz. This he did effectually, yet with no great brilliancy of strategy. The war during the latter half of 1861, after the battle of Bull Run, took, as we have seen, a very languid course in Virginia. Lee was invested with a nominal rank, which made him a sort of military adviser to President Davis; and this he held when, in the spring of 1862, M'Clellan's approach to Richmond by the Yorktown peninsula brought on the brunt of war. The disablement of General Johnstone at the battle of Fair Oaks caused the appointment of Lee to the chief command of the army defending Richmond, and the wonderful rout of M'Clellan in the seven days' battle first brought the name of Lee prominently before the world.

In person General Lee is, by all accounts, represented as in appearance and bodily energy a magnificent specimen of a man. Fifty-three summers had, in 1861, silvered his hair; and his profuse beard, whiskers, and moustache endowed him with the venerable appearance of age; but the stiff and upright bearing of his tall and stalwart form, and the eagle glance of his bright brown eyes, attested that in strength and intellect he was in the very prime of manly power. He was about six feet two inches in height, and is said to have weighed over two hundred pounds, with no 'superfluous flesh.' His face, well cut, at once pleasing and majestic, had in it at times a jovial look, which when evoked seemed exactly

suited to it, but in general his manners were grave and reticent. All who visited him were impressed by the antique courtesy of his bearing, combined with an unaffected childlike cordiality, utterly distinct from the assumed complaisance of town-residing men. Camping in the field, General Lee's head-quarters were not surrounded by any of the insignia of rank and official paraphernalia which would invest most European generals of his grade; yet no one approached his presence without a respect to the full as visible, and perhaps more genuine, than has been shown to many princes. General Lee had three sons who speedily entered in the Confederate army. Two were cavalry officers, the third—it is said by General Lee's express desire—served for some time as a private soldier. The comparison had already begun to be instituted of General Lee with Washington. His manners as the commander of an army, and in all official respects, do indeed show much resemblance to the 'Father of his Country.' General Lee never gave vent to such expressions of hatred to, or disgust at the Northerners, as very many of his 'fire-eating' subordinates indulged in. He never called them 'the Yankees,' but generally simply 'the enemy.' On one occasion he passed by his son serving as a private, during an engagement, who gave an affectionate shout. 'That's right, my son,' said the general; 'keep *those people back*.'*

* Pollard, *Lee and his Lieutenants*, p. 119. This clear and lively Southern historian gives another anecdote which illustrates further the amiability of Lee's character, and also the contrary qualities of some of his officers:—'General Lee was standing near his lines conversing with two of his officers, one of whom was known to be not only a hard fighter and a hard swearer, but a cordial hater of the Yankees. After a silence of some moments the latter officer, looking at the Yankees with a dark scowl on his face, exclaimed most emphatically, "I wish they were all dead." General Lee, with the grace and manner peculiar to himself, replied, "How can you say so, General? Now I wish they were all at home, attending to their

Such was the man who—left by the death of Stonewall Jackson without any then apparent rival in arms on the American continent—was, in the spring of 1863, recognised by the world as the prop and mainstay of the Confederate States. A long roll of victorious and well-planned campaigns justified this opinion; but the time was now coming when, for the first time, Southern prowess began to be overclouded by serious defeat. Influenced by the wishes of the President and politicians of the South, and deeming it expedient, in order to reap the full fruits of the victory of Chancellorsville, to resume the offensive, General Lee, possessing himself a veteran and victorious army, and having only a defeated foe opposed to him, resolved to cross the Potomac again, and, repeating the expedition of the past year, carry the war into the North. A month's rest amply sufficed for all the arrangements of commissariat, armament, and changes produced by deaths and wounds in the battle of Chancellorsville; and about the end of May an order from the general informed his army that it was to prepare for 'long and rapid marches in a difficult country, where they would be without the assistance of railroads.'

The Army of Northern Virginia—as the Confederate force was officially designated—comprised, with all the reinforcements which regard for the defensive necessities of the other regions of the South allowed Lee to gather to it, for his expedition, about 90,000 men. The principal officers at its head, and on whom Lee depended for the execution and seconding of his plans, were Generals Ewell, Longstreet, and A. P. Hill, each of whom com-

own business and leaving us to do the same." He then moved off; when the first speaker, waiting until he was out of earshot, turned to his companion and in the most earnest tone said, "I would not say so before General Lee, but I wish they were all dead *and in hell*."—P. 120.

manded a corps; while the cavalry force was led by the dashing Stuart, assisted by Fitzhugh Lee, nephew of the chief commander.

The Federal statesmen and generals knew that the Confederates were organising a movement, but Lee so adroitly covered the evolutions of his Army that they were in complete uncertainty as to its object or direction. General Hooker, still in command of the Army of the Potomac, though he had noticed that his enemy had been moving troops off in a westerly direction, and though he had pushed out some *reconnaissances* to discover if he was crossing the Rappahannock higher up, was completely deceived by the unchanged appearance of the lines in his front, and did not venture on hazarding any change in the position of his own army till absolute necessity forced it on him. It was not till Lee had made all his dispositions, and his advance, pushed up the Shenandoah Valley, was striking the first blow at Winchester (June 13), that the Federal general discovered where his enemy really was. Lee's army was distributed in three great bodies; the corps of A. P. Hill only was now left on the Rappahannock. The greater portion of the army was on the march. General Ewell, with his corps, had entered the Shenandoah Valley, crossing the Blue Ridge Mountains by a gap near the village of Front Royal; and Longstreet's corps, with Stuart's cavalry, General Lee had placed about the small town of Culpepper, thus flanking the Federal army, and intermediate between Hill and Ewell. On June 13 General Ewell closed round the town of Winchester, the capital of the Valley, drove the Federal troops into the town, and the next day carried it by storm. The Union general, who had about seven thousand men and fortifications of some strength, but was, no doubt, considerably outnumbered, fled with-

out attempting to rally his troops, of which many were captured and the rest dispersed in various directions. It was a repetition of what had occurred there thirteen months before; and curiously enough the Confederates under Ewell comprised the old troops of Stonewall Jackson which had been then engaged, whilst Milroy's army re-enacted Banks' flight to the life. It seemed a similitude of auspicious augury for the Confederates, who—there being no force to oppose them—immediately took possession of Martinsburg, twenty-five miles further north, and advanced to the banks of the Upper Potomac. By these operations General Lee reported that he captured, at the expense of but slight loss, 'more than four thousand prisoners, twenty-nine pieces of artillery, two hundred and seventy waggons and ambulances, with four hundred horses, besides large amounts of military stores.' *

As Ewell's corps progressed towards the North, the corps of Longstreet and of A. P. Hill moved after it at supporting distance. The last-named general had seen Hooker's army withdraw from his front on the 14th, taking a parallel course to that of Lee's main body, in order to keep between it and Washington. Hill's corps now defiled into the Shenandoah Valley, and Longstreet and Stuart stood before the passes of the Blue Ridge. These were assailed near Upperville on the 17th, and a cavalry fight took place, and was renewed also on the following day; the growing efficiency of the Federals in that branch of the service, in which, during the early part of the war, the Southerners had so much outshone them, was demonstrated. The combat was fiercely contested, and both sides were alternately compelled to retire; but the advantage, if it could be said to incline

* Lee's *Official Report of Gettysburg Campaign.*

to either party, rested with the Federals. This fight, however, had little influence on the issues of the campaign. The entire Federal army was now in a position before Washington, where General Hooker for a few days halted it, and sullenly watched for the next development of the enemy's plans, as to which he seemed still profoundly bewildered.

Meanwhile the vanguard of Lee's army was crossing the Potomac, and dismay was spreading through the North. A small force, chiefly cavalry attached to Ewell's corps, had indeed crossed immediately after the capture of Winchester (June 15), and now, the Federals seeming in no hurry to bring on an engagement, General Lee moved over his whole army. Crossing the Potomac in two places, Williamsport and Shepherdstown, the Confederates occupied Hagerstown, in Maryland, and then continuing their march across the ten mile width of that curiously defined State, they trod the soil of Pennsylvania (June 20 to 26). Chambersburg, Shippensburg, and Carlisle, were successively occupied, and there was nothing but the broad Susquehanna, and some hastily thrown up fortifications, to keep Harrisburg—a considerable city, and the official capital of the State—from falling into the hands of the Rebels. The inhabitants of the place, in fact, sent off their valuable goods by rail, and many even left the city; but it was not for Harrisburg alone that the people of the North felt alarmed. The position which the invader had now assumed inspired a universal dread among the great cities of the neighbourhood. Panic fear, which never stops to reason, did not hesitate to believe that he was aiming to capture both Washington and Baltimore; nay, Philadelphia, too, trembled at his approach; and distant Pittsburg, the Birmingham of America, which, upwards of a hundred

miles to the west of his position, far removed from all previous regions of hostilities, might surely have felt at ease, believed itself menaced—did not know but that the peculiar attraction of its wares might bring on it a visit from an army anxious to acquire arms and ammunition. Taking Hagerstown as the position of his main body, Lee was now sixty miles to the north-west of Washington, fifty miles west of Baltimore, a city which was supposed to abound with ‘Rebel sympathisers,’ and not much more than a hundred miles from the great city of Philadelphia, the second in the United States.

In this alarming state of things, the President and Cabinet at Washington might well be anxious to rid the country of this enemy. His repulse in the invasion a year before gave them some encouragement to hope for success this time, and they adopted a course of action similar to their former one, by superseding the General in command of the Army of the Potomac and substituting, not indeed M‘Clellan (whose services were still at their disposal if called for), but an officer not unlike that General in character, though older in years if not in experience.

The change was made on the 28th, when the Army of the Potomac, following the enemy’s march, had arrived at the town of Frederick, in Maryland. An order from Washington gave the command to General G. G. Meade. The superseded ‘fighting Joe Hooker’ took leave of the army by issuing an address in which he ingenuously declared ‘that he was impressed with the belief that his usefulness as commander of the Army of the Potomac was impaired.’ The new general, a West Point graduate, and an officer in the old regular army (as was Hooker), had been long associated with the Army of the Potomac; had distinguished himself at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville,

and was respected by his subordinates as a steady, trustworthy soldier of modest, unassuming manners. He resolved to close with the enemy at once, and set his troops on the march the same day.

The Confederate leaders had only just received the intelligence of the change in the chief opposed to them, and acknowledged the new complexion which it might give to the coming struggle, when a scout brought word that the Federal army was on the move, and would soon be pressing on their rear. General Lee had then somewhat dispersed his army, a portion being at Chambersburg, another at Carlisle, preparing to assault Harrisburg, and detachments pushed out to scour the country on the east and west. General Stuart's cavalry also was not with him, having, according to instructions, been kept on the south side of the Potomac till the Federals crossed, and it was now following their rear. However, being quite willing for battle, General Lee immediately concentrated his troops, directing Ewell at Carlisle to move by a road due south, and Longstreet and Hill from Chambersburg east on the little town of Gettysburg (Adams County), each movement constituting about a day's march. Had Lee known how near his enemy now was, he would probably have hastened the march to the utmost of his power, for there was an important position to be secured.

The leading divisions of Hill's and Longstreet's corps were in view of Gettysburg on the morning of July 1, and were moving on to enter it, when they perceived several regiments under the Union flag advancing on them from the town. It was the vanguard of Meade's army, with Reynolds, one of the most distinguished of his subordinates, at its head. Hill's divisions immediately opened a fire of artillery and musketry, and the great and memorable battle of Gettysburg was begun. The Federals were

hot for the fight, and their general eagerly led them on, without stopping to speculate as to the probable numbers of the enemy he was about to engage. He paid for his rashness with his life. By pressing forward he had placed his corps on a wooded ridge, and was urging a regiment forward to the support of his right, when he received a musket bullet in the neck, and with a wild cry of ‘ Good God ! I am killed ! ’ the unfortunate Reynolds rolled death-stricken to the ground. On the Confederate side, Ewell’s troops now came up, and the Federals were out-numbered ; they beat a hasty retreat for their main body, which Meade, much annoyed at the precipitate movement of his advanced detachment, was carefully placing in a strong position a little to the south of Gettysburg.

General Ewell had kept up a running attack on them as they fell back ; and although they fought manfully, giving blow for blow, they were driven through Gettysburg, and would have been pushed further on had not orders come to Ewell from the rear to stop the pursuit. Thus ended, to the disadvantage of the Federals, the first day of battle, fought, it appears, contrary to the intentions and without the supervision of the chief commander of either army.

General Lee now found that his antagonist, possessed of a strong position, would only fight on the defensive. To withdraw the Confederate army into Virginia again without striking a blow was out of the question ; to advance further into the North with Meade’s army untouched in his rear would be madness. Nothing remained but to attack the Federals in their position, a movement in which he saw many difficulties, but which the favourable issue of the first day’s fighting, and the consequent high spirits of his troops, encouraged him to hope would

be successful. The Federal army occupied a horseshoe-shaped ridge of hills to the south-east of Gettysburg, the range being from two to three miles in length, and terminating at either end in a steep sugar-loaf peak, which gave thorough protection for each flank. The centre of their line was a hill which held the Gettysburg cemetery, and which ere nightfall was to have more dead and dying men lying about its slopes than the graves with which the small population of Gettysburg had hitherto furnished it numbered. It was not till four in the afternoon that the second day's battle commenced, the morning having passed by in preparations (second day, July 2). To turn the left of the Federal army was General Lee's plan, and for this purpose the best divisions of his own right were ordered forward. Longstreet himself—whom perhaps we may call the 'bravest of the brave,' Lee's Ney—led them on, for two of his subordinate generals were shot down and disabled almost the instant they set forward. As he took his place at their head, an enthusiastic cheer broke forth from the ranks, and with the exhortation of 'Cheer less, men, and fight more,' the General led them right up the sloping ground, careless of the raking fire which the Federals poured on the advancing columns. But the charge thus gallantly made, successful as it was in its primary object, led to no real advantage. The front portion of the Federal left was carried, but there was one as strong behind, and a diversion which Lee's other corps made during this against the centre and right resulted in nothing but bloodshed on both sides. Begun, as we have said, at four o'clock, the contest lasted till about nine, whilst some firing was kept up still later. Both armies knew that the combat must be resumed on the morrow. General Meade held a council of his officers at midnight, and with him they decided on holding their position at all

risks. At the battle of Antietam, in which the tide of invasion had been pushed back once before, General M'Clellan had said in determined tones, 'If we cannot whip the Rebels here, we may just as well all die on the field.' And that was the spirit which now animated Meade, his officers, and his whole army. Every man seemed nerved with double spirit, and resolved on fighting manfully to defend his home, restore the Union, and free the slave.*

(Third day, July 3.) Whilst it was yet grey dawn the bloody work began; for the Confederates, impatient and ill-satisfied with the fortunes of the previous evening, abridged the few hours' rest which they might have taken to quench the anxiety in their minds by the excitement of desperate action. Lee now directed his efforts on the Federal right, endeavouring to carry the lofty mount at its end, from which, if occupied, he could shell the centre. But Meade, vigilant, brought his reserved artillery into impromptu position on Cemetery Hill, whence, playing on the storming parties of the enemy ascending the opposite mount, it greatly encumbered their movements. All the Federal troops, too, stood up desperately against their assailants, and on Meade's sending some reinforcements also

* The majority of the inhabitants of the Gettysburg district of Pennsylvania have been much reproached by American chroniclers for the apathetic spirit they exhibited during the invasions by the Rebels. They were most of them 'Dutch' (the common American term for the descendants of Germans), and they are represented to us as wholly wrapped up in thoughts of 'gelt,' or substance. During the Confederate occupation the very natural vexation they felt at having their stock or provisions seized and paid for in Confederate money only, was displayed in such an extreme manner as to become ludicrous. Colonel Fremantle witnessed a number of good farming ladies crying out, in accents of despair, 'Oh, good heavens, now they're killing our fat hogs. Where is the general? where is the great officer? Our milch cows are now going!'—*Three Months in the Southern States, April-June, 1863.*

at eleven o'clock they were forced to retire. The Confederate leaders were hot and exasperated, and General Ewell is said to have sworn with a great oath, 'that he would break through those Yankee lines.' Their chief commander alone remained unruffled, indomitable, and cheerful. After two hours' cessation from firing, General Lee prepared for a last great effort; and to cover the assault, although his supplies of ammunition were not so ample as they should have been, the whole of his artillery, 125 cannon, opened fire on the Federal left and centre. Then the reserves of Hill's and Longstreet's corps—about 16,000 men, including a body of 4,000 valiant Virginians under Pickett—advanced on the Federal lines. They crossed the intervening space of open meadow, and rushed desperately up the slopes of the ridge, exposed all the while to a terrible fire of artillery and musketry. It was the battle of Fredericksburg reversed—that fatal Federal repulse was avenged. Struggling again and again to reach the summit of the ridge, the Confederate ranks were deluged with shot and shell; the standards were riddled with balls, and then, as confusion spread, abandoned to the Federals; officers and generals fell by twos and threes, brigades were almost annihilated. The attempt was vain, it was clear, and Longstreet drew the troops back as best he could from the fatal heights. At five o'clock firing had ceased, and the battle of Gettysburg was over.*

* A Northern versifier thus portrays the Rebel attack, and the Federal crisis and victory:—

'At Gettysburg how finely they came,
Arms right, shoulder-shift, quick step and guide right,
Responding to all our clangor and flame;
With only their yell as they breasted the height,
The charging blood in their upturned faces,
And the living filling the dead men's places!

The Federals knew not the same night that their task was finished. Southern accounts of the battle have indeed imputed to the Federal general such irresolution as that he contemplated, on the morning of the 4th, giving orders to retreat on Baltimore. But General Meade knew very well now that he could hold his own, and he was confident that the victory was already his, only he was too cautious to hazard, by a precipitate advance to cut up a presumed departed enemy, the renown which he had now fairly earned. All day of the 4th the Confederates presented an unchanged appearance in his front. But retreat had been decided on, and they were only waiting for the darkness to put it in execution. The bearing of General Lee on the night of the 3rd was excellent under his heavy defeat. He had spoken words of comfort to all his men who passed by him: ‘All this will come right in the end,’ he said, ‘but in the meantime all good men must rally. We want all good and true men just now.’ To one of his generals, who came up with tears in his eyes to relate the rout of his brigade, he said gravely and nobly, ‘Never mind; all this has been MY fault, and you must help me to mend it.’ To the English officer who was watching him with admiration, he remarked, ‘This has been a sad day for us, Colonel—a sad day; but we can’t expect to win victories always.’ This excellent conduct of their chief restored the spirit of the Confederates as nothing else would have restored it; and thus it was that on the 4th they were in fairly good condition

The continent trembled, the century reeled,
When Longstreet paused on the brow of the hill;
Another brigade might have given the field
To slavery, treason, and ages of ill;
The heroes who held that last stone wall
Saved freedom, mankind, from a woful fall.’

J. W. De Forest, in *Harper's Monthly*, March, 1866.

again as regarded composure and obedience. With a heavy heart, despite his outward philosophy, General Lee gave orders to break up his camp; and column by column the depressed, but not yet despairing Confederates, turned their backs on the field of Gettysburg, and took the road to the South once more.*

With this memorable battle closes the third act of the great drama of the war. It was the 4th of July—the most revered day in the American calendar—the anniversary of the Independence of the United States—and the Army of the Potomac had for the first time in its existence struck a telling blow at the organisation formed to sever the Union. Nerved with the same consciousness that they were fighting on their own soil, in front of their own hearths, which had preserved them from defeat at Antietam, the Northerners had this time fought to far more purpose than in that barren victory. For—

I. In the material effects of the Gettysburg campaign on the strength of both armies, the proportions were, as numbers go, about equal. In the Federal returns their own losses are estimated at 23,186, viz.: killed, 2,834; wounded, 13,709; missing, 6,643 (in which is included the 4,000 men of Milroy's command, whose capture opened the campaign). The Confederate loss, correctness as to which is more difficult to attain, we may—following the able military critic on Lee's campaigns, Colonel C. C. Chesney—set down as about 20,000. Northern authorities have estimated it as high as 25,000. The Federals

* *New York Herald, Times, World, and Tribune. Baltimore American. Swinton, Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac* (New York, 1866). *Twelve Decisive Battles of the War* (New York, 1867). Coffin, *Four Years of Fighting* (Boston, 1866). Fremantle, *Three Months in the Southern States*. Pollard, *Third Year of the War in America*. Chesney, *Campaigns in Virginia and Maryland*. Fletcher, *History of the American Civil War* (London, 1865).

lost most heavily on the first day of the battle; a separate balance for the second and third days would show a great preponderance of loss for the Confederates. But the putting such a number of the best troops of the South *hors de combat* was—though paid for by an equal or slightly greater sacrifice—an immense gain to the North, which had a far larger population to give volunteers or conscripts, foreign recruits to swell its ranks, and of whose army many of those who fell would have soon, on the terms of their enlistment, claimed their discharge. Just after the battle a suggestive little paragraph appeared in the miscellaneous columns of the newspapers—‘The whole of the white population of the Confederacy numbers 4,685,800. The population of the State of Pennsylvania, which General Lee recently invaded, is 2,850,000.’ There were twenty other loyal Northern States, besides the invaded one, of which New York alone, with its 3,900,000, or Ohio, with its 2,330,000, would have turned the numerical balance. The inference was obvious.

II. The moral consequences of this Federal victory were immense, and almost defy calculation. What would have taken place had Lee gained the victory presents a wide field for speculation, which would take up too much space and time to enter upon. And whether in that case Washington, the historic capital of the States, would have fallen or not into the invader’s hands, would have depended probably on the state to which Meade’s (supposititious) defeated army might have been reduced. But with a hostile army successful, and directed by a competent mind, in the ‘Keystone State’—as, from its central position, Pennsylvania is denominated—the whole fabric of the Northern States would have been menaced with the gravest calamities; might have suffered a disruption into

east and west; the old established Government might have been overturned, and the Union lost for ever. But now, with the Southern army driven back into Virginia, and the Army of the Potomac crowned with victory, the North was strengthened in its war policy, and the Government upheld in all its power. The South was debarred the hope of recognition by European Powers, in which it had indulged; its military arrangements were thrown into confusion, and the strain on its resources grew every day heavier and heavier.

III. The scale on which this war was waged was vast. The contending armies were many, and spread over the long length of the line which, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, marked the separation of men of the same race into deadly enemies. Down the Great River, southward also, a fierce struggle had been going on. For nigh a twelvemonth past the Northern army of the West had beleaguered the city of Vicksburg; and on July 4, at the hour when the Southern army of Virginia was beginning its retreat from Gettysburg, the Southern flag on the Mississippi stronghold was being lowered, and the Union soldiers of the North-west were marching in. And from that day began the decline and fall of the Confederate States.

The ill-success of the Army of Virginia, however, did not bring on it any further disasters at the time. Notwithstanding a rising in the river Potomac, which obstructed his crossing for some days, General Lee accomplished his retreat in orderly style—a feat of great credit to him. It reflected little credit on the Federal leader, however, from whom—a victorious pursuer—the citizens of the North had expected nothing less than the capture or dispersion of the Rebel army. He made no attack while on the north bank of the Potomac, and in the manœuvring

between the two armies, as the one followed the other south again, he was outwitted, and obliged to content himself and his Government with reinstating the Army of the Potomac in its old position on the rivers Rappahannock and Rapidan. Two or three months rolled quietly away, during which Lee's army was on the south of the last-mentioned river, and Meade's on the north of the Rappahannock, with outposts stationed in the intervening county of Culpepper. In September the advance of a Federal army under Rosencranz, in the West, occasioned a portion of Lee's army to be transferred from Virginia to the distant scene of operations. To discover if this was the case, Meade led his army to Lee's immediate front, threatening the passage of the Rapidan. But on the news soon arriving that the western advance was checked, and Rosencranz's army in peril, the Federal leader was obliged in his turn to detach reinforcements for the West. Both armies being thus reduced, General Lee—though his forces were, it is probable, still a little less in number than his adversary's—deemed it a favourable opportunity for another passage of arms, and commenced a movement to turn the Federal right, with the express object of bringing on a general engagement. But General Meade thought not fit to accept battle, and giving way before all Lee's attempts at conflict, he fell back to the old battlefield of Bull Run, and the front of the fortifications of Washington. Resting on these, he could of course defy all attack. General Lee, therefore, having destroyed the railroad on the line of march, retired to the Rappahannock. As soon as he had done so, General Meade, urged by his Government, which had been much mortified by the retreat to the gates of Washington, attempted in his turn an advance. After several hesitating movements and skirmishes, the army of the Potomac

re-occupied and traversed Culpepper County, crossed the Rapidan, and marched to within sight of Lee's army, which was posted on a range of hills some miles south of the river. But Meade judged the position too strong to be attacked, and he led his army back again, with but little loss, but without having accomplished anything.

Thus have we traced the chief events which marked, from the beginning of the war to the close of the year 1863, the current of operations in Virginia and the contiguous Northern territory—the greatest and most influential of the various fields of combat. We have seen all the efforts of five Federal commanders for the capture of Richmond completely frustrated; we have seen how the military fame of the South rose higher and higher as its two great generals ran their astonishing career of victory, from the 'Seven days' to Chancellorsville, on the continuous blaze of which the repulse of Antietam can scarcely be said to have cast a shadow; we have seen Lee, survivor of his companion-at-arms, playing a bold game for victory, encounter the great defeat of Gettysburg, yet effect a good retreat, check all Meade's hesitating advances, and the year close with perfect quietude reigning in both camps on the Rapidan. To all appearance the position of the combatants was still equal; despite the death of Stonewall Jackson, the South still ranked first in military talent; in the eyes of the world the memory of the Northern successes in the midsummer was obliterated by subsequent inactivity, and European belief in Southern invincibility still flowed strong. But the actual prospects of the Confederacy at the Christmas of 1863 presented a marked change for the worse, compared with those of the preceding one. Europe saw it not. The Federals themselves, though imbued with a vague patriotic conviction that the Union must eventually triumph, had almost been brought

to the belief that Richmond was impregnable; but the Southerners themselves felt, when they allowed themselves to reflect, that their power was gradually growing weak. Meanwhile the determined Government of the North was preparing for the commencement of the next year's operations—another desperate and concentrated attack—the campaign which forms the subject of this work.

CHAPTER II.

THE APPEARANCE, DISCIPLINE, AND CAMP LIFE OF THE ARMY OF THE
POTOMAC, AS ESTABLISHED ON THE RAPIDAN.

COULD a French or English officer of the latter days of Louis the XV. or George II. have come to life again in 1863, his first proceeding would have been to cross the Atlantic to see and study the great war, not of kings', princes', or ministers' provoking, but of mighty meaning, and waged for dignified ends. He would have made for the fair land of Virginia, associated in his ideas chiefly with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; vaguely connected with Braddock's defeat, and brave young militia officers (George Washington, 1755). There, wandering unseen by the banks of the Rappahannock, he would have beheld much that would seem familiar to him, much that would astonish and upset his old-fashioned military ideas, much that would be utterly beyond his comprehension.

The changes in the art of war have been great since the time when our imaginary inspector fought—great since the later and last European war epoch—since Napoleon's wars. The American contest—the first on an extensive, on a Continental scale, since Waterloo ended the mighty strife of Europe—has first put into practice and brought prominently before men's eyes the new principles and implements of warfare introduced by modern science. Independently of these novelties, the armies of America—from the peculiar circumstances of the strife,

the constitution of their country, and their own habits and education—were invested with characteristics unknown to any other armed hosts. The Army of the Potomac presented these characteristics pre-eminently—it was the largest and most noted of the various organisations; and if I can succeed in portraying adequately the various features of the military positions, the discipline, the camp life, of the host which was soon to march under Grant, the sketch will be well worthy of the reader's perusal and meditation. I approach the subject with diffidence; for so many able writers have traced in vivid sketches their own impressions, from personal inspection of the Army of the Potomac, that I may justly doubt of success in condensing, in one harmonious whole, the various records, and at the same time preserving the brilliant colouring which should give life to the picture.

The river Rapidan, on either side of which the armies of the Potomac and of Northern Virginia lay, is a tributary, or rather is the southern branch, of the upper watercourse of the Rappahannock, into which it merges or joins with the northern branch (denominated the Rappahannock), ten miles above Fredericksburg. Having its rise in the Blue Ridge, and stretching due east towards the Chesapeake Bay, this river formed the natural line of defence for South-eastern Virginia and the city of Richmond. Its waters are wide but somewhat shallow, offering many fording places; the south bank, however, is high, and capable of defence. Along this the Confederate army was encamped, and it occupied, roughly speaking, the whole line of the river from Fredericksburg to Orange Court House, the main body and General Lee's headquarters being at the western end, in the neighbourhood of the last-named town.

The Army of the Potomac, as the body in whose hands

the option of attack lay, did not maintain its lines so strictly on the course of the river, nor very near its banks. The pickets of the two armies were stationed opposite and parallel to each other, but the bulk of the Federal forces were in dispersed encampments, stretching a long way back from the Rapidan. Connection and means of speedy concentration were afforded by the Orange and Alexandria railroad, along which the various bodies were stationed; and the disposition of the army, taken altogether, resembled somewhat an inverted T; the horizontal line representing the main encampment fronting the enemy on the Rapidan, and the perpendicular one the superabundant troops stretching back along the railway. All along the iron road, indeed, from the camp to Alexandria, a distance of nearly sixty miles, small detachments of soldiers were stationed at regular intervals; not so much as belonging to the army as for the purpose of protecting the road; for though the portion of Virginian territory in the rear of the camp might be said to be conquered and 'loyal,' it was far from secure from sudden inroads. The American war, for the first time, gave the world an insight into the new tactics which the railway system of the present day must induce; and whilst it showed the extraordinary advantages afforded for the conveyance of troops and stores, it was also apparent that a considerable force and constant vigilance are requisite to protect the lines from interruption and 'tearing-up' by the light horse or 'guerillas' of an enemy.

The preservation and constant use of the Orange and Alexandria railroad were to the Army of the Potomac all-important. By it went the whole of the vast stores daily forwarded to the Federal army. The Orange and Alexandria line I have called it, such having

been its name before the war; but, in the early days of the contest, the Government had seen the necessity of seizing this and various other lines adjacent to the scenes of operations, and it was thenceforward simply one of the 'United States Military Railroads,' and worked entirely by Government.* No passengers, no Virginian farmers going north for their summer trip, now filled its cars. Save a few civilians who were attracted by business, pleasure, or curiosity, and were permitted by Secretary Stanton to visit the camp, its passengers were troops continually—troops going to the front, whence anon some of them, scarred and maimed, were to return in 'wounded trains.' But the momentous importance of the railroad is best attested by the simple remark aforesaid, that by it went the whole of the vast stores—the daily food of the Federal army.

The commissariat of the Army of the Potomac appears to have been one of the best that history records. The organisation which attended to the manufacture, the purchase, and the forwarding of the *matériel* for the United States armies, was long in attaining perfection. The records of the contracts accepted by the Federal Government present a large and astonishing list of frauds; yet the profuse accumulation of stores, and the facilities of transport, carried the day; and the mean result was that the camps were magnificently provisioned. All through the war profusion was the order of the day—with the North, at least.

For distribution, too, about the wide expanse of the camp, and for transportation when the army made a for-

* At the close of the war in the spring of 1865, the Federal Government was working on its own account 2,500 miles of railway, and had thereon 387 engines and 6,000 cars; and 7,000 men were employed in the railway department.

ward movement and the railway extended no farther, an enormous baggage train attended. When the army was on the march, the long line of waggons clumsily following in the rear seemed interminable. Twenty or thirty miles, we are assured, this astonishing train measured—thirty continuous miles of waggons in motion, and sometimes in a state of block-up. This appears amply borne out, when we find, in Secretary of War Stanton's report for the year 1864, that there were as many as 17,478 waggons belonging to all the armies of the United States, ambulances, artillery-waggons, &c., not included. Having thus briefly alluded to the bright side of the management of the army supply, it must now be mentioned that there was also a dark side. Contract frauds were just now cursorily alluded to. Whilst the soldier fought, bled, and suffered—whilst the Army of the Potomac was wrestling with rebellion—it might be supposed that the hearts of all Northern citizens would be aglow with patriotism and sympathy. So they were; but a few were keenly alive also to the opportunities for 'clever trading,' for roguery on a large scale, which, during the troublous times of their country, were afforded by contracts to supply its armies. Very early in the war a great thirst for contracts arose among the merchants—some wishing to serve their country and make honest profits, others anxious only to fill their own pockets. Washington was filled with adventurers of every grade, greedy for contracts, who insisted on pushing forward their tenders before the highest officials, and who intrigued for the goodwill of every senator or representative with whom they could claim acquaintance. The War and Navy Departments were besieged with applicants, and the best qualities for a *chef de bureau*, it seemed, would be deafness, blindness, and imperturbability. Of provisions is

our theme, but the same vein of roguery ran through all the departments of supplies. The soldier shivered in shoddy clothing, or was drenched in leaky tents; or, if a cavalry-man, found with disgust a broken-down old horse allotted for his mount. It was said also that the contractors made money out of horses in another fashion, and the dryly humorous Artemus Ward celebrates in one of his papers the excellent thing made by buying up old cavalry horses and then obtaining a contract for supplying the army of the ——— with beef. But a real instance: in January 1863, there is stated to have been in the quartermaster's department at Washington condemned clothing to the value of \$1,280,000 (288,000*l.*), the quality of which was only found out when about to be issued, though it had been regularly inspected and passed the year before by the Government officials, and the contractors paid in full. Being unfit for use, this enormous batch of 'poor stuff' was turned over to the hospitals.*

Now and again, however, the hand of justice closed upon some of the most daring of these robbers of the nation: the fraud was discovered before the claims were paid, and the shoddy contractor had his reward in several years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary. But an anecdote has been told of a moral rebuke which one of these gentry met with, which, to a man of any feeling at all, must have struck shame and remorse far more certainly than any amount of Penitentiary moralising might arouse it. In a car or railway omnibus running along the street railroads of New York, one of the 'shoddies' was bragging, it is said, of his enterprises to one of his fellows seated opposite. 'I hope,' said he, 'that the war may last six months longer. If it does, I shall have made

* New York newspapers, January 1863.

enough to retire from business. In the last six months I've made a hundred thousand dollars—six months more, and I shall have enough.' Behind the inconsiderate and unfeeling speaker was seated a lady dressed in mourning, who necessarily heard his remark. When he had done, she tapped him sharply on the shoulder, and said, 'Sir, I had two sons—one of them was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, the other was killed at the battle of Murfreesboro.' The passengers sitting near, who had witnessed the whole affair, instantly took up the lady's indignation, and seizing the man by the collar, pushed him hurriedly out of the car, as one not fit to ride with decent people.*

During the year 1863 the foes of the Union were in the habit of describing the composition of the Federal armies as in great part mercenary and foreign, instancing some German regiments and the Irish, the numbers of both of which they vastly overrated. It was not disputed that an unexampled fervour animated the population of the Northern States on the first outbreak of secession, and that the flower of its youth no less than that of the aristocratic South poured forth in the days of volunteering. But in 1863 European critics favourable to the South put forward most extravagant statements of the

* F. Moore, *Anecdotes, Poetry and Incidents of the War* (New York, 1866). It is well to remark here that quite as much roguery occurred in the supply departments of the South as in the North, as the following extract from a Southern authority will show:—'A distinguished officer in the Confederate army, who had served in an honourable capacity in the war with Mexico, said, "I should think there are very few men who will be willing, after this war, to acknowledge that they served the Confederacy as a commissary or quartermaster." Such constant use was made of the funds of the Government in outside speculations by those connected with the commissary and quartermaster's departments of the army that the wealth acquired in that way, or the sudden riches of those men even, excited suspicions of foul play.'—*Richmond during the War*, by a Richmond Lady (New York, 1867), p. 191.

number of 'foreign mercenaries' in the armies of the Union. That there were many Irishmen and a considerable number of Germans in the Federal service is a fact which no one ever gainsayed, but the proportions were far different from those the aforesaid critics asserted them to bear to the native Americans. The bulk of the Irish were not 'foreigners' properly speaking, but men who had been many years settled in the States; many, indeed, of the 'Irish mercenaries' whom the critics reckoned, were perhaps born in the States, though their names and their habits even might retain a Milesian tinge. The following is given as the real proportions of native and foreign soldiers in the Federal armies:—

Native Americans,	80	per cent.
Naturalised do.	15	„ „
Foreigners . . .	5	„ „

These proportions varied in different parts of the country. In the West the native Americans were close upon 90 per cent., but in the Army of the Potomac, which we are describing, they were possibly a little less than 70 per cent.*

But there were numbers of Irish in the Southern armies—Germans we will not say; though the notable instance of the doughty Captain Von Borcke, who has published some interesting memoirs, might furnish us with a basis for raising a figment of 'German Confederates.'

The majority of the civilians who inspected the camp on the Rapidan inform us that their first impression was somewhat of disappointment. The corps were too scattered, the arena too much interspersed with brushwood, to permit the vastness of the encampment to come visibly before the eyes; and it was not till they had examined the details or

* Mackenzie, *America and her Army* (London, 1865).

made some sojourn with the army that they arrived at a due appreciation of its magnitude. To Europeans, also, there appeared in this Republican army a paucity of the military display customary in the Old World. In the midst of the encampment, on the summit of a little acclivity, stood the plain tent, simple as a European subaltern's, occupied by the commanding general. Close by, in some unpretending buildings, distinguished by a flagstaff in their front, were the offices of the chief quartermaster, dispenser of all the stores accumulated; and around were grouped the tents of the officers of the staff. Five of the great bodies, for the nomenclature of which the Americans had adopted into their military phraseology the French term of 'Army corps,' composed, at the time we take up with it, the Army of the Potomac. It is strange that no modern nation has adopted the army denomination of *legion*; most of the American army corps were as strong as, and many outnumbered the complement of, the Roman legion. The Army of the Potomac was made up, besides the slight foreign element, chiefly of New Englanders, New Yorkers and Pennsylvanians, although here and there Western regiments might be observed. The Western men generally exhibited somewhat more robust proportions than the men of the East; more of the latter coming from great cities or their neighbourhood. Still, many of the New England men, especially the Vermonters, made a good show, both as respected size and height. The following is the official table for the year 1863-4 of the measurements of the whole army of the Union, East and West.

State Average.	Height.	Measurement of Chest.
	ft. in.	in.
New Hampshire	5 5·73	34·62
Vermont	5 7·62	36·5
Massachusetts	5 6·74	34·83
New York	5 5·5	35·90
New Jersey	5 6·36	34·87
Pennsylvania	5 7·8	34·93
Delaware	5 5·5	35·0
Maryland	5 5·93	35·42
Minnesota	5 5·56	36·1
Kentucky	5 7·2	35·36
Ohio	5 6·4	35·79
Michigan	5 8·0	36·0
General average	5 6·64	35·16

For the sake of comparison it will be well to mention here the respective stature of French and English soldiers about the year 1860. Of the heights of the French army, then, more than 50 per cent. were between 5 feet 3 inches and 5 feet 6 inches; 32 per cent. above 5 feet 6 inches, and 7 per cent. above 5 feet 8 inches. Of the English, 49 per cent. were above 5 feet 6 inches, and 15 per cent. above 5 feet 8 inches.* One of the social products of the war has been the uprising of a distinctive type for the American soldier. There has not been any hitherto,

* The reader would doubtless like to know also some statistics of the heights and measurement of the Southern soldiers, but I regret that I cannot give them. It appears likely, however, that Virginia yielded the palm to few, if any, in stature; yet that the men of the West in the South also ran big the following will show:—‘The troops from the northern portion of Louisiana and southern portion of Arkansas, in the vicinity of the Red River, were among the finest and most striking-looking men who appeared in the City (Richmond, 1861). In a regiment of men from the Red River section, so numerous were those of immense size that they might have been supposed to have descended from a race of giants. Their usual height was six feet and over—very rarely under five feet ten inches—with massive shoulders and chests. They bore upon them not an inch of superfluous flesh.’—*Richmond during the War*, by a Richmond Lady, p. 37.

for the poor old 'revolutionary heroes,' all now gone to their rest, or the remnant of those of 1812, present, it must be confessed, too ludicrous an aspect for the American to cherish, or other nations to estimate them as genuine military men. The reader will understand what is meant, and may enliven these prosaic details by turning to that graphic book 'Sam Slick,' and running over the pages in which Colonel Slick is introduced. But the American soldier will henceforth be a distinct presentment, recognisable and comparable with the Trojans of the Old World. Tall and angular, as a rule—hard-featured and hard-headed, with somewhat of French swagger, grafted on a bottom of English determination—intelligent and educated, with a genius for command; yet, what is remarkable, and contrary to the predictions of many, perfectly amenable to control. Such a deference to officers as prevails in European troops was not, it is true, to be found, nor attempted to be exacted from the citizen-soldiers of the Federal armies; but as the war progressed, the ill habits which distinguished their early stage, and the *gaucheries* which occasionally cropped out, disappeared with the time and training which converted volunteers into veterans. The Federal troops acquired habits of discipline sufficiently decent and strict for all the practical purposes of war. A serious difficulty in 1861 and 1862 had been lack of competent regimental officers, and the soldiers had then some excuse for disobedience in the fact that their immediate superiors possessed scarcely any more military knowledge than themselves. But this, too, was rectified as time rolled on. The West Point students were authorised to graduate in less than the full term of four years; gradually the fledgeling colonels and captains acquired confidence and inspired respect. Time and companionship also greatly lessened the discord and rivalry

which to some degree existed between the West Point officers and the Volunteer generals. The memory of the War of Independence tended to raise at first much enthusiasm and popular prepossession in favour of civilian educated commanders. In the Civil War, however, no such laurels as had in 1778 been gained fell to the lot of amateur soldiers; and although many obtained respectable rank and reputation, which was overclouded by the blunders of two or three of the class, the close of the war left the balance of renown much to the credit of regularly trained soldiers. The United States uniform, if a little dull and sombre, is on the whole not ill-chosen, nor unmilitary. A tight-fitting tunic of dark blue, and light blue trousers—the former unenlivened by epaulets even in the officers' garments, generally discarded as those ornaments are now in all services; a shako of the French shape; and army boots of a calibre to cope with Virginian mud, worn as a matter of course *over* the trousers; was the prevailing garb in the Army of the Potomac. Not but that there were some variations—some extraordinary. The 'New York Tigers,' a regiment of volunteers existing in New York City before the commencement of the war, and composed of the young men of opulent business families, rejoiced in an attire which was an exact copy of the gorgeous Austrian uniform. The vanity may be excused, for the regiment had been raised in peace time, when there were ease and leisure for display, and the 'Tigers' did good service in the field. From the earliest period of volunteering also dated several regiments of 'Zouaves,' including the redoubtable 'Billy Wilson's,' 'Duryea's,' and the 'New York Fire Zouaves'; and though the progress of the war had not seen the enrolment of many companies imitative of these, there remained at the close of 1863 a very considerable number of such

aspiring soldiers in the Army of the Potomac. We might chronicle, too, the formation, at the same early period, of a regiment of Highlanders (79th New York); but this, probably from the ill-liking of the Americans to imitate any of the uniforms of Britishers, seems soon to have fallen into disrepute and disintegration.

Add to these Zouaves and 'Tigers,' however, the New York Lancers, who wore a gorgeous uniform; the United States Dragoons (regular army), who wore a tasteful one; and several other regiments of which the *esprit de corps* and the private means confirmed the keeping up of a fine appearance; and it will be seen that the pomp and circumstance of war was not altogether banished from the Army of the Potomac. Yet the trials of actual campaigning, and the very muddy condition of Virginia in rainy seasons, did not allow the army generally to present even an appearance of neatness. Many visitors to the camp on the Rapidan have passed considerable strictures on the shabby and slovenly appearance of both infantry and cavalry soldiers. The latter branch of the service is described to us as not even well mounted; but it was well armed with swords, revolvers, and seven-shooting breech-loading carbines, which might be discharged with ease by one hand.* In the fourth year of the war we shall see the Federal cavalry in Virginia and elsewhere attaining a high degree of efficiency, under Sheridan and other able leaders.

With an army composed of 'free and enlightened republican citizens'—and republican citizens, be it remarked, of nineteenth century proclivities—there may seem to have been the likelihood of great difficulty in the question of appropriate punishments for military offences. How

* *A Trip to Meade's Army*, by an English Officer. *United Service Magazine*, July 1868. Sala, *America in the midst of War*.

was the discipline which we have said was, after a time, fairly established, maintained? and what was awarded to offenders? The lash was not in force, yet there were inflictions quite as severe, and, as some will think, almost as degrading. The following extract from the letter home of a soldier in Meade's army records some of the devices which American ingenuity had brought into practice for preserving discipline:—'Military discipline, though neither novel nor interesting in the army, would present many scenes and incidents of curious interest to the uninitiated. Let us take a short walk through the regimental guard-houses of this brigade. At the first, which is that of the 2nd Rhode Island, we see one with his knapsack strapped on his back, and a stick of wood weighing, say forty pounds or thereabouts, on his shoulder. With these he walks a beat of twenty paces for ten hours. Crime—absent from duty without leave, and without reasonable excuse. Another walks a similar beat with knapsack and musket. He was corporal of guard, but was reduced to the position of private, and sentenced to walk his beat twelve hours, for sending a private to post his guard while he slept. We pass to another guard-house. Here we find a man bucked and gagged; crime, drunkenness. The operation consists of putting a stick in the mouth, with a string passed from each end around the back of the head. The bucking process consists of tying the hands together securely, placing them over the knees, and running a stick through under the knees and over the arms. Still another has his hands tied together, and fastened as far up a tree as he can conveniently reach. He also is gagged. These have three hours on, and one off, for twelve hours. We pass to a third guard-house. Here is one who has skulked from duty. He has a large pile of stones to move some

twenty feet—a task many times as arduous as the fatigue duty he shirked. Near by is a grave fresh dug and rounded up, with a head sticking out at one end. At his head stands a board, prepared and marked in large letters:—"Here lies the body of George Mars, who fell dead (drunk) November 17, 1863."

'Doubtless the good friends at home would think this severe, but it is deemed necessary for the discipline of the army, by military commanders, at least.' *

Quitting the consideration of these drolleries of punishment, a little too much tinctured with cruelty, we may refresh ourselves with the prospect of an institution exactly opposite in character to the subject just exhibited. It is the noble Sanitary Commission to which we allude—the institution which met with respect and affection from all observers, whether friends or foes to the North, and was a boon and honour to humanity. Through this and the Christian Commission (auxiliary in practical alleviations of pain or fatigue), all the overflowing devotion and patriotism of the non-combatants of the North poured itself out. An immense revenue came to it all through the war, by voluntary subscriptions of money or substance. The soldiers of the Army of the Potomac were resting in the winter of 1863, but they knew that their friends, the two Commissions, would march with them as soon as they marched again.

The little variety or inventiveness in the amusements of the American soldiers somewhat surprises us. Games there were, of course; foot-ball, base-ball, and so forth; and we read of theatrical performances, but they do not appear to have been got up with great spirit. Under the *régime* of General Meade, during the winter months of

* Letter from a Soldier, 2nd R. I. Infantry, Brandy Station, in *Anecdotes of the War*, p. 530.

1863-4 numerous balls were given, to which visitors came from Washington. But these, of course, were the entertainments of the officers. Reading the newspapers probably formed the main fund of leisure occupation for the private soldiers. The army comprising but a small proportion of men unable to read or write, the correspondence carried on by it was something prodigious. Hundreds of soldiers also kept diaries; and some of these, extracts from which have been published, show the monotony rather than the stirring incident looked upon by the civilian as characterising the soldier's life.

Many of the young soldiers were fond of the luxuries sold by the sutlers—tarts, pies, cakes, &c.; and many, old and young, endeavoured continually to obtain surreptitious alcoholic stores. Spirits were sometimes concealed in rifle barrels; and when all other means of introducing liquor to the soldiers in camp failed, it was conveyed in pies. The pies which were not 'bogus,' too, were often very injurious to health; and the soldiers generally would have done well by confining themselves to their rations. An anecdote was told in the army of a soldier who, carried wounded past the stand of an old pie-woman, exclaimed, 'I say, old lady, are those pies sewed or pegged?'

In concluding this brief sketch of the salient features of the Army of the Potomac, as it lay on the Rapidan, the following statement of the chief who was soon to command it admirably attests the educated character of the American soldier. General Grant wrote it of the Western army with which he besieged Vicksburg; but he found no falling off in the qualities which called forth his commendation when he became acquainted with the Army of the Potomac.

'It is a striking feature, so far as my observation goes,

of the present volunteer army of the United States, that there is nothing which men are called upon to do, mechanical or professional, that accomplished adepts cannot be found for the duty required in almost every regiment.'*

One remark more. Powerful for success as was the handicraft and professional dexterity which prevailed in the Army of the Potomac, there was one quality yet more important which existed in its ranks — not of such universal distribution, but yet admirably plentiful. The most exalted patriotism, the purest enthusiasm, animated many of the soldiers. Some of the worst men in America were enrolled in the Union armies, but also many of the best. From the Puritan and intellectual State of Massachusetts came noble quotas of young men of good and rich families, of refined education, of pure morals, animated by the universal will that the Union should be restored and slavery abolished. So from the other New England States, so from New York, so from the West. Some became officers, some were content to be privates, so that they were fighting for the good cause. The most respected names of America were represented in Meade's army. Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes, all had sons or nephews in the Army of the Potomac. Men of this type 'made some conscience of what they did,' and their influence leavened the mass and inspired the nation.

* Grant's *Official Report of the Vicksburg Campaign* (Vicksburg, July 6, 1863).

CHAPTER III.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.—HIS OPERATIONS UNDER HALLECK IN 1861-2.—THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.—HIS EXPEDITION TO GET TO ITS REAR.—CAPTURE OF VICKSBURG.—HIS OPERATIONS AT CHATTANOOGA.—HE IS NOMINATED LIEUTENANT-GENERAL, AND ASSUMES COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT—for the actual words which the cabalistic initials U. S. of this celebrated general's name stand for are as above—cabalistic initials, we say, inasmuch as his admirers, chroniclers, and poetisers have twisted them into innumerable *noms de plume*, more or less appropriate, such as Uncle Sam, United States, Unconditional Surrender, *cum multis aliis*.* Ulysses Simpson Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, State of Ohio, on April 27, 1822. The family from which he derives is of Scotch extraction, but has long been settled in the United States, dating as American from the early part of the eighteenth century, when two brothers settled, the one in Canada, the other in New Jersey. From the latter descended Grant's father, who was born in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, in 1794. When quite a young man, Jesse R. Grant 'moved west' to Ohio; then a scarcely explored territory, into which the tide of

* See a score or more of laudatory 'U. S. G.' epithets, contrived by an admiring biographer in the *New York Herald*, January 5, 1864; amongst which occurs the grotesque one of 'Use Sambo Grant!' in allusion to his employment of coloured troops.

Western emigration, which arose as the United States achieved their independence, was just beginning to flow.* From a Pennsylvanian family which soon after reached the neighbourhood where he was settled, he took to himself a wife, Hannah Simpson by name, and the first offspring of their marriage was Ulysses Simpson Grant.† We have not much to relate of Grant's boyhood. He received some instruction at a school in a small town of Southern Ohio, and in his spare time assisted his father, who carried on the business of a tanner, mingled with such farming occupation as falls to most people in newly formed settlements. The future Lieutenant-General was not, it is said, considered a 'smart' youth. Nevertheless, the newspaper biographers of the New York press enliven their narratives of his boyish days with several anecdotes which show, as they say, that indications of genius were not wanting. One or two of these we may transcribe, without vouching for their truth. He was once sent by his father—the story goes—to bargain with a neighbouring farmer for the purchase of a horse. The parental instructions were that he was to offer fifty to fifty-five dollars, and if that would not get the horse, sixty. Ulysses told the farmer all this, who, of course, at once said that the price was sixty. 'But,' added the boy, 'although father said sixty, I have made up my

* The population of Ohio in 1810 was 230,760. It is now (census of 1860) 2,339,599, and the State ranks as the third in the Union for wealth, population, and importance, being surpassed only by the States of New York and Pennsylvania.

† The boy was christened Hiram Ulysses, but when at the age of seventeen he was nominated to West Point, his initials were given by the member of Congress who procured the nomination as U. S.; and accepting the S, as representing his mother's name, the lad called himself ever after 'Ulysses Simpson Grant.' The matter is of little consequence, but it seems well to mention it. Letter of Mr. Jesse R. Grant, quoted by Headley, *Life and Campaigns of General Grant*, p. 19.

mind to give you only fifty, so you must take that or nothing !' Ulysses got the horse.*

Another time, when at the age of twelve having already achieved the management of his father's draught team, he was entrusted with it for the purpose of hauling some heavy hewn logs, which were to be loaded with the usual aid of levers and other appliances, by several stout men. He went with his team and found the logs, but not the men. An ordinary boy, under the circumstances, would have gone home for help, but young Grant took a different course. Observing a fallen tree which had a gradual slope, he unhitched his horses, attached them to a log, drew it horizontally to the tree, and then drew one end of it up the inclined trunk, higher than the waggon track, and so as to project a few feet over, and thus continued to operate until he had brought several to this position. Next he backed his waggon under the projecting ends, and finally, one by one, hitched to, and drew the logs lengthwise across the fallen trunk on to his waggon, hitched up again, and returned with his load to his astonished father.†

But an ardent desire for a better education than he could receive in a village school of a Western State inspired young Grant; perhaps, too, predilections for a military life were already forming in his mind. He was, like all the young native-born Americans, well acquainted with the brief history of his country; and the glorious career of Washington, so constantly preached upon to American youth, may at times have occupied and influenced his thoughts, as he is said to have had a violent dispute with his playfellows on the character of that great man, whose merits Grant was willing to have upheld with blows. At any rate, his father embraced the opportunity which

* *New York Herald*, January 5, 1864.

† Headley, *Life*, p. 21.

electioneering interest with the representative of his district gave him, of obtaining for his son a nomination for the U. S. Military Academy, and the future commander of the United States armies was entered a cadet at West Point in July 1839. Of a hundred students who entered then—the usual complement which is admitted at one time, for the year—Grant was the only one who had not received a regular preliminary education. Amongst the number were several who were afterwards to act parts of some note in the Civil War—Ingalls, quartermaster-general of the Army of the Potomac, under Meade and Grant; Franklin, who commanded a corps of that army in 1862; and Gardner, a Southern general, who defended Port Hudson, on the Mississippi, till Grant's capture of Vicksburg involved his surrender to Banks. Besides these, other future generals of greater renown were resident at the institution during part of Grant's term of study. Rosencranz and Pope, who had entered before him, were two years with him, and 'Stonewall' Jackson and McClellan entered the institution in the year in which Grant left. Like the subsequent hero of the South, Grant, during his study at West Point, did not awaken any expectations or auguries of future brilliancy in his profession, being known simply as a steady plodding worker during the whole four years' course. He was not, it is recorded, greatly attracted by speculative philosophy, but was remarkably fond of demonstrative mathematics, and of all experimental exercises. He ranked as No. 21 in order of merit, amongst the thirty-nine students who were all that graduated of the original class of a hundred.*

* Professor Coppee gives the following as his reminiscence of Grant at West Point:—'The honour of being his comrade for two years at the Academy enables me to speak more intelligently, perhaps, than those of 'the

In 1843 the United States were at peace, and the small army which then existed was, with the exception of some detachments in a few of the great cities, distributed in various parts of the Western territories, to preserve order and overawe the Indian tribes. Grant was attached as brevet second lieutenant to the 4th United States Infantry, which was stationed near St. Louis, Missouri. The anticipation a year or two later of an aggressive movement in Mexico infused activity into the military service, and Grant's regiment, in common with nearly all the regular troops of the Union, was ordered to the South-west. Under General Zachary Taylor, who inaugurated the war by a victorious campaign in Northern Mexico, Grant rose to be lieutenant of his regiment, and under General Scott he so distinguished himself as to be recommended to Congress for a captaincy. He was in most of the engagements under both generals' commands; specially distinguished himself at the battle of Molino del Rey and the storming of Chapultepec (September 13, 1847), and was several times honourably mentioned in the reports of his superior officers. General Worth highly complimented Lieutenant Grant in his report. Major Francis Lee, commanding the 4th Infantry, in his report said: 'Second Lieutenant Grant behaved with distinguished gallantry on the 13th and 14th.'

Brevet-Colonel John Garland, in command of the first new school,' who have invented the most absurd stories to illustrate his cadet life. I remember him as a plain, common-sense, straight-forward youth; quiet, rather of the old head on young shoulders order; shunning notoriety; quite contented while others were grumbling; taking to his military duties in a very business-like manner; not a prominent man in the corps, but respected by all, and very popular with his friends. His sobriquet of *Uncle Sam* was given to him there, where every good fellow has a nickname, from these very qualities; indeed he was a very *uncle-like* sort of youth. He was then and always an excellent horseman.'—Coppee's *Grant and his Campaigns*, p. 22. (New York, 1866.)

brigade at Chapultepec, said: 'I must not omit to call attention to Lieutenant Grant, who acquitted himself most nobly upon several occasions, under my observation.' Grant had done special good service there in assisting Captain Horace Brooks, of the 2nd Infantry, to carry a strong fieldwork and turn the enemy's right.*

At Chapultepec, it is interesting to reflect, 'Captain Robert E. Lee,' also, did gallant service; fought under the same flag with the man against whom he was afterwards to battle so desperately; to whom he was, at last, to surrender. Lee was then in his thirty-ninth year, and Grant was five-and-twenty.

With the captaincy awarded him for his meritorious services in Mexico, Grant does not appear to have been fully commissioned till 1853. During much of the intervening period he acted as the quartermaster of his regiment, a post which involves the acquirement of the hardest of a commander's duties—the proper supply of his men. On his return from the Mexican war he married a lady of St. Louis, Miss Dent; and at the present time, we may as well mention here, General Grant has several children. He was for some time on the Canadian frontier; afterwards was stationed with his regiment in the interior of Oregon, where he saw some service against the Indians.

The piping times of peace, irritatingly monotonous for a young soldier with a career to make, reigned all over the States again; and, in the leisure time consequent on inaction, Captain Grant is said to have given way to habits of drink—a vice of far too common occurrence among his countrymen, and which a general (Howard) has declared to be the curse of the American officer.

* Coppee, *Grant and his Campaigns. Our Great Captains* (New York, 1865).

Partly to this—partly to Grant's willingness to quit a profession in which there was no apparent chance of active service and advancement—we must ascribe his sudden withdrawal from the army in 1854. Whilst one or two biographers of repute deny or pass over this allegation, others favourable to Grant affirm it. The subject need not be dilated on, for it is certain that by 1860 he had completely amended any such fault. He retired to St. Louis, and for a short time is represented to us as 'almost without employment.'* He endeavoured, however, to do something for a living, by supplying the vicinity with wood; and many of the citizens of Carondelet, a village adjoining St. Louis, are said to remember Grant dressed in a plain farmer's garb, delivering an honest load at their outhouses.

Occasionally he varied this and his small farming occupation by the, for him, somewhat strangely chosen one of collecting, or attempting to collect, debts for his neighbours. Local witticisms record the decided want of success as a 'dun' of the ex-captain and future lieutenant-general—a circumstance which seems somewhat strange in view of the resolution and obstinacy of his character. We should rather have expected, judging by his career in the war, to find details of the rigid and untiring besiegements, the brilliant flank movements, the stern demands for 'unconditional surrender,' that Ulysses used to inflict on a recalcitrant debtor. But Ulysses S. Grant had a soul fitted for other things, and the petty interest of calling for small accounts could not rouse the spirit which was able to conduct a mighty war, and grapple with the great rebellion, the outbreak of which was now near at

* New York Correspondence of *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*. *British Army and Navy Review*, October 1864. Richardson, *The Field, the Dungeon, and the Escape*, p. 235 (Hartford, 1865).

hand. In 1859 he left St. Louis and joined his father, who, moving still further west in his old age, had settled at Galena, Illinois. Here, during the remnant of the decade whose termination was to bring forth the struggle which was to be the great business of his life, Grant pursued the even tenor of his way, assisting his father in the tannery, and supplying the wood-yards of the town.

1861 came, and, responsive to President Lincoln's first call for volunteers in April, the States were filled with citizens enrolling themselves, and anxious to receive military organisation. Every trained soldier rose at once to importance. In Galena the citizens voted Grant to the chair, at a meeting in the Court House, for the purpose of raising troops. Grant offered his services to the Government direct, but it is said that he was refused employment by General Scott, on account of his former intemperance. Hooker, then out of the army for the same cause, experienced about the same time a similar refusal, and did not attain a command till the autumn, when by a characteristic bold bearing, in a renewed application to the President personally, he got appointed. Grant had not so long to wait, however, for the Governor of Illinois, called upon to raise a large force almost without professional aid, was glad to promote the ex-captain from the command of a local company which he was organising to employment under the State Adjutant-General.* Grant, with much modesty, desired, ere accepting, that the appointment might be sanctioned by

* 'In April 1861 he tendered his personal services to me, saying, "he had been the recipient of a military education at West Point, and that now, when the country was involved in a war for its preservation and safety, he thought it his duty to offer his services in defence of the Union, and that he would esteem it a privilege to be assigned to any position where he could be useful."—Governor Yates, *Message to Illinois Legislature*, 1863, quoted in Headley, *Life*, p. 49.

General Scott, and he, upon some pressing, passed it. Grant had now been for some little while, as he has been ever since, a total abstainer. Governor Yates, in May, invested him with the coloneley of the 21st Illinois Infantry, and during the mustering of the volunteer regiments he showed unremitting attention to his duties. His appearance at this time is said to have excited some merriment among his subordinates, who laughed at his shabby 'stove-pipe' hat, and the incessant cigar between his teeth.* But, notwithstanding his heavy and taciturn manner, little improved as that had been by his hitherto unsuccessful career, he gained the thorough respect of his men, his strict impartiality and self-denying exactness comparing favourably with the way many of his fellow colonels performed their duties. On the expiration of the three months' term, the greater part of his regiment re-enlisted for a period of three years. In the middle of May he was ordered to Northern Missouri, where a desperate partisan conflict had already commenced. There was no general officer on the spot at the time, and the colonels senior to Grant, alarmed at the coming weight of responsibility, requested him, as the only one who, it appeared, had seen actual service, to assume the command. This compliment procured for him, soon after, the commission of Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

He was now ordered to the south of the State, where he showed so much activity in arranging, for its towns, measures of defence against the invasion threatened by the Confederate leader Jefferson Thomson, that he received charge of a special district, with head-quarters at Cairo, Illinois, a small low-lying town, but most important

* 'It was only right that such a stove-pipe as Grant should be allowed to smoke,' they are said to have remarked.—*New York Herald*, January 5, 1864.

military point, commanding the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi. Thus, with a great war, only just beginning to develop itself, in which to work his way—already risen to the rank of a general and a command of importance—Ulysses S. Grant saw himself fairly launched for a career of honour and usefulness, the outcome of which lay in his own hands, in the quality and exertion of his own talents, in the strength of his resolution. Stubborn and self-reliant, he undauntedly set forward.

At this time the Confederates had a considerable force intrenched at Columbus, a town on the east bank of the Mississippi, some twenty miles south of Cairo; and as it was reported that they had designs on the course of the Ohio, General Grant, early in September, proceeded a short distance up the latter river, and seized the town of Paducah (Kentucky), placing a brigade in occupation. The possession of the place not only gave him the control of the Ohio, but closed the mouth of its tributary the Tennessee (itself a great river) against the Confederates, and afforded an invaluable base of operations for the advance up the latter river, which he headed the following spring. By the result of this movement Grant was first brought prominently before the public.

That singular character, Fremont—whose daring explorations in the far West, ten years before, and the renown of his passage of the Rocky Mountains, caused high expectations to be entertained of him as a general by a considerable faction in the Federal States—was at that time in command in the West, and by following out his orders Grant fought his first battle, which was half a victory and half a defeat. He had an insufficient force assigned to him. With only 3,500 troops, and some gunboats to co-operate, he proceeded, on November 6, down the Mississippi, to attack an entrenched camp at

Belmont, on the west bank of the great river, a little above Columbus. The action took place the next day; General Grant with his troops made a good attack, and at first the fighting was all to his advantage. He captured the enemy's camp, and drove them towards the river. Later in the day, however, by the arrival of reinforcements from across the river to the Confederates, he was, after a long day's work, driven back again, and himself compelled to retreat. He re-embarked his troops, and returned to Cairo. Grant's loss in this battle was about 600; that of the Confederates was 632; Grant had a horse shot under him. Very shortly after this Fremont was superseded, and General Halleck assumed the chief command over the Western armies. The year 1861 passed quietly away, without any movement of importance on either side; Grant, under the new chief commander, was briskly employed during the winter months in accumulating troops, transports, and gunboats, near the mouth of the Ohio—preparations for the energetic operations of the ensuing spring. Halleck—though he seems to have made his chief favourite of Pope, who was one of the several officers then under him in the West—was not slow in arriving at a high estimate of Grant's courage and ability, insomuch that he determined to delegate to him the stiffest share in working the important movement which he had projected.

The programme was this:—The line of the Confederates stretched east and west, from Columbus on the Mississippi to Bowling Green, Eastern Kentucky. Halleck, possessing numbers superior to those of his opponents, could keep a sufficient force to menace those two places, where their chief forces and commanders, Beauregard and A. S. Johnston, lay; whilst he pushed his main body and main attack right at the centre of the

Rebel line. For this perpendicular movement the geography of the field of operations afforded him the greatest advantage. The rivers Cumberland and Tennessee, both pouring their waters into the Ohio (the Federal line), run for some distance parallel to each other, and with only a narrow interval of land. These rivers issued from the Confederate centre, and their course exactly suited Halleck's purpose. By Grant's foresight in seizing Paducah, their mouths were open to him. At that place, and at Smithland, on the mouth of the Cumberland, Halleck and Grant concentrated the expeditionary forces, to the number of 30,000. A dozen gunboats were assembled off Cairo, and seven of them, the most efficient, were detached under Commodore Foote to co-operate with Grant, on whom Halleck devolved the active command. While these preparations were being completed, a battle was fought at Mill Spring, further in the east of Kentucky, in which the Confederates—their general, Zollicoffer, falling early in the fight—sustained a disastrous repulse at the hands of Thomas. It was a good omen for Halleck's enterprise, and on February 3, the rivers having attained high flood, Grant, at the head of about 30,000 men, and Foote with his seven gunboats, proceeded vigorously with their allotted tasks. The sight of Grant's host and a little intimidation by the gunboats procured the ready surrender of Fort Henry on the Tennessee (February 6, 1862), which was very feebly garrisoned. But further up the strip of land, Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland, still barred the way, and bade fair to be a formidable obstacle, being occupied by 20,000 men, with several generals. On the 13th, seven days after occupying Fort Henry, Grant appeared before it—at first with a little less than 20,000 men. A brief investment of four days gave him possession of it. The besieged at first managed to keep the

gunboats in check, and essayed a sortie against the army ; but Grant's efficient disposition obliged them to retire. Reinforcements coming to him, the Confederates were hemmed in, and when, on the morning of the 16th, the Federals were about to make a final movement on the works of the fort, they perceived white flags hung out, and General Grant received a letter from the Confederate general, asking for terms of capitulation. The reply which Grant promptly sent back was as follows :

‘ Head Quarters, on the Field,
‘ Fort Donelson, February 16, 1862.

‘ To General S. B. Buckner.

‘ SIR,—Yours of this date, proposing an armistice, and the appointment of commissioners to settle on the terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works.

‘ I am, &c.,

‘ U. S. GRANT, Brigadier-General Commanding.’

On this the Confederate general returned a brief note, stating that the overwhelming force opposed to him compelled him to accept ‘ the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms proposed,’ and Fort Donelson was immediately rendered up. Several thousands of Confederates, however, escaped by the rear. Despite the disparaging remark, which may perhaps be excused in the defeated Buckner, none could deny that Grant's first triumph was well and fairly won. Grant issued an order, highly complimenting his men. They had fought so bravely that even Confederate authorities specially mention it. The weather was bitterly cold, having been on the first day's battle only ten degrees above zero. For the first time in the

war, the North found that after reading the report of victory it could look the gift-horse in the mouth, for a captured garrison of over 13,000 men was presented as the substantial result. But the strategical effects of the capture of Fort Donelson were of still greater importance. Kentucky was secured to the Federals, and Tennessee lay bare before them. Halleck's plan of breaking the Confederate line was completely worked out, for Beauregard and A. S. Johnston were severed by the interposed wedge of Grant's army; and to effect a re-junction those chiefs hastily fell back to the extreme south of Tennessee, abandoning Nashville, the capital of the State and an important position.

Grant's achievement did not pass unrecognised by his countrymen and the Government. Throughout the Union the news of his success caused great enthusiasm. The famous words 'unconditional surrender' in his despatch were applied to him as a sobriquet tallying with his initials, and the Government at once bestowed on him a Major-General's commission (of Volunteers) as an incentive to fresh exertions. These, as may be supposed, were not wanting, and he lost no time in continuing his victorious march south. His further progress, however, was presently checked by a rude passage of arms, from which he did not by any means emerge with brightened reputation.

For a month (March 1862) his advance, and the general affairs of the Federals in the Mississippi region, went swimmingly on. The city of Nashville was occupied, and Andrew Johnson installed there as Provisional Governor of the recovered State of Tennessee. The Mississippi began, bend by bend, to come into the hands of the Federals; Pope, and Foote with his gunboats, undertaking together the task of clearing it of the Con-

federate strong places. Grant himself, briskly marching straight down the bank of the Tennessee River, arrived by the end of the month at the southern border of the State. This was, reckoning from Fort Donelson, a conquering march of over 100 miles, which had been easily achieved, for no resistance was offered. Being now in the immediate vicinity of the Confederate forces, he quietly encamped himself by the side of the river on its west bank, as he wished prior to attacking them to await large reinforcements—in fact, another army, which General Buell, by Halleck's orders, was bringing down from the north-east of Tennessee. But—he does not seem to have anticipated that the enemy *might attack him*. He settled down on the same side of the river as the enemy, with a newly organised army, without taking, it would seem, the most ordinary measures to guard against surprise. His army of between 30,000 and 40,000 men is said to have been most injudiciously extended; no system of scouting was employed; he did not even throw up any rough entrenchments. Regiments composed of raw recruits were posted in the front ranks, amidst the thick woods, and the military necessity of placing pickets was virtually disregarded. The grave reproach still seems to rest on General Grant that at Pittsburg Landing the army under his care was, to a great extent, unduly exposed. So the Confederates found it when, on the morning of Sunday, April 6, with an able general (A. S. Johnston), and his perhaps greater second (Beauregard), at their head, and in numbers over 40,000 strong, they precipitated themselves on the Federal camp; and never in all his life were Grant's fame and fortune in such peril as they were then through his own negligence. The Confederate army was in high spirits. Beauregard had told his men the night before 'That to-morrow they would sleep in the enemy's

camp.' The Confederates marched silently upon Grant's army in the early morning. The unlucky tyros who were posted on the outskirts of the Federal camp were interrupted in the very act of having their breakfast by the swift onslaught of the enemy. They fled pell-mell, and communicated their terror to the forces next in position. The Confederates hotly pursued their advantage, and poured in upon the disordered army. Cannon, baggage, waggons, and supplies, fell into their hands; regiments were pitched hither and thither; all was confusion; and it was of little avail that Grant, arriving hurriedly from the rear, rode with his able lieutenant Sherman about the field with reckless bravery, endeavouring to rally the men and repair disaster. Grant did succeed in re-forming some troops, and repeatedly led them on to the charge himself. The Confederates as they came on cried 'Bull Run,' the Federals called out 'Donelson.' With all this Grant's army was being pushed back to the river; one whole division (3,000 men) had been captured. Grant would have been at desperation point had he not known that reinforcements were close at hand. Buell's army arrived, late in the afternoon, on the rear bank of the Tennessee. Buell soon arrived in Grant's camp, and quickly afterwards his advanced divisions under Nelson came across the river, and marched on to the battle-field. 'Here we are, General,' said Nelson, 'here we are. We are not very military in our division. We don't know many fine points or nice evolutions, but if you want stupidity and hard fighting I reckon we are the men for you.' Meanwhile a disaster in the Confederate ranks somewhat disturbed their pressing on so fully as they should. Albert Sydney Johnston lay dead on the battle-field—the first lost of the several eminent generals who fell on the side of the South during the course of the war. The

Confederate soldiers, too, in possession of the Federal camp, had given way to plundering, and broken their discipline. These causes disposed Beauregard, left sole in command, to rest over till the morrow; and when the morrow came the combined forces of Grant and Buell precluded the victory which he believed would have been his, and redeemed for the Federals their advanced position on the Tennessee. On the night of the 6th, soon after Buell's troops were reported arriving, Grant, turning to Sherman, had said, looking exultingly towards the Confederates, 'To-morrow they will be exhausted, and then we will go at them with fresh troops.' So it was. The state of affairs was completely reversed, and Beauregard's army was driven back in disorder. The Confederate loss during the two days was 10,699; Grant's loss was 13,298, of which nearly 4,000 were missing. Such was the battle of Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh—a very important incident in Grant's career, but which reflects little credit on his military skill.*

The news of the affray soon reached St. Louis, the head-quarters of the western department; and though General Halleck proclaimed it a victory, the narrow escape from defeat which it had really been caused him to repair in person to the scene of action. He found no

* General Sherman, highly distinguished in this battle, said of it, when reviewing, three years after, the early campaigns in the West: 'All I claim for Pittsburg Landing is that it was a contest for manhood. There was no strategy.'—*Speech of General Sherman at St. Louis, July 1865.*

For Fort Donelson and Pittsburg Landing I have consulted the various Newspaper Reports; also their able condensation, and the Federal Official Reports in *The Rebellion Record*. Coppee, *Grant and his Campaigns*. Bowman and Irwin, *Sherman and his Campaigns* (New York, 1867). Richardson, *Field, Dungeon, &c. Southern Official Reports* (Richmond, 1862). Pollard, *The First Year of the War in America* (London, 1864). *Three Months in the Rebel Army*, by an Impressed New Yorker (London, 1863). Coffin, *Four Years of Fighting*.

fault with Grant, however, though he exhorted, in a general order, the preservation of a better discipline. Keeping *in statu quo* at Pittsburg Landing for nearly six weeks, during which he drew to his army continually fresh reinforcements, Halleck, by careful manœuvring and demonstration of strength, had at the end of that time the satisfaction of ejecting Beauregard's army from Corinth, its position till then, some few miles from the Landing. At the same time the Federal gunboats worked their way down the Mississippi, clearing Fort Pillow and capturing Memphis, till nothing remained before them but the little town of Vicksburg, which the Confederates were understood to have fortified as their last effort for controlling the Great River. Towards this, though obliged to be still on the alert for possible movements by Beauregard, Halleck's attention was turned, when, in July, his career in the West came to a close by his being summoned to the Generalship-in-Chief, under the President; and leaving Corinth for Washington, without having inaugurated any movement, he devolved on General Grant the district west of the Tennessee, and left to him the task of the reduction of Vicksburg.

The position to which Halleck was promoted was not, it is well to explain, that to which his subordinate, Grant, subsequently rose. A new and special rank was created for Grant. The functions of the appointment Halleck held seem rather to have been those of military adviser to the President than that of a chief commander, although for a time he exercised considerable personal power over the Army of the Potomac and other armies.* General Halleck was learned in all that West Point could teach;

* There was for some time a similar rank in the Confederate service, which was filled by General Bragg in a manner somewhat resembling that of General Halleck.

but before 1861 he had seen no service, not even in the Mexican war. The credit belongs to him of having projected the Fort Donelson movement, which Grant executed ; but, though of value, Halleck's services were not of a brilliant nature during the after course of the war.

The military department of the Tennessee, to the command of which Grant had now risen, comprised all the country west of the Tennessee River, and on both shores of the Mississippi, south of Cairo—a vast and ample field for his exertions. Practically, however, as Grant well knew, the brunt of war in his department was to centre round Vicksburg. The reduction of this place had already been attempted, a fleet under Farragut having, after the capture of New Orleans, ascended the Mississippi from the sea. But the chief naval hero of America, who won renown in the after course of the war, found the batteries of Vicksburg at that time too strong for him, and it became apparent that a land force would have to be employed for its capture. From the moment Grant assumed command he had Vicksburg in view, but some months passed before he prepared to move upon it. From the neighbourhood of Corinth, where his army still lay (his head-quarters he fixed for a time at Jackson, Tennessee), to the Mississippi stronghold, was in a line straight south-west nearly 250 miles, and for some time he found enough to keep him busy in organising and controlling the portions of Tennessee and Arkansas which had been conquered. The heat, too—for it was now full summer—made the Federal army quite resigned to resting where it was. Only one event of importance occurred in Grant's department during the six months from June to November 1862—the battle of Iuka, near Corinth, in which the Confederates, who attacked, were driven back with loss. Grant was not there in person.

We have now arrived at what is, for the biographer, the most remarkable, the most interesting period of Grant's life—his operations against Vicksburg; the seven months from the middle of December 1862, till July 4, 1863, when he planted the Union flag on the Mississippi stronghold, and by that act stood forward as the acknowledged foremost soldier in the Federal armies. In this remarkable siege he was himself most actively engaged, himself led his troops on to battle, wrought his works with his own hands—in a word, it was to Grant what the (first) Italian campaign was to Napoleon Bonaparte. As the purpose of this work is, however, the history of his subsequent Richmond campaign—a subject of more historical importance, though it displays the man, Grant, less brilliantly—we can only permit ourselves to run over the most salient features of the turmoil which raged about the shores of the Lower Mississippi during that critical half year. The proportions of the struggle—the dignity of the actors—were worthy of the great river for which Federals and Confederates contended. Through it all Grant figures as the master spirit, surrounded, however, with both opponents and auxiliaries of an heroic build. In Sherman he had a lieutenant on whom he could depend to do the utmost in carrying out orders, and to whom he could, if he so desired, entrust separate commands and manœuvres. The fleet, whose co-operation was so important to him, might have availed him little had it been commanded by others than the daring and long-headed Farragut and the sturdy Commodore Porter. Finally, in the defender of Vicksburg, Pemberton, though much adverse criticism was heaped upon him after his surrender, we cannot but recognise a resolute and vigilant soldier, who deserves no little credit for the protracted holding of the place. We shall have to mention the

names of three other generals—Banks and M'Clermand (Federals), and Joseph E. Johnston (Confederate).

Vicksburg stands on the left or Mississippi State bank of the Mississippi, about 200 miles from its mouth, and had been, before the war broke out, an important trading place, and port of call for the Mississippi steamers. The Federals were in possession of New Orleans, having there large forces under Banks and a fleet under Farragut; but these could not ascend to Vicksburg to assault it on the south; for during December 1862, the enemy had fortified Port Hudson, between New Orleans and Vicksburg. The Federals had, therefore, first to reduce or forcibly pass by this place. General Grant, consequently, could count upon no resistance but that of the vessels under Porter, which, part of the original Cairo squadron, were floating a little distance to the north of Vicksburg. His army, augmented during the autumn, was divided into four corps, the 13th, 15th, 16th, and 17th, and may be set down as about 60,000 men.

Having concerted his measures with Sherman, his favourite lieutenant, he abandoned his camp in the southwest corner of Tennessee, so long the furthest point south attained by the land armies of the Federals, and, following the line of railroad which led due south, advanced into the State of Mississippi. After some weeks' skirmishing, the Confederate General Pemberton, who, inferior in numbers, and with the fate of Vicksburg depending on the issue, dared not give battle, fell back on that town. Grant immediately sent Sherman forward by way of the Yazoo River with a large corps, which he hoped would at once secure the place. After some desperate fighting, Sherman was completely repulsed (Dec. 27, 1862), with a loss of 2,000 killed and wounded. On hearing this, Grant, who was near the town of Grenada, stopped short

in his advance towards Central Mississippi, marched his troops to Memphis, embarked them there on the transports which were in readiness, and sailing thence on January 29, February 1 saw him with all his armies and all his generals—a vast host—encamped on the west bank of the Mississippi, opposite Vicksburg. From the public buildings of the little town the Confederate leaders might perceive, with the aid of their glasses, the mighty host which was assembling and menaced their trust—might speculate on the trials in store for them, and the defence they would make. If they wanted incentives to fortitude, they could repeat to themselves the words which their President had just uttered—that Vicksburg and Port Hudson were necessary to the existence of the Confederacy, and must be defended at all hazards.*

February and March, 1863. For two months we find General Grant immersed in engineering schemes, rather than in attempting exploits sword-in-hand. The failure of Sherman had shown the futility of rash attempts to storm the fortifications, and the ingenuity of character which the Americans possess prompted the Federals to entertain the idea that there were ‘royal roads’ by which to open the Mississippi without grappling with the batteries of Vicksburg. ‘Canalisation’ was the idea, and the wildest schemes were conceived—chimeras the most colossal were discussed and seriously set about. The first project—the idea of which seemed plausible enough—was a canal to turn the Mississippi across the peninsula opposite Vicksburg, and so annihilate the bend of the river. But the Father of Waters refused to swerve from his course, and nothing ever resulted from several weeks’ fruitless, perhaps ill-executed, labour.

* Speech of Jefferson Davis, at Jackson, Mississippi, January 1863. *Jackson Mississippian*.

A greater design was next undertaken. A lake, or lagoon, on the west bank of the Mississippi, nearly fifty miles above Vicksburg, called Lake Providence, was to be connected with the river by a canal, and then by further canals, in a south-westerly direction, with several rivers, by which, after a course of nearly two hundred miles, the Federal fleet might enter the Mississippi at Red River mouth, midway between Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Some people expressed apprehension that this audacious scheme would result in changing the course of the Mississippi to the sea, and spread unlimited disaster over the valley of the great stream. The Federal engineers scrupled not to try it, however. They cut the levees, or embankments, at several places about the lake, and the country on both banks of the Mississippi was for a time flooded. But the prognostication of both characters were unfulfilled. The Mississippi, fortunately for the interests of humanity, did no great damage; and though a few Federal gunboats entered Lake Providence, they found it impracticable or undesirable to go further. The scheme was a complete failure. Another project, which, judged by the light of the result, seems equally absurd, was now pushed forward—the Yazoo Pass expedition, which was the subject of much talk at the time. The Yazoo is a river which enters the Mississippi ten miles above Vicksburg, and consequently was nearly opposite the encampment of the Federals. Part of the Vicksburg fortifications guarded its mouth, free entrance to which would have allowed the Federals to get to the rear of the town. As the Yazoo in its upper course, far north of Vicksburg, is connected by various swamps and creeks, and swampy rivers with the corresponding stretch of the Mississippi, the sapient plan was hit upon that the Federal squadron lying off Vicksburg should *ascend* the

Mississippi 250 miles to the channels into the Yazoo, and then *descend* that river 250 miles to get to the *mouth* by Vicksburg! This was actually done, taking up about a fortnight's time; but all was of no avail, for they could not quite reach the desired point, finding batteries too strong for them when within 800 yards of it!

But the commander of Grant's naval co-operatives was not wanting in 'dash.' Under his orders two vessels, the 'Queen of the West' and the 'Indianola,' taking the cover of the night, which preserved them not, however, from the fire of the vigilant Confederates, had run past Vicksburg, to operate below it. With the lapse of a few days, however, Porter received the mortifying intelligence that they had both, one after another, fallen into the hands of the enemy. The captures occurred at the end of February; and though Porter consoled himself by instituting a desultory fire on Vicksburg with his mortar boats, the affairs of Grant, his colleague, and the Army of the South-west did not, during that and the next month, bear at all a prosperous aspect. Sickness, too, was in the Federal camp.

Meanwhile Banks and Farragut were at work about Port Hudson, and on the 14th March Farragut, advancing his whole fleet, succeeded, in the face of a furious bombardment, in forcing through his own ship and one other. The Northern public apprehended for these two the fate of the 'Queen' and 'Indianola;' but Farragut was made of stern stuff. He recaptured the wrecked and damaged 'Indianola.' No Confederate vessel could cope with him, and he dominated in some degree the Mississippi, cutting off the supplies from the trans-fluvial region which were all-important to the Vicksburg garrison.*

* *New York Herald, Times, Tribune, World. Rebellion Record.* J. T. Headley, *Farragut and our Naval Commanders* (New York, 1867). Swinton, *Twelve Decisive Battles of the War.*

April. The plot was thickening. Grant was resolved on bolder measures, and had matured his plans. Porter was all on fire to emulate Farragut's success. Could Porter run his gunboats and transports below Vicksburg, Grant would immediately march his army down to them, and by their aid cross the Mississippi and strike at the rear, hitherto so unapproachable. These plans Grant forwarded, as he thought himself in duty bound to do, to the President, the official Commander-in-Chief of the United States armies. Pending the answer, and the completion of Porter's preparations, he engaged in a few more projects, apparently to amuse and distract the enemy, for by this time he placed little reliance on canals. He commenced one, however—a variation of the cut across the peninsula. An ineffectual attack on the fortifications controlling the mouth of the Yazoo was made; and another expedition was sent into the creeks of the Upper Yazoo.

The reply which Grant received as to the project he had submitted to the head of the Government was of a nature to have discouraged a man of less firmness. Mr. Lincoln disapproved of the scheme as over bold; declared it, indeed, too rash for his sanction. Grant, however, was confident that he would be justified by success, and continued his measures, notwithstanding the heavy weight of responsibility which he thereby took upon his shoulders. According to the arrangements concerted, Admiral Porter, with eight war-vessels and three transports, passed on the night of the 16th April the Vicksburg batteries. All safely got by, with the exception of one transport, and complete success was attained by the safe following of a dozen transports a few days afterwards. Meanwhile General Grant had marched south to a point on his bank of the river opposite to a little town called Bruinsberg,

about thirty miles below Vicksburg. The successful fleet immediately joined him there, took him and his army on board, and landed them across the river at Bruinsberg (April 30th).

May and June. Grant lost not a moment in striking out his work. Finding a Confederate force in his vicinity, he immediately gave battle (1st May), thrust it aside, and marched towards Jackson, the capital of the State of Mississippi. At Raymond, on the 12th, a detachment of Pemberton's, which made a desperate but vain effort to turn him from his course, was served in the same manner. Grant was not to be daunted by the army of Johnston, which some rumours rated as high as 40,000 men, and on the 14th he carried by storm the city of Jackson, in the teeth of the troops which actually composed that general's army.* The material fruits of this able movement now began to show themselves. The railways from north to south, and from west to east, of Central Mississippi were severed by the occupation of Jackson. Vicksburg was cut off from supplies, and all that General Grant had to do was to advance and close round the devoted city. The railways being torn up, the principal public buildings destroyed, and all the available stores of the enemy appropriated, the Federals left Jackson, and, facing to the west again, marched forward to take possession of their prize. Though Pemberton made a last effort in the open field—a stand upon the banks of the Big Black River—he was overpowered, driven up to his fortifications, and the place completely hemmed in. This battle is notable for the great want of gallantry shown by the

* Jackson was the third State capital which fell into the hands of the Federals, having been preceded by Nashville, the chief town of Tennessee, and both New Orleans and Bâton Rouge, the real and official chief cities of Louisiana.

Confederate soldiers, of which the Confederate authorities speak in marked terms of reprobation. Pemberton, buoyed up still by hope of succour or relief from Johnston, determined to hold out for some time longer.

Vicksburg was now invested according to military routine (18th May); cannonaded, assaulted, and approached by trenches and parallels; to which, after failing in an attempt to storm the place on the 22nd, General Grant confined himself, assured that the slower but safer operations of blockade would bring it under. The attack mentioned failed partly, and was attended with greater slaughter, through the mismanagement and non-execution of Grant's orders. But this unfortunate reverse had no influence on the event of the siege. General Grant steadily tightened his lines, gradually worked closer and closer up, and exploded a mine or two. He was aware that time was fighting for him—that every day the provisions of the besieged were diminishing, and that garrison and citizens were becoming wearied. It is a moot point whether Pemberton should not have attempted, whilst his large forces were in good heart, to fight his way out. As to Grant's supplies, everything was in order, for the mouth of the Yazoo River above Vicksburg being now occupied by his right flank, he was in uninterrupted communication with Porter and the fleet again. That officer, who had his vessels both above and below the town, was anxious still to keep to himself a share in the operations, and from time to time vigorously bombarded the place. With this, cannonading on the land side, and the several mines which told more or less against the forts of Vicksburg, the Federals through the month of June wore out the patience of the defenders; and at length, when Pemberton and his officers had already tasted mule-flesh, and all hopes of relief by Johnston began to fail, all became reconciled to

a surrender. Communications were opened with Grant by Pemberton on the 3rd of July. A brief personal interview took place between the two generals. Pemberton said, 'General Grant, I meet you to arrange terms for the capitulation of the city of Vicksburg and its garrison. What terms do you demand?' Grant replied with his famous two words, 'Unconditional surrender.' 'Unconditional surrender,' said Pemberton, 'never, so long as I have a man left me. I will fight rather.' To this Grant, removing the cigar from between his teeth, coolly replied, '*Then, Sir, you can continue the defence. My army has never been in a better condition for the prosecution of the siege.*' The negotiation broke off for a little while, but eventually Pemberton came to, and surrendered on terms very little, if at all, short of unconditional. On the 4th of July the Federal army marched into Vicksburg. Grant's losses during the period from 1st May to the 4th of July amounted to 8,575. At this comparatively trifling cost he had made the most splendid capture of the whole war. His official report states that he captured altogether 36,400 men. Although we must deduct two or three thousand for prisoners taken in the battles preceding, the total number surrendered and paroled was nearly 32,000. Grant estimated also that Pemberton had lost in the same period 10,000 in killed and wounded.*

During the six months whose events we have been narrating, the citizens of the Union had watched with unceasing interest, chequered by anxiety or satisfaction at each reverse or success, the movements of the Army of the South-west; and as the siege drew to a close, Grant's

* Grant, *Official Report*. Coppee, *Grant and his Campaigns*. Mr. Pollard, the Southern historian, says that but little over 25,000 prisoners were taken in Vicksburg. *Third Year of the War*. The news of the two great reverses of Gettysburg and Vicksburg arrived in Richmond on the same day.

reputation grew higher and higher, and the enquiry as to the history, talents, and principles of the successful general, grew more and more urgent. While he lay before Vicksburg he was waited upon by a deputation of politicians from Illinois, who were desirous to learn Grant's opinions upon public affairs, there being at that time much discussion and agitation rife in the States respecting the conduct of the war, and the alleged arbitrary measures of the Government. The wary Ulysses, who listened composedly to their address, while puffing away as usual at his incessant cigar, briefly declined conversation with them, on the ground that he knew nothing of politics. 'There is one subject,' he added, 'with which I am perfectly acquainted, and if you like to talk about that, I am your man.' 'What is that, General?' asked one of the citizens. 'Tanning leather,' replied Grant.*

But as soon as the conclusion of the Gettysburg campaign, coincident, as the reader will recollect, with the fall of Vicksburg, allowed the public attention to revert to the great Mississippi victory, Grant's services received a greater and juster acknowledgment than the flattering congratulations of a few interested sycophants. The President, a week after he received the news, wrote him a letter, in which he congratulated him, and thanked him in the name of the country for the 'almost inestimable services' he had rendered it. After frankly confessing the solicitude with which he had noted the general's movements in the rear of Vicksburg, and the disapprobation they had then raised in his mind, Mr. Lincoln concluded his letter with the noble avowal, '*You were right, and I was wrong.*' Furthermore, he procured immediately the consent of the Senate to the bestowal on Grant of the rank of Major-General in the regular army.

* *New York Herald*, January 5, 1864.

The Federal campaign of the Mississippi Valley was now virtually over, for a few days after the surrender of Vicksburg its sister fortress, Port Hudson, submitted, and the Great River, according to the President's phrase, 'ran once more unvexed to the sea.' The hot fighting of the summer of 1863—the crisis of the whole war—gave place to its languishing autumn, in which the Confederates were too exhausted to continue operations in such a furious way, the Federals too tired and too cautious; their armies unanimously thankful for rest and breathing time. None needed it more than the army under Grant; and in it there was no private who had worked harder than the general himself. Notwithstanding ill health and lassitude, however, he remained at his post—at Vicksburg—where indeed he had now, at any rate, quiet. He remained there during July and August, while most of his brigadiers took trips home on furlough. The two or three who stayed he employed in driving Johnston out of Mississippi, supporting the Federal authority in Louisiana and Arkansas, and in keeping a strict watch against any Rebel communication across the great stream now in Federal possession.

But General Grant was not destined to enjoy this rest, such as it was, for more than a month or two. The popular wish was for a resumption of active campaigning by the captor of Vicksburg; and at the end of September, when it was still matter of speculation to what field the Government might assign him, a contingency arose which at once offered work for military genius of the highest order, and in which the Government might congratulate themselves that they had a man of Grant's talents at their disposal. The Federal army of the Cumberland—long camped near Nashville, the capital of Tennessee—had been led by its commander, Rosencranz, in a dashing

march across the Cumberland Ridge of mountains to the point where the States of Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia meet; had occupied successfully, owing to the indecision of the enemy's general, the city of Chattanooga; and then advancing further, encountered, notwithstanding such fair auspices, a serious defeat in the battle of Chickamauga. Rosencranz was very soon superseded; and while General Thomas, who had been mainly instrumental in saving the army and putting Chattanooga in a state of defence, was rewarded with his position, the Government summoned Grant to repair as soon as possible from the Mississippi and superintend the redressing of the Union interests. By a General Order of October 16 he was endowed with the supreme command over the three military departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee. By the official advices and his own judgment Grant perceived the urgency of endeavouring to transfer a portion of his own forces to the new scene of action, and previous to leaving the Mississippi he made arrangements that Sherman should conduct a corps through Northern Alabama. This settled, he hastened to Chattanooga, travelling up the Mississippi to Cairo, and thence by the Kentucky railroads, arriving on the spot by October 23. A month had then just elapsed from the battle which had caused the *imbroglio*. During the interval the Confederate General Bragg, who had gained the victory by the help of troops and generals from the Virginian army, had frittered away the time without taking a vigorous offensive; and when Grant arrived the Federals could survey undismayedly the enemy's menacing demonstrations on the Look-out Mountain and Missionary Ridge; for, putting aside the confidence inspired by the presence of the new and famous chief, they had been strengthened by reinforcements from

the Army of the Potomac. Unluckily too, for the Confederates, fatal dissensions existed between their generals, Longstreet, fresh from Virginia, being as rash as Bragg was hesitating. The consequence was, that towards the middle of November the former, tired by his colleague's indecision, insisted on moving off with a portion of the forces to attempt the capture of Knoxville, in East Tennessee, which Burnside was holding under Grant's orders. He left just when he was most wanted. On the 18th, Grant's lieutenant, Sherman, arrived in the Federal camp, after an arduous march of nearly 300 miles from the banks of the Mississippi; and Grant, thus strengthened, and aware of Longstreet's departure, immediately made ready to rid himself effectually of the shadow of investment which still obtained round Chattanooga. He had under him three generals of note—Sherman, Thomas, and Hooker (late of the army of the Potomac); and the troops, which had been famishing when he took command, were now—thanks to some engineering operations which had opened roads to the rear and admitted supplies—in excellent heart and condition. The whole Federal army issued forth from the fortifications on November 23; and in two days the Confederates, so lately the besiegers, were flying wildly from the field of battle. The movement has been described as the greatest *sortie* on record in the history of the world. One division rushed up the sides of Look-out Mountain, drove the Confederates from the elevated and entrenched position there, and flung them down into the valley at the bottom of the hill. Sherman, on the left wing, after some hard fighting, overpowered a more strenuous resistance, and carried the Missionary Ridge. While the Confederates were attempting to hold this post, Grant launched fresh troops at their weakened

centre; their connections were broken, and all their divisions hastily dispersed for the South.

Grant, who had planned these attacks, personally superintended all the while their execution. Stationing himself on the summit of Fort Wood, the most elevated of the defences of Chattanooga, he enjoyed a perfect view of the whole operations; and using his ample forces with magnificent tactical skill, an order transmitted from time to time by his *aides* strengthened one column, directed the course of another, or advanced fresh ones to complete the victory. Advantageous as the General's location was for range of view, it was a post of great danger, and he was as much exposed as if he had been at the head of the troops. At one time, till the Look-out Mountain was taken, the shot and shell from *both* armies passed over him.*

The approach of winter and the lack of due arrangements for supplies deterred the Federals from attempting any further advance from the rescued Chattanooga, beyond a twenty mile pursuit of Bragg across the Georgian border. When returned from this, a portion of the army was despatched to beat off Longstreet from before Knoxville, and with that operation the campaigning of the year 1863 came to an end.

We have now reviewed the whole of Grant's operations in the West, distinguished by the capture of Fort Donelson, the battle of Pittsburg Landing, the siege and capture of Vicksburg, and the relief and resumption of Federal success at Chattanooga; and the reader may judge the degree of merit to which, in his estimation, Grant was entitled for all these successes; may admire the steady aim, the invincible resolution, with which he

* New York Newspapers. Headley, *Life of Grant*. Pollard, *Third Year of the War*. Harper's *Weekly*. Report of General Meigs. *Our Great Captains*.

pressed upon an object ; the patient endurance which was yet tempered with ample energy and hardihood when the occasion required it. He will not think the less of these merits when he considers the modest bearing of the man who had achieved them. Let him, then, when he has arrived at a sober estimate of praise, double it, or three times turn it over, and he will perhaps appreciate the rank which Grant began to take in American estimation—the idolatry with which the Federals, long wearying for a genuine commander, began to regard him. The newspapers already hailed him as the coming chief of the army, and the man who was to crush the rebellion. In their articles he was compared with most of the military heroes of the Old World, and, amongst other laudatory epithets, they called him of course the ‘Napoleonic’ Grant. Then the journals ran into speculations, all rose-coloured, as to his probable next undertakings. The audacious ‘New York Herald’ began, entirely unauthorised or encouraged by the General himself, to ‘run’ him—*i. e.* to advocate him as a candidate—for the Presidency, the time of election being then more than a year distant. It declared, in bragging terms which he would never have used, that were Grant in power he would—irrespective of that trifling business, crushing the rebellion—either by ‘friendly notice’ or ‘by force,’ compel Great Britain to acknowledge and settle all claims on her, and France to withdraw her troops from Mexico. Then verses were composed in his honour by the dozen, and the newspaper editorials teemed with allusions to him as ‘the great tanner,’ who was to ‘tan’ the Rebels. Still further honours were in store for General Grant. The thanks of both *Houses* of Congress were voted to him, immediately those bodies assembled. A day or two after, one of the members of the Upper House made an appeal for the en-

rolment at once of a million volunteers. The motion was too extravagant for men of common sense, comprising as it did that Congress itself should be among them; but the Senator aptly hit the tone of popular opinion when he proposed that the command of them should be given to Major-General Grant.

Meanwhile our hero, hard-worked as he had been all through the last two years, was still combining with the furlough, which the inactivity of winter allowed him to take, no little labour for the nation. He left Chattanooga for the North towards the end of December 1863, and first of all journeyed on horseback through Eastern Tennessee and Kentucky with his staff, to make himself acquainted with the Federal military position there. It was an arduous and uninviting journey. The region is mountainous, comprising some of the highest points of the Alleghany range. The season was very severe, and the continuous fall of snow aggravated the other miseries of the rough roads. Many times General and staff had to walk on foot down hills where horses were obliged to be led. There were not wanting the perils of attacks by guerillas, either. The General thoroughly performed his inspection, however; made some stay at Knoxville, examined Cumberland Gap and the other military posts, and then finishing his *détour*, recovered railway facilities at the town of Lexington, in Kentucky. The people of that State had thronged to see him on his route, and at Lexington a large assembly received him with enthusiastic clamour. He was pressed to make a speech to the crowd which had got together, but Ulysses was diffident of his powers of oratory, and practised a reticence which has since become noted as one of his most marked characteristics. Acknowledging briefly the plaudits of the throng, he proceeded by rail to Louisville, the chief city of the State

There a similar reception awaited him, and still greater crowds. The Kentuckians are said to have been rather disappointed with the personal appearance of the hero, for this reason; amongst the immensely tall raw-boned men which their State produces pre-eminently, the General, a man of medium stature, looked short. 'I thought he would have been a large man,' remarked one of those who looked down on him, and added, 'We should consider him a small chance of a fighter in this country.' The honest Kentuckian evidently expected that a great conqueror must be a man of colossal proportions.

In all the Western towns through which he passed he met with an enthusiastic reception; and when he arrived at St. Louis, where he rejoined his wife and family, his presence was bespoken, as soon as his domestic cares (the sickness of a son) would allow it, for a grand entertainment preparing expressly in his honour. This took place on January 30, 1864. The citizens of St. Louis did not succeed in getting a speech out of the hero. Generals Rosencranz, Schofield, and Osterhaus, with many others, were present, and had plenty to say for themselves; Governor Yates of Illinois sent a letter taking credit to himself for the first promotion of Grant; but from the hero himself—a man of deeds, not words—nothing could be got beyond the briefest expression of thanks for the banquet.

While these honours attended General Grant in his trip to his old Western residence, others were preparing for him in the East. The Americans had adopted as a title for their highest and supreme military officer (under the President, always officially the Commander-in-Chief) the old English appellation of Lieutenant-General. This title had been conferred upon the aged General Scott, but upon the tacit abolition of his authority, which soon

followed the opening of the war, the term dropped. It was now proposed to revive it for Grant, and on January 25 a bill was brought into Congress 'to authorise the President to confer the title of Lieutenant-General upon any commander with rank not below Major-General, most distinguished for skill, courage and ability, and that such officer thus commissioned shall command the armies of the United States.' This bill was passed on February 1, with a recommendation 'that the rank be bestowed upon General Ulysses S. Grant.' A month after it received the official sanction of the President, and on March 12 the following General Order of the War Department was promulgated, and enlightened the public curiosity on the important changes in command which had been for some time expected.

' War Department, Adjutant-General's Office,
Washington, March 12, 1864.

' GENERAL ORDERS, No. 98.

' THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ORDERS
AS FOLLOWS :—

' 1. Major-General Halleck is, at his own request, relieved from duty as General-in-Chief of the Army, and Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant is assigned to the command of the armies of the United States. The head-quarters of the army will be in Washington, and also with Lieutenant-General Grant in the field.

' 2. Major-General Halleck is assigned to duty in Washington as Chief of Staff of the army, under the direction of the Secretary of War and the Lieutenant-General commanding. His orders will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

' 3. Major-General W. T. Sherman is assigned to the command of the military division of the Mississippi, com-

posed of the department of the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Arkansas.

‘4. Major-General J. P. M’Pherson is assigned to the command of the department and army of the Tennessee.

‘5. In relieving Major-General Halleck from duty as General-in-Chief, the President desires to express his approbation and thanks for the zealous manner in which the arduous and responsible duties of that position have been performed.

‘By order of the Secretary of War,

E. D. TOWNSEND,

Assistant Adjutant-General.’

Returning from the West in the middle of February, after paying a flying visit to Chattanooga, General Grant, who had been made aware of the honours in store for him, set out for Washington to receive from the President personally his commission—to have his first interview with him. The only member of the Government he had seen was Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War. Only once—and then only for a day—had he visited the capital of his country. He had no acquaintances there, and was going almost entirely among strangers. Though he knew nobody, however, he soon found that people knew him. Arriving by the ordinary day train on March 8, he proceeded unostentatiously to Willard’s Hotel. No sooner had he entered the dining-room, at 5 P.M., than he was recognised. He had modestly seated himself at table with his little boy, whom he led by the hand, when a gentleman who had seen him at New Orleans greeted him by name. Others, whose attention was caught by the circumstance, recognised the quiet determined face which photographs had made familiar to them, and in an

instant the news that General Grant was present spread through the room. The hundreds of guests—members of Congress, Supreme Court Judges, officers, lawyers—rose at once from their seats, and—mingled with a bevy of fair ladies and the very clerks and domestics of the hotel, who in the enthusiasm of the moment forgot their duties—crowded round General Grant. He bowed his thanks for the cheers which burst forth, and blushed most boyishly at the tumultuous plaudits which were showered on him. In the evening, when he went to the White House, to the President's customary levee, he encountered a still more tremendous reception. It was a most ludicrous introduction for him to the various members of the Cabinet. To gratify the respectable mob which beset him, the Ministers of State suggested his mounting on a sofa, and Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, having, to give him confidence, ascended first, Ulysses bravely planted himself on that elevation. Next he promenaded the rooms for a little while, and responded as liberally as was possible to the solicitations for shakes of the hand which everybody put forth.* To please all in this respect would have taken several hours, however, and as soon as was practicable the General hurried off to the residence of Mr. Seward, who was bent on being his entertainer for that night. After all this he was to have undergone the infliction—*more Americano*—of a serenading, but the lateness of the hour at which he got back to Willard's saved him from this. These honours and festivities were not at all to his taste, and the embarrassment they gave him was, it is said, painful to witness. Yet he could bear himself

* 'There has never been such a coat-tearing, button-bursting jam in the White House as this soldier has occasioned,' says the Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, in narrating these events. 'The cheering and waving of handkerchiefs was in the customary fury of Americans over popular favourites.'

nobly enough when the occasion was important, when the affair in hand was business, and his part was action. The next day was an instance of this. Proceeding again to the President's mansion, taking with him, according to his homely manner, his little son—two aides-de-camp who attended him showing, however, that the modest-looking officer was a general of high rank—he was ushered into the council chamber, where all the members of the Government, with a few selected generals, were assembled. As soon as he had entered the room, the President, stepping forward, said: 'General Grant, the nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to do in the ensuing great struggle, are now presented with this commission constituting you Lieutenant-General in the army of the United States. With this honour also devolves upon you a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts in you, so under God it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add that with what I here speak for the nation goes my own hearty personal concurrence.' The Lieutenant-General, accepting the roll from Mr. Lincoln's hands, replied in these words: 'Mr. President, I accept this commission, with gratitude for the high honour conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought on so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavour not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon me, and I know that if they are met it will be due to those armies, and above all to the favour of that Providence which leads both nations and men.'

The contrast was great between the two men who thus addressed each other: Lincoln, the tallest man of all in the room, six feet four inches in height, and of a most singular and expressive countenance; Grant, five feet

eight inches high, ordinary, though sufficiently strong make, features utterly devoid of character, except the sharp well cut nose and the grim heavy lower jaw.

Grant now determined to cut short his visit to Washington, that the provoking enthusiasm of which he was the object might have time to cool. To make acquaintance with the Army of the Potomac, however, he made a flying trip on the 10th to the camp on the Rapidan. The Army of the Potomac does not seem to have received him with any great enthusiasm. The repeated failures of the chiefs to whom its leading had in succession been entrusted caused a dispiriting disbelief in generals to exist in the minds of some of its men. M'Clellan, the only chief who had ever gained its affection, had proved a failure; Pope, Burnside, and Hooker, had led it recklessly to destruction; Meade, more fortunate in the active events of the term of his command, had not acquired popularity, had been sneered at and accused even, like his predecessors. The reminiscence of such oft-repeated changes and failures damped the excitement which the visit of the Western hero might otherwise have aroused. Not but that there was considerable interest evinced, and sufficient demonstrations of welcome. Generals and regimental officers especially were on the alert, and speculated on the changes which were looked for in the *régime* and organisation of the army. For these men were to wait a little. The Lieutenant-General returned to Washington the same day. He had a long consultation, accompanied by General Meade, with the President and the Secretary of War, and on the evening of the 12th quietly, almost secretly, departed for the West again. By this means he escaped the further oppressive civilities of his well-meaning admirers. A military dinner had been got up for that very evening to do him honour.

It took place, but, it was remarked, 'was like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out.'

But Grant had now the most serious business of his life in hand. Full powers had been accorded to him—powers such as no American general had before possessed; full powers and abundant resources. All things were to be given to him, and in return he was to give the nation Richmond.

The President was ready, in execution of the wishes of the nation, to defer to the Lieutenant-General in all military matters; and the Secretary of War—the indefatigable but too despotically inclined Mr. Stanton—after a little hesitation, showed himself willing to accept a 'Lieutenant-General' as 'a fact,' and to work amicably with him.

At Nashville, on the 17th, General Grant issued his General Order assuming the grade of Lieutenant-General. It contained also the statement, which was hoped for and anticipated by the nation, that he intended to head personally the Army of the Potomac.

People augured well of the Lieutenant-General from the modesty with which he bore his elevation. He did not stop to toy with the various little dignities with which his position invested him, but settled earnestly to his duties. Having made all the arrangements required in Tennessee, and impressed on his old follower and favourite subordinate, Sherman, the measures and final advance movement which he wished him to carry out, he returned to Washington and the camp on the Rapidan. The Army of the Potomac was to have a 'reorganisation' at his hands—a root and branch renovation in every respect.

On the 21st he arrived at Washington. On the 24th he proceeded to the camp on the Rapidan, and established

his head-quarters there. A day or two after he returned to Washington, and held a consultation with the President and the Secretary of War. Then, after returning to the camp, he, with General Meade, made a visit by a special steamboat to Fortress Monroe, to examine its capabilities as a basis of operations. He came back to Washington in a few days, and again proceeded to the camp on the Rapidan. The machinery for working the army he considered too complicated; from five corps, or representative portions of corps, he reduced it into three: the 2nd corps under General W. S. Hancock, the 5th General G. K. Warren, and the 6th General J. Sedgwick. The army was strongly reinforced, troops being withdrawn from many scattered stations to help to swell the numbers for the grand movement upon Richmond, till the total force on the Rapidan approached 120,000 men. Besides this, Burnside's corps was brought to the neighbourhood of Washington, augmented partly with coloured troops, and held ready to act as a reserve corps with the Army of the Potomac.

General Grant made many changes in the ranks and commands of the generals of corps and of divisions; all were at his disposal, and he despatched this one to the West, or recalled that to the East, at his pleasure. He desired to have at his side some of the officers who had followed him in the West; and he thought it well to strengthen Sherman, who was to move in the West, jointly with his advance, by some of the talent of the Potomac generals. Thus two brilliant young cavalry generals were made to change places—Sheridan, long associated with Grant in the West, was to aid him in Virginia; and Kilpatrick was sent to head the cavalry of General Sherman. General W. F. ('Baldy') Smith, Grant's chief engineer at Chattanooga, was brought to

the East, and appointed to aid General Butler in a movement up the James River.

It is now time to explain the policy which Grant entertained for crushing the final resistance of Richmond. This may be very simply done in his own words:—‘ From the first I was firm in the conviction that no peace could be had that would be stable and conducive to the happiness of the people, both North and South, until the military power of the rebellion was entirely broken. I therefore determined first to use the greatest number of troops practicable against the armed force of the enemy, preventing him from using the same force at different seasons against first one and then another of our armies, and the possibility for repose for refitting and producing necessary supplies for carrying on resistance. Second, to hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until by mere attrition, if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but an equal submission with the loyal section of our common country to the constitution and laws of the land.’* The most remarkable feature of the Lieutenant-General’s plan of war was the constant simultaneous action of his army and that of Sherman. Before this the armies in the East and West acted independently, and without concert; to use the Lieutenant-General’s expression, ‘like a balky team, no two ever pulling together.’ Now, under his sole control, they were to advance together, and the Southern armies of both East and West were to be followed and fought regardless of season and weather, and without the least respite.

After the middle of April had passed, the rain in which had delayed for a little while the movements of the army

* Grant, *Official Report for 1864, 1865*, (Washington, July 22, 1865,) p. 1.

on the Rapidan, the signs of the near approach of the opening of Grant's campaign became abundant and interesting. All non-military attendants and visitors of the Army of the Potomac, Government employés, sanitary and Christian commissioners, and newspaper correspondents excepted, were ordered to leave the camp by a certain date. All sutlers and their hangers-on had the same injunction, under penalty, if remaining beyond time, of confiscation of goods and hard labour. All the *impedimenta* of the camp, the untransportable stores, and all the private comforts and appliances of ease which the long fixedness of the camp had given officers and many soldiers the opportunity to collect, went by the board. They were to be sent to the rear with as little delay as possible. All furloughs and leaves of absence were stopped, and thorough lists and reports of regiments were prepared, looked over and verified by the commanders of each corps. Reviews took place, and General Grant inspected in turn each of the three consolidated corps. The headquarters were advanced to Culpepper Court-house, and officers of the rearward corps made daily pilgrimages there to learn the prospects of action. By April 20, according to the order before mentioned, the sutlers retired from the camp. They fell back to Washington, some three thousand in number, where they filled the streets with the rumours and forecasts of the coming battle which had gone about the ranks of the army. Nor was such intelligence as they might afford to be despised; for, on the 22nd, a Government order stopped the transmission of news from Virginia. The public immediately rushed to the conclusion that 'Lee or Grant had commenced moving.' The suspicion was but a little premature, and every day, every hour, the signs that a great battle was at hand — the little storm-signals of which many precedents

had now established the perfect accuracy—grew more intense.

Before we close this chapter, and set the Army of the Potomac fairly in motion, we must chronicle yet another or two of the remarkable expressions of enthusiasm for Grant, the abundance of which, before he was started on his campaign, caused many to wonder what greater honour could be shown to him should he prove successful.

The English army, as we all know, was headed at Waterloo by officers fresh from a ball; the Federal Americans, who had so often desiderated a 'Waterloo' in Virginia, were determined to precede the advance known to be impending by festivities, enthusiasm, and glorification of Grant. A great Sanitary Fair had been organised in New York—a fair with the laudable design of raising funds for the humane institution to which a tribute of respect was paid in the last chapter. Similar fairs had already taken place in some of the cities of the West, the articles for sale being in great part voluntary contributions—manufacturers and retailers, large and small, lavishly giving donations in kind for the benefit of the nation's soldiers.* The New York fair, as was natural, surpassed all the previous ones. It was inaugurated April 4, with imposing ceremonies, and remained open throughout the month.

But, conjointly with the fair, its organisers and supporters had brought out an American notion, probably without precedent in the affairs military, charitable, or ovationary, of any other country. On the elevation of

* The subject of these sanitary fairs is worthy of more attention than the due sequence of our narrative will allow us to give to it. Similar fairs afterwards took place in Baltimore and Philadelphia, to which we may perhaps revert. The earliest had been held at Chicago, organised by the Governors of four of the North-western States, and had features peculiar to itself.

Grant to the lieutenant-generalship, the idea of presenting him with a sword of honour must have occurred to many minds: one had indeed been given to him, but—the gift of some admirers in Illinois—it could not be taken to represent the offering of the nation at large; and, amongst the many gifts which were pressed upon him (including a pair of pistols from a celebrated maker), there was yet room for a sword. This idea was taken up by some of the ingenious promoters and supervisors of the New York Sanitary Fair. When the sword was completed, however, with all the costly embellishments which men have long been accustomed to lavish upon the weapon of a master of the art of war, an extraordinary change in its destinies was announced. As the object of the fair was to raise money for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers, and as that object was considered, justly enough, to be more important than the giving of the sword to any particular officer, lieutenant-general though he might be, a ‘*sword auction*’ was organised, *public subscriptions to which should decide to which of two generals the sword should be given!* These two generals were Grant and—the favourite long time past of the army and the people—M’Clellan. The latter general had still many adherents and admirers; moreover, many citizens of the Democratic party had begun to look upon him as in some measure their champion. The sword contest, therefore, became no joking affair, but a serious and exciting struggle. As soon as the books were opened, voters for either general flocked to the fair, to inscribe their name at the cost of one dollar on behalf of their favourite. The contest became strenuous and absorbing. For a long time the majority was, to the surprise of many, against Grant, and up to the very close of the fair the papers recorded ‘M’Clellan still a little ahead in the sword race.’ A number of loyal citizens of

New York, however, forming an organisation known as the Loyal League, had been anxiously watching the inclination of the subscription, and had seen with solicitude the scale turning against the national Lieutenant-General. They immediately organised a vigorous collection among the members of their body and their connections, and at the last moment came to the rescue with a plumping donation of 10,000 dollars (2,250*l.*) for Grant.

In the last few days of the contest, to allow each voter to record his vote in the book had become impracticable, for it was apprehended that an attempt might be made to monopolise the subscription-book at the close, the friends of Grant and M'Clellan having become imbued with quite a Montague and Capulet spirit of partisanship. Subscriptions were therefore ordered to be forwarded in sealed envelopes. When the hour for casting votes in the original way had expired, the votes stood—M'Clellan, 11,903; Grant, 9,647; majority for M'Clellan, 2,256. But when the votes enclosed in envelopes, including the formidable Loyal League subscription, had been counted, the ballot stood—Grant, 30,291; M'Clellan, 14,509; giving Grant a majority of 15,782 over the entire vote cast for General M'Clellan, and the sword it was evident would have been his without the aid of the redoubtable Loyal League donation. The total of 44,800 dollars (10,080*l.*) more than sufficing to pay for the cost of the sword, the residue was handed over to the Sanitary Commission; and so closed this affair, than which few stranger money-contests have occurred since the day when the Roman legionaries put up the empire at auction, and Didius Julianus bought it.

But by this time the Lieutenant-General had taken his final departure for the front. He had worked all things in the War Department and in the camp to a satisfactory

state, and the opening of Grant's campaign was a matter of days. On April 25 the last of the reinforcements for his army, the 9th Army Corps—a great body of 25,000 men, headed by General Burnside (erst of the Army of the Potomac, afterwards in command at Knoxville, Tennessee)—was passed in review at Washington, in the presence of the President. Conspicuous among the columns were about 5,000 coloured troops, who were thought to march well and show a soldierly bearing. All day the roll of the drums, the tramp of the men, and the rumble of artillery and baggage-waggons, resounded in the streets, but by the evening the last files had passed over the Long Bridge, and a dull and wearying suspense reigned in Washington. An agonising anxiety that the battle should come, and its event be known, spread through all the great places of the North.

In the camp a remarkable order compelling the duty of certain regiments and individuals who pleaded that their term was expired, signalised the last days of rest, and indicated the stern command and thorough-going determination of the chiefs who now had the army in hand. It explains itself—as it did but too plainly to the soldiers—for it evidently gave power to an officer, on the slightest sign of recreance or disrespect by a soldier, to blow his brains out. Government, or its special representative, Mr. Stanton, could not afford to let any veterans slip through its fingers at this crisis.

‘Head-quarters, Army of the Potomac,

‘May 2.

‘The Commanding Officer has learned that notwithstanding the caution contained in General Orders No. 22 of April 25, 1864, from these head-quarters, there are men in the army who refuse to do duty on the ground that their term of service has expired. It will be made known

to such men that their conduct being open mutiny, they will be punished with death, without trial, unless they return to duty; and hereafter any soldier who refuses to do duty on a similar plea will instantly be shot, without any form of trial whatever. The honour of the service and the necessities of the hour admit of no other disposition of such cases. The Commanding General again expresses the hope that the soldiers of the army will respectfully ask for and cheerfully abide by the decision of the War Department with respect to their term of service; but he has no further word or warning for those who at a time like the present choose to defy authority.

‘Corps and other independent commanders are charged with the execution of this order. By command of Major General Meade.

‘S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.’

With such an order ringing in their ears, it may be thought that many in the ranks of the Army of the Potomac would go but sulkily to the battle-field. It caused little impression, or none of the sort, however. Yet the army was in no enthusiastic mood. It marched out solemnly and gravely to the fight. The well remembered reverses it had suffered had worked for good, and on its final advance it could at last be said that it went forth purged of its pride. ‘The army, heretofore so enthusiastic and vehement, though it goes forward with steadiness to do its duty, is still undemonstrative and without any signs of apparent enthusiasm,’ said one of the newspaper chroniclers. But with all their quiet demeanour there was that in the bearing of the men which showed ‘that they would not do the work negligently.’ There was little need, therefore, of the following address, which nevertheless was taken in good part:—

‘Head-quarters, Army of the Potomac.

‘May 4, 1864.

‘SOLDIERS!—Again you are called upon to advance upon the enemies of your country. The time and the occasion are deemed opportune by your commanding general to address you a few words of confidence and caution. You have been reorganised, strengthened, and fully equipped in every respect. You form a part of the several armies of your country—the whole under the direction of an able and distinguished general, who enjoys the confidence of the Government, the people, and the army. Your movement being in co-operation with others, it is of the utmost importance that no effort should be left unspared to make it successful.

‘Soldiers!—The eyes of the whole country are looking with anxious hope to the blow you are about to strike in the most sacred cause that ever called men to arms. Remember your homes, your wives and children; and bear in mind, that the sooner your enemies are overcome the sooner you will be returned to enjoy the benefits and blessings of peace. Bear with patience the hardships and sacrifices you will be called upon to endure. Have confidence in your officers and in each other. Keep your ranks on the march and on the battle-field, and let each man earnestly implore God’s blessing, and endeavour by his thoughts and actions to render himself worthy of the favour he seeks. With clear conscience and strong arms, actuated by a high sense of duty, fighting to preserve the Government and the institutions handed down to us by our forefathers, if true to ourselves, victory, under God’s blessing, must and will attend our efforts.

‘GEORGE G. MEADE, Major-General Commanding.

‘S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.’

The hour was come. On the night of May 3 the cavalry and engineering parties crossed the Rapidan, and safely and expeditiously threw across double pontoon bridges. The tents were struck, and the army moved up to the river bank. All the infantry passed over on the 4th without any opposition being experienced; the supply trains followed in the night, and all Grant's army was on the south bank of the Rapidan.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA.

VIRGINIA, the 'Mother of Presidents' and heroes—the native State of Washington, the most ancient and long the most venerated of the United States—had been the last of the seceders to leave the Union. Sympathy with her Southern sisters, the cognate promptings of her upholding the 'domestic institution,' and though last, not least, the ambition of her aristocratical leading men,* severed the ties of affection which might have kept her true to the Union; and on April 17, 1861, when the din of arming could be heard all through the North and

* This seems to have been observed as long ago as 1799 by that shrewd (though often biassed) Englishman, William Cobbett. In his *Porcupine* for March of that year, he says: 'The reader will do well to observe the point on which the Virginia politics turn. Virginia will have either a majority in Congress or a separation of the States! and one or the other, I am afraid she will have ere two years are at an end. I do not love gloomy prospects better than other men, but to shut one's eyes against the light is folly. . . . They [the States] can be held together by nothing but the Federal influence of the middle States, and more particularly that of Pennsylvania. If, therefore, this influence should decline in any considerable degree, a separation must inevitably take place, and happy will it be if it should come unaccompanied by a civil war, long, desolating, and bloody.'—Cobbett's *Porcupine*, vol. x. p. 183.

Much later than the above another English observer of a very different class—the late Dr. Daubeny, of Oxford—wrote in his journal, while stopping at Richmond (Virginia), the following prescient sentence:—'I have sometimes thought that ambitious men in the South are making the most of this abolition excitement, in order to wean the people from their attachment to the Union, and thus to place themselves at the head of an independent republic. Time will show.'—*Daubeny's Journal*, 1837–38.

South, her legislature passed a Secession Ordinance similar to those of the other Southern States. This done, she took up her new cause with a will. She became at once the sword and buckler of the Southern Confederacy, its frontier State, and the hive of all its greatest generals and stoutest soldiers. For three years she had kept this pre-eminent position, and had repelled the fiercest efforts of the Northern hosts. She was prodigal of her produce, her treasure, and the blood of her bravest sons. But 1864 had arrived, and the independence of the South had not been achieved. The hopes of European intervention which Virginian diplomatists had cherished had been disappointed, and, as the previous chapters have shown, the spring of 1864 found the Federal army still encamped on the 'sacred soil' of the 'Old Dominion,' and preparing for another advance on its capital. Once more, therefore, the gallant army of Northern Virginia made ready to bar the way, to fight the fight of the Confederacy, and stand the brunt of the great Federal host—the far superior numbers of the army of the Potomac, with the ablest general of the North at their head.

The army of Northern Virginia had an implicit confidence in Lee, whom two years' command had endeared to it; but Lee could no longer have the same confidence in the army which he had freely indulged in a twelve-month before. Its courage and enthusiasm he could still depend on; but he could no longer cheat himself into the belief that its power was absolutely the same as when he had led it into Pennsylvania. The fatal days at Gettysburg had robbed him of 20,000 of the flower of his troops — the veterans of almost unchecked victory. Other affairs since that, and the drain from his army to reinforce the West, had further enfeebled him; and

though the bulk of his army was still composed of stout and fierce soldiers, yet a sprinkling of men older and younger than were good material for fighting had begun to appear in its ranks; and the Confederate Government was utterly unable to supply him with such reinforcements as should have been given to withstand the coming onslaught of Grant's army. But the Virginian army had sustained another loss which counted for much, though it was but of one man. Stonewall Jackson, dead a year, was still keenly bewailed, for he could not be replaced. Yet many gallant and able generals still clustered round the Virginian head-quarters. There were Ewell and Early, two men of singularly gloomy and severe countenances—noted, too, for rough tempers corresponding therewith—but both good and tried soldiers. Longstreet, with whom the reader has already cursorily made acquaintance, had now rejoined the army of Virginia. Entrusted with a separate command for a time, he had been far from successful, and was now again serving under General Lee, who was certain of his merits as a corps commander. Ambrose P. Hill, another general of a corps, next merits attention. He was in his fortieth year, had done good service in all Lee's campaigns, and had steadily risen in the estimation of his chief and of the army. Tall and comely in frame and features, with a moustache and peaked beard, his hair dressed in long curled locks, with a somewhat melancholy cast of countenance, he looked like a true descendant of the English cavaliers. This gallant Virginian had long been fighting close to his very homestead, for he was a native of Culpepper, the little town on the north of the Rapidan, almost enclosed in the Federal camp. Then there was the celebrated cavalry leader, J. E. B. Stuart, another of the brave gentlemen who in some degree justified the

appellation of 'Southern chivalry;' he bade fair to earn for himself the title of 'the Murat of the South.' This young man had long been an intimate friend of General Lee, whom he regarded with almost filial affection. Of these generals, Ewell, Early, A. P. Hill, and Stuart were, like their chief, Virginians born and bred; and had all entered the Confederate army from a feeling of devotion to their native State, rather than to the abstract idea of the Southern Confederacy. Besides these, there were of officers known to fame, Generals Pickett, Kershaw, McLaws, Anderson, and Edward Johnson, infantry brigadiers of long service in Virginia. There were two officers of great merit under Stuart in the cavalry branch—Fitz-Hugh Lee, nephew of the chief commander, and Wade Hampton, a South Carolinian gentleman of opulence and influence.

The Federals had gained the south bank of the Rapidan, and occupied substantially the same position which Hooker had taken up in April, 1863. The front of the Army of the Potomac was, as then, on the road from Fredericksburg to Orange Court-house, with Chancellorsville, which gave the name to Hooker's defeat, on its left, and its right immersed in the woods of the Wilderness. In its rear flowed the Rapidan and Rappahannock, its left flank standing just before the junction of the former river with the latter.* Only the 2nd, 5th, and 6th corps were now in line; Burnside's was still behind the Rapidan, but without that rear-guard the total of Grant's army was 120,386 men. What forces

* The end of the war left with the Rappahannock the reputation of being the most blood-stained river of the American continent. Cedar Mountain, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Spottsylvania, were fought on its banks, and dozens of petty engagements; and it witnessed in 1865 the dog's death of the wretched assassin Wilkes Booth.

had Lee to oppose to this formidable enemy? Since the war, Southern authorities have stated that the total of Lee's troops of all arms did not exceed 50,000 men, and Northern authorities do not seem to consider this estimate at most more than 10,000 wrong.

First Day of Battle, May 5, 1864.—The early morning saw Lee's bayonets gleaming in the sun, as dense masses of his troops moved eastward along the road from Orange Court-house to Fredericksburg. The corps of Ewell and Hill led the way, Lee with them personally. Longstreet, with the remaining corps of the army of Virginia, was bringing up the rear. The tactics which had been crowned with such rare success at Chancellorsville would, the Confederates hoped, serve them this time, and General Lee had no thought of giving up the road to Richmond without a battle.

On his part General Grant was up betimes, and at three A.M. was making his dispositions. According to the orders for the day, which, however, were only provisional till Lee should discover his plans, General Hancock with the left wing (2nd corps) led off southwardly from a little west of Chancellorsville. Generals Warren (5th corps) and Sedgwick (6th corps) moved their whole line connectedly forward—a measure which made room for the 9th corps, under Burnside, to come in presently on their rear. Grant and Meade (the latter now acting the rôle of *fidus Achates* to the general who had mounted over, not superseded, him) were superintending these movements, when reports came making certain what they anticipated—that Lee's army was advancing upon them. An immediate halt was called of Sedgwick's and Warren's corps, and orders were sent to Hancock, who was pushing precipitately forward, to swing round and connect his right flank with the centre—Warren. The latter, with

Sedgwick, had easily formed order of battle, and at about eleven o'clock, as no signs of the enemy were yet apparent through the thickness of the Wilderness, General Grant ordered forward one of Warren's divisions (Griffin's) to reconnoitre. After advancing about three-quarters of a mile, this detachment came suddenly upon the enemy in unexpected force. It was at once assailed by a terrible musketry fire; and extricating itself as well as possible from the action which was forced upon it, fell back on the main body, after losing at least 500 in killed and wounded.

The Confederates had secured the southern body of the Wilderness woods, and soon showed themselves arranging on its northern outskirts. Meanwhile to the east they were hastening out, with the object of cutting off Hancock, who was endeavouring to join his right to Warren's left. Lee had perceived the slight break in the connection of the Federal forces, and at once directed A. P. Hill's corps at it. But Hancock's command was a host in itself, and a slight separation in the contest was the only result of such divergence.

The battle between the main bodies now began. To divert attention from Hancock, the centre and right of the Federal army moved forward; but they encountered a terrible fire from the enemy's infantry ensconced in the woods. It quickly became apparent that musketry slaughter was to be the order of the day. Artillery could not play to advantage in the thickets of the Wilderness, and on this and the following days of fighting the main of the terrible execution was done with small arms, or by hand-to-hand contests. The Confederates had the advantage of their attackers in a more intimate knowledge of the locality, which in such woods was all-important. Not that all the Southern troops

were Virginians—nor, of the Virginians, were all acquainted from of old with what was becoming the ‘cock-pit’ of their State—but they had all acquired some knowledge of it in the Chancellorsville battle with Hooker a year before; whilst the Army of the Potomac, from its short sojourn then, and the slight distance it attained from the river-bank of the Rapidan, had not acquired from that experience much knowledge of the ground. The Federal officers, of course, had studied the topography of their battle-field, but in the tanglements of such a field as was the Wilderness misapprehensions might well occur.

Taking advantage of this, General Ewell, the commander of the Confederate left flank, assailed Warren and Sedgwick, threw their front divisions out of order, and captured 1,000 prisoners and two pieces of artillery. These were taken from Warren’s corps. Afterwards, though the shades of night were beginning to overcast the horrible scene, Ewell turned with still greater vigour on Sedgwick. Preceded by some play of artillery, the attack and defence were soon resolved into a musketry contest. The close quarters which arose—for Sedgwick would not recede—terribly deepened the effect of both antagonists’ steady volleys, which, as witnesses aver, might have been mistaken for the echoing of a thunderstorm. It was this attack which most augmented the general total of this day’s slaughter. On Grant’s left, after desperate fighting, the combat between Hancock and Hill closed; but the fight with Ewell was maintained till nine o’clock, two hours after the combatants were able to distinguish each other. Two gallant generals fell this day—Hayes, Federal, and Jones, Confederate.

While the battle was raging in the afternoon, Grant’s rear-guard (Burnside’s corps) was coming across the Rapi-

dan at Germania Ford. As its leading divisions crossed, a cloud of dust on their right was distinguishable. It was Longstreet's corps, hastening like themselves to take position for doing its share in the fighting of the next day. All men felt that this day's work was but a *taste* of fighting.

During the night the two armies lay so close to each other as to be within hearing. On Grant's right the troops of the 6th corps and the Confederate troops of Ewell, opposed to them, were very near, and men of both bodies, going to a little stream to fill their canteens, were several times captured by small parties of the other side come for a like purpose. In this manner Colonel Baldwin, of the 1st Massachusetts, while slaking his thirst, was made a prisoner.*

Second Day, Friday, May 6.—A light haze overhung the Wilderness when day broke on Friday morning. Several good hours' rest had refreshed both armies. Spirit, not lassitude, had been infused into them by the one first day of campaigning. The troops seemed quite fresh and eager for the fight, and as soon as the ascendancy of the sun dissipated the mist and made everything clear, firing began between the pickets. Grant thought of attacking this day, and his right, left, and centre, were deployed on the offensive. But Lee, who had now Longstreet's corps in position—on the march to him the day before—proposed himself to attack, determining to resort to his old tactics, and precipitate the available bulk of his forces, with his old and famous dexterity, first on one and then upon another portion of the Federal lines. The Army of the Potomac, therefore, faithful to its traditions,

* Grant's Report. Woodbury, *Burnside and the Ninth Army Corps* (Providence, 1867). Headley, *Massachusetts in the Rebellion. Southern Generals*. Pollard, *The Lost Cause* (New York, 1866).

got ready to hold its ground, and to exhibit again that quiet, steady standing up against the fiercest onslaught, which had hitherto been the best illustration of Northern soldierly valour. In the forenoon the 6th corps (Grant's right) was attacked; but the 5th corps stood by it, and divisions from Burnside's corps in the rear were ordered up to Sedgwick's aid. Meanwhile Longstreet's corps had marched by inner roads to the Confederate right, where Lee was in person. Here the Federal 2nd corps, under Hancock, was already battling with Hill's corps, and had forced it back by the ardour of its attack. This state of things was quickly reversed, and later in the afternoon Hill's and Longstreet's corps together, in serried lines, charged furiously upon the ranks of the young Pennsylvanian general. The Federals quailed before the fierce rush; their front divisions were broken; they could not even keep steady behind the rough timber entrenchments which had been constructed the previous night. These Hancock abandoned, but he succeeded in rallying and reforming his divisions, after judiciously allowing them to fall back a considerable distance. The turn in Hancock's fortunes took place about the middle of the day. The attack which drove him back occupied about three-quarters of an hour, from four o'clock P.M. General Longstreet was put personally *hors de combat* ere this fighting well began. He had had a brief conference with General Lee, and just after eleven o'clock was about to lead a charge. He was somewhat a stranger in camp, having but recently arrived from his campaign in East Tennessee (Knoxville). As he galloped forward, General Jenkins, an old comrade, rode up to shake hands with him. Hardly had words of congratulation passed their lips when a volley was poured into them, at short range, from one of their own brigades, which mistook them and

their staff-officers for a party of flying Federals. Jenkins fell instantly from his horse a lifeless corpse, while Longstreet received a ball which entered his throat, and passed out through his right shoulder, leaving him seriously disabled for months.*

Hill did not advance again upon Hancock after the attack described. Hancock was now reinforced by one or two divisions of Burnside's, which General Grant, when advised of his difficulties, hurried to him.

Not contented by this vigorous and, *per se*, successful attack on the Federal left, Gen. Lee, as the evening was closing in, concentrated his troops again on his left, to thrust them, as a grand final effort, on Grant's right—an exact repetition of the closing operation of the previous day. This was what Stonewall Jackson was engaged in when he met his hero's death a year before, and the great chief had done the first portion of the task when stricken down. Lee and Lee's troops now took it in hand with a spirit worthy of those old days, and the glorious reminiscence of that old leader; but the antagonist was somewhat changed, although they were not. Nobly, however, did the Confederate left advance upon the Federal right—as bravely as the right had fallen upon Hancock. The Federal General Sedgwick bore the brunt of the engagement; he firmly resisted at first, but was gradually pushed back. It was feared that he might even be detached after all, and Warren, though hard pressed himself, moved some brigades to his aid. Charges were made, and counter-charges—not affairs of the bayonet, but steady advances of line through the brushwood, with rapid firing. The use of cannon was, as had been discovered the day before, almost impracticable, but musketry fire can do terrible execution, and the thickets of the Wilderness presented

* Pollard, *Lost Cause*, p. 515. *Southern Generals*, p. 126.

great advantages to good marksmen. At length one of the Confederate onslaughts took serious effect. Sedgwick's extreme left was thrown into confusion. A division was broken, and two generals of brigade—Seymour and Shaler—were made prisoners by the victorious Confederates. These pushed their advantage, and Sedgwick's corps fell back further and further, for its right was nearly turned. Meanwhile several brigades of Warren's were striking in at its left to effect a diversion in this emergency. General Wadsworth, at the head of the 4th division, led the attack, and the Confederates opposed to him fell back. But they rested on an advantageous slope, and poured in a terrible fire as he followed them up. Some swampy ground intervened, which the division had to traverse. As the men hurried across it their gallant leader fell, shot through the temple by one of the enemy's sharpshooters. Many of these had clambered up trees, from which they singled out as their mark the officers of the advancing ranks. Another ball from such a one disabled Colonel Legendre, of the 51st New York; and with its two leading officers thus shot down, the division was at once forced back, and so hurriedly as to be obliged to leave the body of Wadsworth, mourned as he was, being the fellow-statesman (New York) of the troops of his command, in the hands of the enemy. It was recovered afterwards, however, and transmitted home, as had become to a great degree the custom of treating the dead when practicable. The Army of the Potomac, in its whole career, sustained no greater loss than that of Wadsworth. A man in the prime of life, rich, possessing vast estates—one of the few instances of American gentlemen bearing great resemblance in position to English squires or lords—he had volunteered for service early in the war from the purest

motives of patriotism. He was a firm advocate of emancipation.*

Well as Lee had pressed his attack, the lateness of the hour prevented the Confederates from giving it its full development—in which, too, they began to find that there would be considerable danger to themselves. For Lee, with his far inferior force, to attempt to turn Grant's right, was a strangely bold measure; and though begun it was not followed up, for it would have been too hazardous. Night closed in and separated the combatants, who might well be weary of slaying. The battle this day had raged for fourteen hours—from eight in the morning, when manœuvring began, till ten at night, the two armies had been on the rack. They murmured round the

* Much of interest might be written on this good and brave man. He was born at Geneseo, New York, in 1807. His father and uncle had emigrated thither from Connecticut. Already well to do, they 'cleared' the land about their new settling place, and became extensive and wealthy landowners. Wadsworth's father had a taste for letters and cultivated society. His son therefore received an education at once rough and refined, a combination which is undoubtedly the best possible education for those born with a fairly strong physical constitution. Wadsworth's father died in 1844. In 1854 Wadsworth visited Europe. On his return he bought a 'town house' in New York, but still spent the greater part of his time in the country, like an English landowner. He had around Geneseo of course a large tenantry. He was a liberal and energetic country gentleman. He caused the Geneseo Waterworks to be constructed, and was about to erect an edifice for the literary institution, which his father founded there, when the war broke out. It was provided for in his will. His country house is described to us as large but not pretentious, embosomed in trees, and commanding on its western side a prospect of the beautiful valley of the Geneseo—a prospect which, with its glimpses of the sparkling river, its cultivated fields, shut in by rich masses of foliage, and its scattered groups of oaks and elms, awoke in an eminent American artist memories of his enjoyed view of the valley of the Thames from Richmond Hill, England. The 'home farm' around Mr. Wadsworth's mansion comprised 2,000 acres. The Wadsworth estates altogether formed a domain of 15,000 acres, stretching through Livingston and Wyoming counties.—*Harvard Memorial Biographies* (Cambridge, Mass., 1867).

Federal camp fires that it was the most terrible battle of the war. Wadsworth was dead; Hays, of Pennsylvania, was dead (killed the day before); and many were the officers fallen who, though of inferior rank, had been the beloved of their regiments, and the reliance of their companies. But more than this, the Federal officers who knew the estimates confided to their compeers the dreadful fact that the losses altogether of the Army of the Potomac—the result of two days' indecisive fighting—amounted to 12,000. Subsequently, after the war, it was found that the real total of the Federal loss for these two days was over 15,000. The Confederate loss is given by Mr. Pollard, from the surgeons' reports, as 1,000 killed and 6,000 wounded.

These losses were appalling, and seemed so doubtless to many of the Federal officers as they rested from the fight that night; yet as great were to follow. As to the 'rest,' too, of officers and privates, it was for the bulk of the army a somewhat troubled one. The surgeons, of course, had their hands full. There was plenty of work for them now, and for the members of the Sanitary Commission, whose noble services again shone forth. To add to the sufferings of the wounded, some portions of the woods had caught fire, from the explosion of shells, or the spread of abandoned cooking fires. The Sanitary Volunteers and soldiers detailed to pick up the wounded turned their attention first of all to these fires, to save from the horrible possible death those who might be lying too badly disabled to escape from it. Many badly hurt were met limping painfully along from the neighbourhood of the flames, by the aid of sticks or their muskets, and the energy given by terror. Happily the conflagrations gained no considerable extent, being limited to stray clumps of trees. It was supposed, however, that a few

poor fellows perished in this horrible manner. But it was not chiefly this which made the stir in Grant's camp during the night—a change in the disposition of the army had to be performed. The corps of Sedgwick had been so hard worked that the chief commander deemed it expedient to withdraw it, and place it in more favourable position on his other flank. This being done, Warren (5th corps) stood on the right of the line, and Hancock (2nd) became the centre. Burnside's corps (9th) was moved up near to Sedgwick.*

There is no remarkable circumstance to be related of Grant during these two opening battles in the Wilderness. In the description of battles the names of subordinates must of necessity prevail. In the performance of the chief's plans the executants may, by dash, daring or accident, make matter of interest and fame, and must in any case have mention. The details of their movements explain the battle, without much reference to the general's supreme supervision. In the great battles of the American war this prominence of subordinates was carried to a high degree. The unwieldiness of the armies caused great field importance to attach to the commanders of corps. The head-quarters of the Lieutenant-General during May 5 and 6 were with the centre. Most of the time he was with Meade, on a knoll covered with pines, a little way to the rear of Warren's corps. Occasionally he would mount his horse and gallop off to the point where he saw urgent need of his presence; things adjusted there, he would return with equal speed to his post of supervision. As to his personal bearing, the reader may be amused, if

* *New York Herald, Times, Tribune, and World. Harper's Weekly;* (the illustrations and the maps in this periodical are a great aid to the student of the history of the American Civil War, as are also those in our own *Illustrated London News*).

not edified, by the observations of one of the newspaper correspondents with the Army of the Potomac. 'I was near General Grant during that terrible Friday in the Wilderness,' says the reporter of the 'New York Times.' 'To all outward appearance he was cool, calm, and unoccupied. The skin is so drawn over his forehead that wrinkles there don't show when he is perplexed, and his beard so hides his mouth that no nervousness betrays there his thoughts. So he sat and whittled, cutting away at his stick with leisurely, measured, meditative strokes, much of the time, but turning his knife and cutting at the end nearest himself whenever word came of any important change in the chances of the battle. Thus he fought the great contest with knife and stick; and,' adds the writer, giving the reins to his fancy, 'when the stick was gone the enemy was beaten.'*

On these two days of May 5 and 6, while the great struggle opened on the Rapidan, far to the south a powerful Federal force, under General Butler, was being transported up the river James to menace Richmond from the south side. It landed safely, but was promptly stopped by a force under Beauregard.

Third Day, Saturday, May 7.—Notwithstanding the heavy losses—the vibrating shocks—which he had sustained, the chief of the Federal army was not dissatisfied with the state of affairs. He had stood his ground for two days. A shrewd suspicion now crossed his mind that he could advance. It was with this intention, as well as to give relief, that he had marched Sedgwick's corps round to his left flank. By projecting it farther forward he could menace the enemy's rear and open a way south.

This movement was now in his power. As the morning

* See also, for Grant's imperturbable deportment during the battle of Gettysburg, *Four Years of Fighting*.

wore on, the non-resumption of hostilities showed that the enemy's policy was changed. Lee was falling back; by the afternoon the fact was positive. Efficient lines of skirmishers were ready to oppose Grant's, when these were pushed forward to reconnoitre, but the main body was retiring. Several encounters took place between small bodies on the lines, sufficient to make this undeniably a day of fighting. But whilst skirmishers and cavalry fought, the Army of the Potomac got ready to advance. Those who could got a brief rest out of the afternoon; at dark they were on the march south. Something had been achieved, then; so the poor wearied Federals consoled themselves. The sanguine fancied that the Rebels were now in full retreat on Richmond. How often before had a Northern army indulged in a delusive dream to that effect! And the fancy was true this time—only a long, long vista of marching, bloodshed, and monotonous siege, lay unknown between the longing Federals and their goal. And not a majority of the soldiers were they, who, leaving the battle-field of the Wilderness that night, were to pass unhurt through Grant's campaign, to see its victorious termination, and enter Richmond. Five days more only were to reveal more battles, of such appalling slaughter as would damp the ardour of most of them, and of many terminate the lives.

Fourth Day, Sunday, May 8.—The sun was shining hotly; it was well for the Army of the Potomac that it had made a night march. As it was, about twelve miles south had been made. The foremost corps (Warren's) moving directly on the line of retreat of the enemy, arrived, at eight o'clock, at a point about three miles distant from Spottsylvania Court-house. Here, as the leading columns emerged from the woods near Todd's Tavern, the southernmost verge of the Wilderness, they

discovered a lively cavalry combat going on about a mile forward. General Gregg's division of Sheridan's Horse was engaging some of the enemy's, with which it had kept up a running fight every day since the 5th.

This sight quickened the footsteps of all in the advancing corps, notwithstanding that their friends in action seemed in good cue, and not in any emergency for assistance. They advanced with fervour, as soldiers will when a fight is running its course before their eyes. But instead of settling the combat of horse, work of the most arduous kind for themselves was suddenly revealed to Warren and his corps.

As the van—four regiments of Griffin's division—hurried on along the road to Spottsylvania, they were saluted by a sudden and furious storm of shells. For a moment it was thought that it might be only some few pieces attached to the enemy's cavalry that hurled the deadly missiles; but the cavalry soon retiring, it became apparent that a force of infantry was in its rear. As General Warren, with his staff, rode to the front, his horse was disabled by a shell; others wounded his adjutant-general and other officers. The general now cautiously led on the whole of his corps, for it was understood that it was a like organisation (supposed Longstreet's) that he would have to contend with. Speedily it was rumoured that not one, but two, Rebel corps were there; in fact it was evident that Lee was going to 'make a stand' again at Spottsylvania. And a bloody one it was to be.

The same monitors—the shells—which indicated the enemy near and a battle at hand, betokened that the circumstances of combat would be somewhat new. The nature of the battling ground was changed; the country was more open, and admitted of the play of artillery.

The Federals of Warren's corps had arrived at a cultivated field belonging to the farm of a Mr. J. M. Alsop. The rest of the country was plantation, gently undulating in a succession of parallel ridges, dotted here and there with groves of pine and cedar. A more lofty ridge bounded the landscape, and concealed Spottsylvania from view, distant but three or four miles. On this range and its bases woods prevailed again. To the south of the little town beyond, into which the main body of Lee's forces was now pouring, drawn back on inner roads from the Wilderness, was the River Po,* a little stream which rounded there, after a bend it made from the north, and was crossed by a bridge. The town of Spottsylvania was distant from Richmond about forty-six miles N.N.W., and, in coming to it, General Grant had so far pursued a nearly straight line, from his camp about Culpepper towards the capital of Virginia.

The combat, the locality of which I have endeavoured to describe, was now opening. The artillery attached to the 5th corps hurried forward to the front and replied to Confederate pieces which were playing from the ridge. After a little of this practice, the infantry advanced, line having been formed, with Griffin's division on the right and Robinson's on the left, and attempted the Confederate position. The movement was imprudent on the part of Warren, for though he did not suspect the strength which the enemy was in, yet he knew that the rest of the Army of the Potomac was too far behind to give his

* This name is not, as might be supposed, derived from the European river so called, but descends from the long extinct aborigines of Virginia, and affords a curious illustration of Indian ingenuity in nomenclature. Two other streams to the south are called the Mat and the Ta; the Po is next north of these; above it is one called the Ny. These four streams all combining, the river thence proceeding, augmented afterwards by others, bears the name of Mattapony, the united titles of its four head springs.

corps prompt support in case of emergency. At first, however, the Federals had their own way; the enemy, as they advanced, gave up to them three successive ridges, after a brief fight on each. Several officers fell; seeing which, the ire of the men was raised, and they charged most spiritedly, as if freed from the depressing influences of the Wilderness. The 32nd Massachusetts regiment, commanded by Colonel Prescott, wrested its flag from the 6th Alabama, in the struggle for one of the ridges.

This advance had auspiciously filled up two or three hours, but about noon the roughly entrenched line behind which the enemy's main body lay put a stop to further progress. The Confederates, withdrawn from the ridge, were ensconced again in the woods, and had thrown up rough earth and timber fortifications, according to the long established practice of both North and South. Warren's corps, after one attempt to carry it by a rush, recoiled from the line of works. Warren now regretted his precipitate movement, and would fain have fallen back had it been compatible with honour or expediency. But it would not do to be driven back. He briefly urged this on the officers. All his columns were hurried up, including Wadsworth's shattered division, now commanded by General Cutler. The result was success, though at a heavy cost. The troops manfully kept their ground during a succession of fights—now attacking, now attacked—through the afternoon; till, just before nightfall and the closing combat (of the day), some reinforcements from the 6th corps, now near on their rear, came up. A little before, at half-past five P.M., Generals Grant and Meade rode on to the scene of action. Hearty cheers greeted them; and, stimulated by their presence, and shortly after by the material aid of reinforcements, the

corps got bravely through the engagement and retained the position.

It may not be amiss here, while the army has a brief rest, to take a glance at the two capitals, real and official, of the North, and see how the excited populace received the news of the four days' fighting we have just got through. It was now a matter of ten months since a great battle—one in which the issues of the war seemed to tremble in the balance—had been fought. From Gettysburg to the Wilderness and Spottsylvania was the longest interval of inactivity which occurred in Virginia and the neighbouring Northern frontier throughout the war. The species of novelty thus acquired, and the universal conviction that the struggle of Grant and Lee would be vital and decisive, roused in all classes the strongest interest in the opening of the campaign. The heads of departments at Washington sat up all night to receive themselves the messages from the battle-field.

Secretary Stanton, summing up the war news which he dispensed to the thirsting journal editors and the readers, whose name was legion, concluded the details of the first two days' fighting with the following, which was printed in the biggest of capitals:—‘THE BELIEF HERE IS THAT LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT IS ACHIEVING A COMPLETE VICTORY.’ On the night of the 6th General Meade had sent a brief telegram to his wife at Philadelphia:—‘We are all getting on very well!’ This, too, was printed in the ‘New York Herald,’ with the heading ‘Official.’ These comfortable announcements sufficed to put New York in a state of exultation, which effectually triumphed over the misgivings which a few passages of the reports might cause. Scores of flags were unfurled up and down Broadway and the other leading thoroughfares of the American metropolis; excited crowds—re-

spectable citizens and rowdy loafers—mingled together, thronged its great artery, congregated round the offices of the ‘Herald,’ ‘Tribune,’ and other principal newspapers, and discussed the state of affairs. All were jubilant.

Among many of the laudatory criticisms of Grant, by which the patriots of the crowd gave vent to their satisfaction with things in general, we may single out, as probably amongst the greatest praise an American can think of, his being compared to *Washington*. Some ‘guessed’ he was greater than Washington even, ‘for Washington made the country, but Grant is making it all over again, and putting in all the new improvements!’*

Meanwhile, at Washington, Stanton’s superior, Grant’s superior, the occupant of Washington’s chair—the man whom history will, we think, adjudge to have been a greater ornament to his country even than the last-named hero—Abraham Lincoln—had to issue his official notice of progress made. When, in the various crises of the contest, the President expressed his opinions, they were always sober thoughts; there was none of that boasting in him which characterised too many of his generals and statesmen even. His proclamations were always soberly worded and drawn up. When there was the semblance of victory, he was naturally anxious to claim it, as a satisfaction to the people, whose steward he was; when there was defeat indisputable, his firm and unshrinking wording of his orders and appeals recalled life to the nation and freshness to the pallid cheeks of the timorous. On the present occasion he spoke as follows:—

‘To the Friends of Union and Liberty,—Enough is known of army operations within the last five days to claim our especial gratitude to God. While what re-

* *New York Herald*, May 10, 1864. Sala, *America in the midst of War*, letter from New York May 10.

mains undone demands our most sincere prayers to, and reliance upon Him, without whom all human effort is vain, I recommend that all patriots—at their homes, at their places of worship, and wherever they may be—unite in common thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God.

‘ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

‘Executive Mansion, Washington, May 9, 1864.’

In response to the issue of this proclamation, and to give vent to their excited feelings of enthusiasm at the battle going on, a concourse of people assembled in procession the same evening, and marched to the White House to applaud and serenade the President. He made a short speech, in the same strain as his address. ‘Grant,’ he said, ‘was moving on upon the line he had marked out. It was a great victory for the army to be where it was, yet there was a great deal of work yet to do before the rebellion could be suppressed and the Union restored.’ He had every confidence in General Grant, who, by his obstinacy in holding his ground, had done more, ‘he thought,’ than any previous commander of the Army of the Potomac.

To return to the army in the field. When the struggle which the 5th corps waged came to an end, on the night of Sunday, the remaining corps came up and took position in the line secured. The chief commander was content to allot rest as the portion of the following day, and the tents were pitched and entrenchments thrown up in lines about three miles north of Spottsylvania. Warren’s corps settled down in the position it had earned; Hancock’s was posted to its right, forming that extremity of the line, and the other two corps camped on its left.

Fifth Day, Monday, May 9.—When morning dawned of the 9th, the Federals busied themselves in completing

their fortifications and arranging their artillery, with the intent of a quiet day. Neither party was anxious to recommence action, yet ere many hours had worn away the morning was signalised by the death of a leading officer. General Sedgwick, of the 6th corps, was superintending the mounting of some heavy guns in an angle which his men had just prepared. No skirmishing was going on at the time, but shots were coming, now and again, from a band of the enemy's sharpshooters posted in a thicket near at hand. General Sedgwick was smiling at the nervousness of some of the men, who dodged as they heard the whistling of the bullets; and, catching sight of one of their salutants, said, to reassure them, 'The fellow at that distance can't hit an elephant.' He had but just said so, when a ball from that very marksman struck him in the forehead. The blood oozed from his nostrils, and he fell back dead, into the arms of his assistant-adjutant-general. The body was forwarded to Washington along with that of Wadsworth. He was succeeded in command of the 6th corps by General Wright.*

The remaining operations of this day were unimportant, consisting of a repulse of the enemy's right flank by Burnside, and a reconnaissance round the left by Hancock. He crossed the Po River at a point north-west of the lines, and planted a brigade or two upon the Block-house Road, leading from Parker's Store to Spottsylvania Court-house.

Sixth Day, Tuesday, May 10.—Inertion is ruinous to the spirits of an attacking army, and General Grant was not disposed to allow too much of it to the Army of the Potomac. Grown wiser by hard experience, however, he did not this day repeat his attempts to crush the

* Swinton, *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac*. Coffin, *Four Years of Fighting*. New York Newspapers.

enemy by a fight all along the line, but resolved on trying to edge round him ; in other words, he inaugurated the celebrated 'flank movements' which distinguished the latter series of the Spottsylvania battlings, and at last were crowned with success. The reader will understand that these attempts were, in simple phrase, endeavours by Grant to pass Lee ; and that the Federal commander at last succeeded in doing so was owing to the superiority of his numbers. This day's operations may be regarded as preparatory—preparations fearfully costly, alas !—and made to ascertain whether, and in what way, Lee would still oppose.

The front line of the Confederates still possessed the cover of the woods, from which Warren and Burnside now attempted to drive them. Warren's corps moved gradually forward through the woods, pressing the Confederates back towards the open space beyond, behind which were their breastworks. The woods were cleared, but so slowly—the troops suffering from the shells which the enemy managed to pour in—that it was three or four o'clock P.M. by the time they gained the southern edge. They had now to attack the breastworks, but the delay in reaching that position had operated unfavourably on the men's spirits. After pushing through the woods for four or five hours, the corps was (and no disgrace to it) unable to oust troops sustained by fortifications. Yet the enemy was gallantly attacked. One brigade (Carroll's) lost 800 men in the attempt, so determinedly did it struggle. Non-success being reported to headquarters, the Lieutenant-General was about to order the other corps to join in and repeat a general *mêlée*, when it was discovered that the right flank was in particular danger. The division (Barlow's) which was to the southwest of the Po was endeavouring to recross, and it was

seen that the nimble and adroit Confederate chief had thrown a body of troops right around it, which was cutting in on its rear. Supports were immediately advanced, under General Meade's directions, and the division was saved. The Lieutenant-General now again ordered a general attack along the line. It was fixed for five o'clock, but that hour was already close at hand, and, owing to the tardiness of some of the commanders, it did not begin till past six. The interval Grant filled up by a furious cannonade on the enemy. At length the 6th corps, which was comparatively fresh, advanced; the others following it on other parts of the line. Leaving the shelter of the woods which had been gained, the 6th corps rushed on the breastworks. They were carried—the men charging with the bayonet. But the other Federal corps could not perform their tasks like the 6th, jaded as they were already. The 6th captured nigh a thousand prisoners, but it could not bring off the guns which were captured (save three); and, as darkness approached, it sullenly abandoned the breastworks to fall back along with the rest.

Indecisive and uninteresting as the fight of this day was, it had been one of great slaughter. 8,000 to 10,000 are the heavy figures which were first reported by the Federal chroniclers. More than the usual proportion were simply wounded, however, and of these many had but slight hurts.

Here may appropriately be mentioned the curious desire for wounds which was noted at this time among the officers and many of the privates of the Federal army—possibly also among the enemy's, but unreported there. The reason, as may be easily imagined, was the desire to carry home mementoes and visible marks of prowess when they should leave the army, or peace should return. Young

officers and men of spirit in the ranks, or in command, were stimulated in this morbid desire by the press, and by their relatives even. The newspapers teemed with allusions to 'the battle-scarred veteran,' and the 'badges of honour' which cuts and slashes stood for; and the soldier of three years' service found, when perchance home on furlough, that his circle of friends looked askance at him if he had had the good luck to remain whole and sound, whilst one of his fellows home from the hospital would be run after by the whole village on account of the 'glorious' scar across the face, or other wound, more or less severe, which he received in his first engagement. Hence the appetite for cicatrisation which provoked many to a needless exposure in battle, and uglier wound or maim than they had bargained for. The mania reached even the highest grades.

Seventh Day.—In the morning of the 11th, General Grant sent off his first despatch. The last line became permanently famous.

'Head-quarters in the Field,

'May 11, 1864, 8 A.M.

'We have now ended the sixth day of very heavy fighting. The result to this time is much in our favour.

'Our losses have been heavy, as well as those of the enemy. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater.

'We have taken over 5,000 prisoners by battle, whilst he has taken from us but few except stragglers.

'I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all the summer.

'U. S. GRANT,

'Lieutenant-General Commanding the Armies of the United States.'

This day (11th) passed quietly with the hostile hosts before Spottsylvania. No fighting took place, save the exchanging of shots by the outposts and a little skirmishing. But General Grant was only allowing his men rest

this day as invigoration for a grand effort on the morrow. As his chief instrument for the arduous work, he picked out the young corps commander, Hancock, in whom he discovered still growing abilities; and in the night, accordingly, that general moved his corps (2nd) from the right to the left centre, where he only waited the morning beams to commence a battle—one of the most severe of the series—the finishing one; and the one which gives the best general denomination—Spottsylvania—for the whole.

Eighth Day, Thursday, May 12.—The assault began at daybreak. The men of Hancock's corps were under arms ere it was dawn, and at half-past four A.M. their general led them cautiously on towards the enemy's outer line of rifle-pits. Edging round a belt of wood without firing a shot, or giving a voice till they attained the position, they then gave a cheer, and rushed with impetuosity on the surprised defenders. Charging with fixed bayonets, they bore down those who gallantly tried to form and oppose them, surrounded the many who were unprepared, disarmed them, and ran them off prisoners to the number of over 3,000. A whole division and more was thus carried off or cut down. Commanders went with their men. Hancock wrote a pencil memorandum, and sent it off to Grant: 'I have captured thirty to forty guns. I have finished up Johnson, and am going in to Early.' General Edward Johnson had indeed been captured, and General G. T. Stuart. They were taken almost in the act of eating their breakfast, and were hurried off from the remnants in their tent to finish the meal, if they cared and had the chance, in the Federal camp. The soldiers took them before Hancock to present them to him. The young Federal general offered his hand amicably to Johnson, who was so affected as to shed tears, but murmured that he would have preferred death to captivity.

Hancock then extended his hand to Stuart; but that captive general, with great haughtiness, said, 'I am General Stuart, of the Confederate army, and under the present circumstances I decline to take your hand.' The successful Federal general, after a moment's pause, parried this offensive remark with the neat reply, 'Under any other circumstances, General, I should not have offered it.'*

For the first time to any purpose, the Confederates found themselves the victims of a surprise. Besides the prisoners, the 2nd corps had taken thirty or forty guns, as just stated. Hancock had achieved one of the boldest dashes, of the kind, of the war. Flushed with success, he was ardent to continue the attack; too much so, perhaps; as, had it been at this time diligently set about, all the guns might have been put into safe positions for retention. But the army of Virginia was now itself again to oppose him. Lee was rapidly strengthening his assaulted right, and arranging his whole army to meet the crisis. Just after Hancock had 'finished up Johnson,' it seemed for a little while that he would make way further. Other Confederate troops had recoiled before him. Then General Lee suddenly rode forward to the front of the lines, bowed to his men, and took position by the colours of the 59th Virginia, as if to lead a charge. But immediately General Gordon, the division commander whose duty that was, dashed forward, and seizing the bridle-rein in the hand of his commanding general, exclaimed with passionate anxiety, 'General Lee, this is no place for you; go to the rear. These are Virginians and Georgians, Sir—men who have never failed;' then looking round, 'Men, you will not fail now.' Loud cries

* Coppee, *Grant and his Campaigns*.

arose of 'No, no; General Lee to the rear, General Lee to the rear.' The commanding general acceded to the earnest wishes of his men. They did what their shouts had promised, and Hancock was stayed.* But the battle was not stayed. By seven o'clock A.M. the whole of both armies were in conflict, and the surprise attack had developed into one of the grandest and most desperate of battles. Hancock, burning for further success, was struggling for the second line of rifle-pits. The corps of Burnside was hanging on his left; the centre and right (Wright and Warren) were hard at work on the left portion of the enemy's entrenchments. The constant, lazy drone of the smaller guns, enlivened by the yell of rifled cannon, the deep boom of twenty-pounder 'Parrotts,' and the crash of shell, grape, and solid shot through the forest, made up a sickening din. Hour by hour the combat grew in intensity. The Confederate general of the right fell fiercely on the 2nd corps, which, till then, pressing enthusiastically forward, was now well content to hold its ground. The Federal General Wright arduously attacked the enemy's centre under Hill, and he withstood the pressure as stubbornly as Hancock worked against his assailant. The 'blood was up' of the Southerners. 'They fight like devils,' said a distinguished Federal officer, writing off to his friends, by a despatch escort which left the field at mid-day, the news of Hancock's 'ten strike' (as he termed it), and how things were there tiding.† Charges and counter charges were made in rapid succession, the ranks falling back decimated from

* I am indebted for this incident, as for one or two others, to Mr. Pollard, in whom, though I differ from him as to his cause, I can admire an excellent historical genius.—*Lee and his Lieutenants*, p. 129.

† Despatch of General Ingalls to Senator Nesmith, from Spottsylvania Court-house, May 12, mid-day.—*New York Herald*, May 18, 1864.

each shock. It was of this battle that the terrible message came off to Europe: 'The carnage was awful; *the men fell like grain.*' Warren's corps on the right flank in vain emulated the attacks of the left; made with equal ardour, its efforts had not the same success, whilst its losses were fearful, causing it to count itself the most severely used of any of the corps, which mournful pre-eminence up to this day had belonged to the 2nd corps. When the Confederates in turn advanced, they suffered equally, and so the combat went on all the afternoon. Night at last approaching, the Federal commanders drew back their right from the front, secured an advantageous position, somewhat of ground gained for the left beyond their possessions of the previous day, and by degrees dropped the fight. Up to the last hour of light there was desultory fighting, till it ceased with an unsuccessful endeavour by some of Hancock's corps to bring off some more of the guns they had mastered in the morning. Heavy as had been the losses, this bloody day had in many respects been to the advantage of the Federals—certainly the most so of the series now closed. They had caused the enemy to lose in proportions approaching their own (telling on him far more heavily), having made prisoners 3,000 men, captured eighteen cannon, and slightly improved their position. It was on the whole with satisfaction that General Grant sat down to write off his despatch of the day's proceedings. In his exultation he expressed his opinion that he had brought the foe to a decisive and final stand.

'The eighth day of battle closes, leaving between three and four thousand prisoners in our hands for the day's work, including two general officers and over thirty pieces of artillery. The enemy are obstinate, and seem to have found the last ditch. We have lost no organisation,

whilst we have destroyed and captured one division (Johnson's), one brigade (Dobb's), and one regiment entire of the enemy.'

Grant's loss in this one severe day appears to have been 10,381. Lee's cannot be stated accurately; it may possibly have been, as according to Mr. Pollard, about 6,000.*

With this terrible day's work the series of great fights which constitute the battle of Spottsylvania closes, and in relating the further movements which resulted in Lee's moving off, we may relinquish devoting particular mention to each day's events. Before proceeding chronologically on, however, we have to narrate the actions on a separate field which the cavalry corps of the two armies had been engaged in the while. They form an essential pendant to the contest of the main bodies, and were illustrated by the death of another leader of renown. By their inclusion the greatest battle of the war is entitled to be also recorded as the one which stretched over the most extended area, for the lengthy and devious line of these sharp-running fights of the horsemen reached from the neighbourhood of Washington—where the daring guerilla Mosby raided on the Federal rear-posts—to the neighbourhood of Richmond.

For the first four days of the battle Sheridan and Stuart had been set to watch each other by their respective commanders-in-chief. On the 9th they began independent action, Sheridan assuming the offensive by striking off from Grant's lines in a south-easterly direction, so as to escape the immediate notice of Stuart. The two cavalry chiefs were representative men. Both were Celts. The Southerner, Stuart, was by descent and nature an

* Grant's *Report* and *Official Returns*. Coppee, *Grant and his Campaigns*. Swinton, *Twelve Decisive Battles of the War*. Woodbury, *Burnside and the Ninth Corps*. Pollard, *Lost Cause*. Lee and his *Lieutenants*.

impulsive and enthusiastic Scotchman; the Northerner, Sheridan, was the son of an Irish emigrant. He possessed a quick flow of ideas and a rugged insensibility. Both were young—under thirty—and, like many of the officers whom the war brought into antagonism, had been pupils and fellow classmates at West Point.

Moving off at an early hour on the morning of the 9th, General Sheridan glided round the Confederate right flank unperceived, taking the road by the border of Stannard's Marsh, and crossing the Po at six miles to the eastward of Spottsylvania. He moved his corps cautiously and stealthily at first, till the turning of the enemy's flank was safely accomplished; then, quickening his pace through the open country in their rear, before dusk he reached Anderson's Bridge, on the North Anna River, fifteen miles south of Spottsylvania. Already he was come to spoils worth the gathering. On the other side of the river was Beaver Dam, a station of the Virginia Central Railroad, where large quantities of supplies were stored. The bridge was unprotected, and the Federals crossed without stopping, and seized the place, driving out the feeble cavalry garrison. The place secured, Sheridan set his men to work to destroy all the stores, and during the night they accomplished the destruction of 'three large trains of cars and two locomotives, 200,000 lbs. of bacon and other stores, amounting in all to 1,500,000 of Rebel rations; also the telegraph and railroad track for about ten miles, embracing several culverts.' More than this, Federal prisoners who were there awaiting transportation to the Southern prisons were released, to the number of 378, including several officers. On the next morning the march was resumed, the route for the time coinciding with the railway which was to be torn up. By night the South Anna River was reached; they

crossed it at Grand Squirrel Bridge, and camped for the night on its southern bank. They were in the immediate vicinity of Ashland Station.*

When Stuart was certified of Sheridan being 'on the raid' south, he immediately struck off himself to harass him or contest his progress. Moving on inner roads, and informed of the Federal whereabouts by a friendly population, he made up for their start in time, and on the 10th, when Sheridan reached the South Anna, Stuart passed it to the westward, and then circled round to cover the route from Ashland to Richmond (Sheridan being now but twelve miles north of the Confederate capital).

Sheridan had not assailed Ashland Station overnight; he reserved it for his morning's amusement, when, being up betimes, he destroyed 'one locomotive and a train of cars, engine-house, two or three Government buildings containing a large amount of stores; also six miles of railroad, embracing three culverts, two treble bridges, and the telegraph wire.' This was done by seven A.M. (Wednesday, May 11); he then set his corps in motion south again. After a few hours' march, they found themselves confronted by the Confederates. Sheridan was prepared for—calculated on—such an encounter, but did not wish for it, nor desire to make it a deadly struggle, his intention being to pass on yet further. The two parties joined battle at once. The Federals used their carbines freely, and with much effect, before closing in a brief fight at close quarters. After that they drew off. On the Confederate side Stuart came riding to the front, as was his wont, to head his men and lead them on in a headlong charge such as he delighted in. Clad in his usual picturesque dress—one of the similarities between him and Murat—a yellow silk sash round the waist of his

* *Report of General Sheridan.*

grey uniform, cavalier-top boots, and feathered hat, he presented too conspicuous a mark for the enemy.* As he was pressing after some retiring Federals, he received a mortal wound.

Stuart's subordinate, who assumed command when he fell, fought the fight out very well, and the Confederates claimed the affair as a victory for them. Be this as it might, the Federal commander went on his way undamaged in organisation, rejoicing and exultant. He was but ten miles from Richmond, and fired with the success of his march so far, he overleapt the first line of the works round the city, destroying what he could of the railroad track there traversed. The inner fortifications were too strong for him to molest; but he had another fight on the 12th, routing a somewhat motley force from Richmond, which attacked him near the banks of the Chickahominy. He went on, practically closing this grand and useful raid with encamping on the 13th at Bottom's Bridge (famous two years before), on the south-east verge of Richmond.

His unfortunate adversary the while was borne death-stricken from the battle-field, to close his life in that city. The manner of Stuart's death enhanced the glory which the feats of arms he performed in the last three years of his brief life had given him. Borne to the house in Richmond of Dr. Brewer, a relative, that gentleman was not long in perceiving that the sands of life were running out. Three of the doctors of the general's staff attended, and a circle of sorrow-stricken friends and comrades. Unfortunately his last hours could not be alleviated by the presence of his family. His beautiful and accomplished wife—who, devoted to her husband, had often passed days with him in the camp, in which she had been

* Von Bocke, *Memoirs. Southern Generals.*

idolised—happened, at this juncture, to be away on his estate in the country a long distance off. She was sent for, but the remnant of Stuart's life proved too short to permit her arrival in time.

His condition during the day (May 12) was very changeable, with occasional delirium, and other unmistakeable symptoms of speedy dissolution. In the passing moments of delirium the gallant general reviewed in broken sentences all his glorious campaigns around McClellan's rear on the peninsula, beyond the Potomac, and upon the Rapidan, quoting from his orders and issuing new ones to his couriers, with a last injunction to 'make haste.'

About noon, Thursday, President Davis visited his bedside, and spent some fifteen minutes in the dying chamber of his favourite chieftain. The President, taking his hand, said, 'General, how do you feel?' He replied, 'Easy, but willing to die if God and my country think I have fulfilled my destiny and done my duty.' As evening approached the general's delirium increased, and his mind again wandered to the battle-fields over which he had fought, then to wife and children, and again to the front. As time wore on the paroxysms of pain increased, and mortification set in rapidly. Though suffering the greatest agony at times, the general was calm, and applied to the wound, with his own hand, the ice intended to relieve the pain. During the evening he asked Dr. Brewer how long he thought he could live, and whether he thought it was possible for him to survive through the night. The doctor, knowing he did not desire to be buoyed by false hopes, told him frankly that death, the last enemy, was rapidly approaching. The general nodded, and said, 'I am resigned if it be God's will; but I would like to live to see my wife. But God's will be

done.' Several times he roused up, and asked if she had come.

To the doctor, who sat holding his wrist, and counting the fleeting, weakening pulse, he remarked; 'Doctor, I suppose I am going fast now. It will soon be over. But God's will be done. I hope I have fulfilled my destiny to my country, and my duty to my God.'

At half-past seven it was evident to the physicians that death was setting his clammy seal upon the brave open brow of the general, and they told him so, asking if he had any last message to give. The general, with a mind perfectly calm and possessed, then made disposition of his staff and personal effects. To Mrs. General R. E. Lee he directed that his golden spurs should be given as a dying memento of his love and esteem for her husband. To his staff officers he gave his horses. So particular was he in small things, even in the dying hour, that he emphatically exhibited the ruling passion strong in death. To one of his staff, who was a heavy built man, he said, 'You had better take the larger horse, he will carry you better.' Other mementoes he disposed of in a similar manner. To his young son he left his glorious sword.

His worldly matters closed, the eternal interests of his soul engaged his mind. Turning to the Rev. Mr. Peterkin, of the Episcopal Church, of which he was an exemplary member, he asked him to sing the hymn commencing

' Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;'

he joining in with all the voice his strength would permit. He then joined in prayer with the minister. To the doctor he again said, 'I am going fast now; I am resigned; God's will be done.' He breathed out his gallant spirit resignedly, and in the full possession of all his

remarkable faculties of mind and body, at twenty-two minutes to eight o'clock.

Thus died the famous Virginian cavalry chief—not a great general, nor a perfect executive officer even, but a frank, gentle, and fearless man. He exhibited no improving ability; his cavalry performed no feats during 1863 to equal those of 1862. He was very rash, and somewhat too careless of the lives of his men, his own daring causing him to lead them sometimes into positions of fearful slaughter. On the whole Stuart's was a gallant life. The South might develop, after he was gone, as good or a better cavalry leader, but hardly a more perfect representative of 'chivalry.' It was to the noble and dignified way in which he, Jackson, and others died, fighting for its cause, that the Confederacy owed much of the lustre it acquired in Europe. Their endings reminded men of the heroes of antiquity, and even the foe did not refuse a tribute of admiration to their manliness, while contemning their reasoning. The funeral took place on the 13th in Richmond, at St. James' Church: four generals, two officers of the army, and the Ex-Secretary of War (Randolph), were the pall-bearers. President Davis, haggard and pale—his face a daily reflex of how the war was going—the Ministers of the Cabinet, and both divisions of Congress, attended; and the body of the brave Virginian J. E. B. Stuart was committed to the tomb amidst a general testimony of affection from the capital of his native State.*

For all the fierce fighting at Spöttsylvania on the 12th, the two armies rested for seven days after exactly in the same position. That battle was a final and desperate effort of Grant to crush Lee, standing up before him. But Lee had proved, as so often before, too strong to be

* *Richmond Examiner*, May 14, 1864.

crushed, and the Federal general had to fall back upon his 'flanking movements.' These, however, were not at once practicable. A heavy rain had left the roads impassable, and for three or four days the two armies remained quiescent. A marvel it is that it should have been *only* the muddy state of the roads that prevented another advance. After eight days' continued battling, it is wonderful that two armies, neither inspirited by positive victory, could be in heart to think of renewing the contest, or attempting at once a dangerous and tiresome march. The endurance displayed by the soldiers of America was astonishing.

This interval was turned to account by the arrival and incorporation of reinforcements and supplies. Jealous as Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, had shown himself to be of the generals depending on him, he had also an honourable jealousy of himself, of the maintenance of his own exertions; and on this occasion he went to work with a will, to sustain the reputation he had made as War Minister; for like Carnot, he had long been bent on organising victory. Within eight days after the great battle of the 12th the following was the result of the Secretary's supervision: 'Many thousand veteran troops have been forwarded to General Grant. The whole army has been amply supplied with full rations of subsistence. Upwards of 20,000 sick and wounded have been transported from the field of battle to the Washington hospitals, and placed under surgical care. Over 8,000 prisoners have been transported from the field of battle to prison depôts, and large amounts of artillery, and other implements of an active campaign, brought away. Several thousand fresh cavalry horses have been forwarded to the army, and the Grand Army of the Potomac is now fully as strong in members and better

equipped, supplied and furnished, than when the campaign opened.

‘Several thousand reinforcements have also been forwarded to other armies in the field, and ample supplies to all. During the same time over 30,000 volunteers for 100 days have been mustered into the service, clothed, armed, equipped, and transported to their respective positions.’*

The volunteers mentioned above were placed in garrison at Washington and its defences, and the troops there, seasoned soldiers, sent to Grant, who thereby received a reinforcement of about 25,000 veteran troops. The battles having reduced Lee’s numbers, the Federal Government had by this, in accordance with their iron policy, made Grant’s as strong as originally. This was hard measure for the Confederates, who could not, stir as they might, get reinforcements in equal rates.

With this accession to his forces, and the knowledge that he could draw on the indefatigable War Department for more still, if needful, Grant was ready to move on again. Two engagements more occurred, however, before he finally left the fields of Spottsylvania. To see, apparently, if he could march past the enemy’s flank by main force, the 2nd corps was advanced on the 18th against his right, supported by a general demonstration on the centre and left. But the right, an attempt to turn which Lee had foreseen, was strongly intrenched and defended by good batteries of artillery, and the Federals retired, after paying the penalty of nearly 1,000 killed and wounded for the attempt. On the next day, however, they got an oppor-

* Report of Secretary Stanton, May 23, 1864. The Secretary modestly gives the credit of what he details to the officers of the Army Staff and Bureaux; but he was himself undoubtedly the hardest working and most enthusiastic man in his department.

tunity of exacting reparation, by repelling an exactly similar attempt on themselves.

The Confederates were aware of the supplies which were daily arriving and storing in the rear of Grant's camp, and with the hope of capturing some of the trains, Ewell at the head of a portion of his corps dashed round the Federal right to a point in the rear. But the raiders were unfortunate. Commissariat waggons had been passing the spot all day, but just at that moment none were within reach. They had to fight, and at length retire, without getting the supplies they had come for.

The time was now come for the Federals to move. The roads had dried up, the army was well rested and reinforced. Unable to push forcibly by Lee, General Grant prepared to advance by detour. The strength and completeness of his army rendered it possible for him to detach one flank without an attack being dangerous to the residue. A flanking movement is usually dangerous, but, with an army outnumbering the enemy, can be done with ease by a general of ability. Grant was about to prove that he could so lead, with safety and celerity, an army of over 100,000 men.

About midnight of the 20th Hancock's corps (2nd) started from the Federal camp to secure positions. It marched straight eastward eight miles to Guinea's Station, on the Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, then performing a right wheel, advanced southward along the line to Bowling Green. The main body followed on the same trail the next day. Lee, perceiving the Federal movements, began simultaneously sending off his corps by inner roads. Longstreet's corps (under Anderson) was off, marching directly south, on the morning of the 21st, two hours after Hancock had moved. Ewell's corps followed later on the 21st, and by the close of the 22nd the rear

columns of both armies were vanishing from the field of their fiercest contest, and Spottsylvania was left sad, solitary, and famous—never again, it is to be hoped, to witness a scene of such mighty slaughter as when Lee met Grant in 1864.

In quitting this battle-field and ending this battle, it seems fitting to add a few remarks on the leading points in its character and results. There are discrepancies in its records, doubtless, as in those of other great battles, and conflicts of opinion about it still exist, though modified from those which partisanship adduced at the time of its taking place. It is hard to say that it was a victory for either side. The following things seem certain:—1. That Grant was infinitely stronger than Lee. 2. That his object in crossing the Rapidan and advancing was to fight Lee, and attempt to gain such a victory as should annihilate his army and lay open, perhaps without any further opposition, the road to Richmond. 3. That he did not calculate on this as a certain result, and did not accomplish it. 4. That though he lost enormously himself, the losses he inflicted on Lee, though not equal, were such as contributed greatly to the eventual success of his campaign. It has been vehemently and scornfully urged by many that it was absurd of the Federal general to undertake a march overland towards Richmond; that the imitation of M'Clellan's movement by water to the south-east of Richmond would have enabled him to avoid the slaughter of Spottsylvania, and brought him without fighting to a point whence he could have immediately assaulted Richmond. This was much insisted on, when, being unsuccessful in capturing Richmond by his straight march, the position he took up before Petersburg gave an apt illustration of the theory. Men said, 'He has, after a useless march, placed himself where he could at once have brought

his army by water.' But it was overlooked by these critics—first, that he wished to do his utmost to demolish Lee's army at one blow, which could he have done (that it was not done is no argument), resistance would have been as good as over. True, he failed in this; but the attempt was worth making. Spottsylvania shows how he strove for it. Secondly, that times were changed since M'Clellan's expedition, and he could not have embarked his army on the Chesapeake and left the Rapidan undefended without leaving the road to Washington open to the enemy, now known to be audacious in enterprise and unrivalled in capability.

The greatest battle of the war, Spottsylvania was yet scarcely one of its crises. It would not have been a step towards the discomfiture of the South, but that the resources of the South were already diminishing.

Compared with European battles, Spottsylvania presents some striking differences. Its duration, and the endurance of both armies, surpass Old World precedents of recent times, but some of our expedients for shortening or deciding a battle were not employed. Bayonets were rarely crossed. The fighting was one long series of 'potting' by alternately advancing lines of soldiers armed with the rifle. There were no cavalry charges; no daring cuirassiers were to be seen attempting to break serried squares of infantry. American generalship thinks that arm of the service can be most usefully employed in grand raids round the enemy's rear, to fall on his supplies or damage his communications.

A trifling influence may have obtained on the battle by the superior knowledge the Confederates had of the country. General Lee and his circle of Virginia officers, some of them born near the field, all of them by this time well acquainted with it through the former battles

they had fought in on the Rappahannock, must have already studied and prepared for such a campaign as now opened. Yet Grant, however, though new to the Virginian field of war, always exhibited a steady aptitude for seizing and absorbing all the military features of a country; and by diligently 'studying the map'—what Napoleon inculcated—a man may almost put himself on a level with the oldest inhabitant.

On the whole, Spottsylvania was the Leipsic of Lee—the term to his success which had been long coming, like that to Napoleon's. Gettysburg had been his Moscow; Paris and Fontainebleau were to come at last.

CHAPTER V.

MARCH OF GENERAL GRANT FROM SPOTTSYLVANIA TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF RICHMOND.—THE BATTLE OF COLD HARBOUR.—MOVEMENT THENCE TO THE SOUTH OF THE JAMES RIVER, AND ATTACK ON PETERSBURG.

THE movement on Richmond by direct march from the Rapidan, which General Grant had entered on, was no new idea to Federal generalship, though it was for the first time being carried out. Pope, Burnside, and Hooker had each projected such a movement—but they had each been frustrated at the beginning. Grant had held up against an assault by Lee, before which, according to precedent, any of those generals would have relinquished their movements. He was now advancing and proving the merits of the 'line' on which he had said he would go if it took all the summer.

The first result of the movement was that Lee abandoned both the Virginia Central Railroad and the line of defence on the North Anna River, which it was thought he would take up. From Guinea's Station, on the 21st, General Grant marched the Army of the Potomac to Bowling Green* on the 22nd, to Milford on the 23rd, to Hanover Junction, on the banks of the Anna, on the 24th. There the antagonists halted and again stood grimly facing each other on the banks of a dividing stream.

Grant hesitated to attack. He was no longer confident

* While passing through Bowling Green some of the Federal troops were fired on by the inhabitants. The village was laid in ashes a few days after, as retribution.

that he could crush Lee, and knew, on the other hand, that he could bring himself nearer still towards his goal by simply pursuing his policy of flanking. The ardour of some of his corps commanders, however—Hancock and Warren being too much elated by their having borne down some Confederate divisions two days before—induced him to permit them to try the strength of the enemy (May 25th). They failed in their attempt, and 1,600 killed and wounded was the punishment Lee inflicted on them for this ill-advised movement on lines which it is said he had laid out beforehand with admirable skill and precision.*

Onward by a flank movement again went the Army of the Potomac; passing by the mouth of the South Anna and along the Pamunkey, into which it merges. On the 27th the cavalry forming the advance crossed that river, and occupied the little 'town' of Hanover. Sheridan's cavalry corps had rejoined Grant's army on the 23rd. After his dashing raid and combat of the 11th, that officer and his troopers had sojourned for some days in Butler's camp on the James River. When Grant had advanced sufficiently south of Spottsylvania, the splendid Federal transport fleet on the James brought them back by way of Fortress Monroe and the York River. Thus the Lieutenant-General had the cavalry corps to lead the way again, and its chief, who was trusted by and familiar to him, at his hand. Another large accession of force reached the Army of the Potomac a day or two later, from the same source. This was the 18th corps, 15,000 strong, under another old associate of Grant in his Western campaign, General 'Baldy' Smith. Butler, who had been vainly fighting and entrenching in his position, south of Richmond, during the events of

* *Grant's Report*, pp. 7, 9.

our last chapter, was at last doing the best he could with his troops by sending them to Grant, for the Lieutenant-General had now a grand effort to make, for which they were wanted, large though his own army was. For Richmond was now near at hand.

By the 29th the whole army was across the Pamunkey, and occupying Hanover Town; White House, fifteen miles lower down the river, to which there was navigation, now became Grant's base of supplies. Transports and gunboats were already reported there, and communication was at once established. The army moved across Totopotamoy Creek, and camped in the vicinity of Bethesda Church. The news that they were within ten miles of Richmond was telegraphed to Washington, to inspire folks at home. The young soldiers in camp were exultant over their progress; to the older ones, who had served under McClellan, every step forward now recalled to mind some sad experience.

Meanwhile Lee had deftly followed the Federal host from the North Anna, and again stood in its front and before Richmond. On the evening of the 30th Warren's corps, which was securing its position near Bethesda Church, received a sudden and unexpected attack from the left of the Confederates—Ewell's corps, led by Early. The Confederates advanced in two lines, announcing themselves by heavy volleys of musketry and the simultaneous play of some twenty cannon. The firing was too high. The Federals calmly formed and replied to it with perfect composure and precision, though a part of them—reinforcements lately arrived—were for the first time under fire.

Foiled in the first dash, the enemy gained no ground by his repeated and desperate efforts; and Crawford's division, which was the most fiercely assaulted, showing

no signs of giving way, he had to retire and leave the Federals an undeniable morsel of success. They had only lost 200, while the Confederates seem to have lost at least 500, including two colonels killed.* This gleam of sunshine on the Federal arms seemed as if it was going to expand; for, on the next day, they claimed victory in each of three separate encounters. The two armies were now facing east and west on the creek or stream called Totapotamoy—the name of an Indian chief of the time of the settlement of Virginia.† They were not, however, exactly opposite—Lee's army being most south of the two, hugging Richmond. Divisions of his cavalry, however, were hovering some distance to the north, and with one of these, under Young, a Federal body of horse under Wilson, an able subordinate of Sheridan, came to blows. Both fought bravely, but the Confederates at last had to fly, Wilson plying them with some pieces of artillery. This was entirely a cavalry affair, taking place away from the two armies near Hanover Court-house (not to be confounded with Hanover Town or Hanover Junction).

Earlier in the day than this an engagement took place on some rising ground on the banks of the Totapotamoy between a Federal division and some newly-arrived Confederate troops. It was an unimportant affair, but mentioning it affords us the opportunity of introducing a distinguished actor of the war—the commander of the Confederate body—a corps drawn from Western Virginia to reinforce Lee. This was John C. Breckenridge, who had been Vice-President of the United States just before

* New York Newspapers. General Early, *Memoir of the Last Year of the War in the Confederate States* (Lynchburg, 1867), p. 31.

† This Indian appellation seems to have been looked upon as a generic name for an Indian chief by our ancestors. See *Hudibras* :—

‘The mighty Tottipottymoy

Sent to our elders an envoy.’—Part II. Canto II.

the war began. A native of Kentucky, and the representative of a respected family there, he had when quite young become a man of mark in Congress, filled various gradually ascending official positions; and, when Clay and Calhoun died, was looked upon as one of the very best of Southern orators. He was an ardent supporter of slavery. In 1856 he was elected Vice-President in association with President Buchanan, was returned as Senator for Kentucky on the expiration of that administration in 1860, and then became a candidate for the Presidency in the momentous election which resulted in the return of Lincoln. Mr. Breckenridge stood third out of four candidates, the numbers awarded him of the popular vote being 812,500. He and Judge Douglas (his co-defeated superior in numbers) were both representatives of the Democratic party; but whilst Douglas commanded the votes of his party only—not the half of the Northern numbers—Breckenridge had the great majority of the whole votes of the South. He evidently had the acclamation of all those States which soon became the Confederacy; and had he, when secession took place, immediately left the legislature at Washington and cast in his lot with them, it would have been within the bounds of possibility that John C. Breckenridge might have filled the post of Jefferson Davis. This he did not do; on the contrary, fulfilling his duty as out-going Vice-President, he solemnly declared Abraham Lincoln the duly elected President of the United States. Notwithstanding this he was entirely inclined to the Southern cause, and appears to have promulgated, as so many other clever men did, the strange doctrine that the man constitutionally chosen President of the United States was not justified in enforcing the constitutional authority he had just been invested with if the mere pleasure or whim of any State

or States denied it. Breckenridge remained in the Federal Senate the whole of the year 1861, till his State (Kentucky), which had at first attempted to maintain a policy of complete neutrality, became little by little wholly Northern. Then he suddenly resolved on joining the South and taking up arms, hoping that he would be able to rescue (as he deemed it) his State. After making a final defiant speech in the Senate, he retired to his seat in Kentucky, and thence with a few attendants made his way secretly and hastily into Tennessee, orders for his arrest being by this time issued by the Government. Given a commission as Brigadier-General in the Confederate army, he was for two years engaged in the South-west, and developed into a meritorious general—one of the few instances in the war of a politician turned soldier doing well. He was but forty years of age and of a robust constitution, and the talents formerly employed in civil affairs were not discredited by any military blunder. He displayed great bravery in the battle of Pittsburg Landing. After serving creditably at Chickamauga and Chattanooga, he was made a Major-General in the spring of 1864, and appointed to command a corps in Western Virginia. He had now come to reinforce Lee, fresh from a victory. Sigel, a German general of the Federals, who had done some fighting in Missouri, but developed no capacity to manage large forces in the more regular warfare of Virginia, had been entrusted with a command to move down the Shenandoah valley, in co-operation with the advance of the Army of the Potomac. Breckenridge calmly waited till Sigel came up to him, and then on May 15, at Newmarket, inflicted on him a defeat so crushing as to send him back north discomfited, cause his supersession, and enable himself to transfer his troops to Lee's aid. It was a valuable reinforcement, estimated

by Grant at not less than 15,000 men. Besides this, Lee, being now close to Richmond, could draw all the troops that were left there for its immediate defence, and some small reinforcements from Beauregard who, twenty miles south, had shut up General Butler in the peninsula of Bermuda Hundred. General Lee's army, therefore, was quite strong again—stronger than it had been at Spottsylvania.

To return, then, to our narrative. The third and most important affray of May 31 was brought on by the main body of the Federal cavalry, under Sheridan himself. Grant's head-quarters were but seven miles north of the Chickahominy, which runs eastward south of the spring of the Totapotamoy. The Chickahominy formed, as the reader already knows, the first line of defence of Richmond, and Grant was now ready to begin edging down towards it, to grapple for his prize. With this view he sent off Sheridan down to its banks, preparatory to moving the whole army. On coming to the front of the hills which cover and hide the Chickahominy (steep slopes 200 or 300 feet high), the Federals perceived a cavalry force moving about their base, at the locality called Cold Harbour, and apparently ready for an encounter. They immediately attacked it, and hard fighting ensued. It proved to be the division of Fitzhugh Lee. Sheridan had superior force, and notwithstanding that a brigade of infantry (Clingman's) came to Lee's support, the Confederates could not drive him back. He remained in possession of the position at dark, and immediately sent off a message to Grant, who replied by instructions to hold the place. The Lieutenant-General at once resolved to move on the Chickahominy. He started off Wright's corps (6th) at ten P.M. for Cold Harbour; the other corps were to follow at supporting distance on the morrow.

(June 1.) As the Army of the Potomac moved slowly and cautiously south from Hanover, a curious and moving coincidence began to be fact. The Federal host was marching on to the very battle-fields on which it had combated two years earlier. Twenty-four months and a few days before a portion of M'Clellan's Army of the Potomac had marched over the ground where Grant's was now defiling, and on that very day then, the first battle of a disastrous series had opened, some five miles to the southwest.

Wounds, disease, discharge, and death (the first and last predominant), had played such havoc in the Federal armies during the interval, that it was but a minority of Grant's army that had been in those battles. The soldiers who had could now point out to their comrades the localities, fight their battles over again on the very spot, or speculate on the probability of their passing safely through the days of slaughter which again boded.

Thus talked and thought the veterans, as they tramped on towards Cold Harbour, whilst the new recruits looked round admiringly on the theatre of such memorable events—a theatre of which they, too, were to have bloody remembrances ere they left it. Here and there perhaps the pathos of this march through the scenes of former disaster was heightened by the keener interest of individuals. The veteran gazed again on the spot where he had seen his friend or relative—brother, perhaps—shot down; or a new comer had pointed out to him the spot where *his* fell.

The forebodings of the veterans were well-founded, and the gleam of success of the 31st was but transient for the Federals. An attempt, made late in the evening of the 1st, on the planting of the main army in Sheridan's position being ineffectual, a grand assault to force the passage of the Chickahominy, by driving Lee from the

position he had boldly taken up on its front bank, was fixed for the 3rd. The hopes of the sanguine among the Federals were then direfully disappointed, and Richmond was saved for yet a long while by the battle of Cold Harbour. (June 3.) The two armies were drawn up parallel to the Chickahominy, on its north bank. General Lee had the river, therefore, but a mile or two in his rear. It was a dangerous prospect, if his army were driven back. But this consummate master of the art of war, satisfied of the perfection of his entrenchments, and relying implicitly on his troops, knew that he was not going to be driven back one inch. His army now consisted of four corps: Breckenridge's, Hill's, Ewell's, Longstreet's—arranged from right to left (south-east to north-west), in the order I have named them. The Army of the Potomac, whose line extended six miles, was drawn up as follows:—Hancock's corps (2nd) held the left, Wright's (6th) the left centre, 'Baldy' Smith's (18th) the centre, Warren's (5th) the right centre, and Burnside's (9th) the extreme right. The space between the two armies—a low swarthy region—was not more than 300 yards wide. Across this, at 4.30 A.M. (firing all along the line having commenced at daybreak), Hancock's and Wright's corps advanced, Breckenridge's and Hill's corps being opposed to them. Breckenridge gave way before the vigorous assault of the first-named Federal general, and a portion of the first Confederate line was carried. But it was commanded by a higher position behind; the troops thereon moved forward with lightning speed, and opened an enfilading fire. The unprotected Federals rushed back, swept by a perfect storm of bullets. The 6th corps, having passed the rifle-pits, was sent back simultaneously with Hancock's, through the failure of the 18th to support it. The right of the Federal army does not seem to have co-operated

seriously in the attack. The Confederates say that in ten minutes the decisive work of the day was done, so effective was their sweeping enfilade.* Nevertheless the Federals tried many assaults after this; fourteen attacks are summed up; but all were unfortunate, and served only to augment the deplorable slaughter. The troops advanced bravely, but wavered before the trying entrenchments, and fell back before the deadly fire poured out on them, the storm of bullets being intensified by grape and canister from well posted artillery.

The brunt of the battle was over by noon. The Confederates, in the afternoon, made two sallies on the sullenly resting investors. On the right they attacked the flank of Hancock's corps, but were repulsed; that general now opened rifle-pits, and the Federals, unable to modify the Confederate lines, moved their own yet closer to them. On the right, a Confederate division under Heth made a demonstration. Whilst cutting into Burnside's corps, however, it was attacked in rear itself by the portion of the Federal cavalry commanded by Wilson, and driven off with considerable loss.

The Federal wounded of the morning lay on the ground all day. Curiously enough, in front of and close up to Breckenridge's works, lay mortally wounded his cousin both by birth and marriage—Colonel P. A. Porter, a gallant Federal officer.†

Bitter must have been General Grant's mental summing-up of the events of this day. The reverse was perhaps the most signal he ever sustained. What had been accomplished? He had, in the words of the newspaper reports, 'ascertained that the Confederate position could not be carried by assault without too great a sacrifice of

* Pollard, *Lost Cause*.

† Harvard, *Memorial Biographies*.

life;' but the reader will probably think that too much life had already been sacrificed in the ascertainment when he learns that the Federal loss in this battle—not excusable in the light of being an attempt at a grand deciding contest, like Spottsylvania—was 13,153.* A military critic, after allowing to a general the fullest expenditure of men in an assault necessary and made to some purpose, points out that great as were Grant's talents for combination and movement, he must be censured in this and other costly failures for inability to distinguish the *difficult* from the *impossible*. Much indeed was urged against him for this disaster; and it cannot be denied that Grant's tactics too nearly resembled those of Suvarof, whose simple military maxim was 'Advance and strike.'

General Grant briefly but frankly mentions this repulse in his report as follows:—'On June 3 we again assaulted the enemy's works, in the hope of driving him from his position. In this attempt our loss was heavy, while that of the enemy, I have reason to believe, was comparatively light.'

Unable to get into Richmond, though but five miles from it, the Lieutenant-General had to give up thoughts of its immediate capture, and to relinquish the famous 'line' he had marked out for his campaign. It may indeed be pleaded that his next movement, about to be related, was merely an extension of that war-path; but it is more just to acknowledge that it was a surplus of peregrination which he would have deprecated at his outset. Richmond, the object of all his efforts, was the natural term of his journey; force of circumstances now caused him to decide on going beyond it. The new combination he formed was a move-

* This number does indeed include the losses in the trenches for a week after, but they were very inconsiderable—a few hundreds merely, in all probability.

ment in the West of Virginia, by the army of Sigel, now commanded by Hunter; a raid across the State by Sheridan to cut the railways; and his own movement with the Army of the Potomac, south of Richmond and across the James, to join Butler and beset Petersburg.

A period of nine days elapsed ere General Grant moved, during which the lines of the Chickahominy received very little alteration. A struggle was carried on still. To amuse the enemy and conceal his own designs, the Federal commander kept opening and pushing forward rifle-pits, and the sharpshooters of each army fired savagely and vindictively on all opportunities. After a few days, however, this practice somewhat slackened, and the two hosts reverted to something like the conduct which had prevailed when they were camped on the Rapidan. The skirmishers found their minds revolt at a mutual slaughter deadly to individuals, but useless for any effect on the fortune of the war. After a few shots had been exchanged of a morning, silence would intervene. Reminiscences would prompt some men, Federals or Confederates, to desire the amicable relaxation of a brief understood truce. How to arrange it was the difficulty. Although not a hundred yards apart, hidden in the pits, and pressingly restrained by the fear of a bullet if seen, the division between the opponents was unmistakable. But when a reassuring silence had followed the last stray shot, some adventurous spirits (the most loquacious or negotiative by nature, perhaps, rather than the most brave) would cautiously raise their heads above the earthworks and nervously salute each other. 'How are you, Johnny?' 'How are you, Yank?' 'Won't you shoot?' 'No.' 'Well, we won't,' would chime in all, and immediately the parapets would swarm with the opponents who had been concealed and protected behind them. The men from the

rifle-pits delightedly stretched their cramped forms on the grass, and sharpshooters slid down from their perches and indulged in *terra firma*. Amicably brought into each other's presence by this singular armistice, Federal and Confederate bantered each other on the last battle, or the general prospects of the war. Most of the men were anxious to 'do a trade' with 'the enemy' in some way—to exchange newspapers (which few of the Federal army were without); or to barter coffee and tobacco, or the chance delicacies in the possession of individuals. The roughly computed half-way of the opposed works formed still a dividing line, the parties standing face to face, but never stepping over into each other's region. At length some officer would open his eyes officially to what was going on, and his men had to retire. The cry was then, 'Run back, Johnnies,' or 'Run back, Yanks, we're going to shoot,' and hostilities began again. It was always understood, however, that the first shot should be aimed high, so that the veriest dawdler got back in safety. What is remarkable is, that while some such fraternal scene as I have sketched was being enacted on one limited part of the line, there was, as likely as not, a hot battle raging further along. The men keenly enjoyed these brief opportunities of intercourse with each other, and many of the officers were glad to wink at them. An order was issued on June 10, however, by General Meade, forbidding such unauthorised communications with the enemy. The Federals acquiesced in it cheerfully, as it was known that the army was to be on the move again, and that it was essential that the enemy should get no news.*

Before we accompany the Army of the Potomac away from the quarters, fruitlessly close to the Rebel capital,

* New York Newspapers.

which it had acquired, it is necessary to review the co-operative movements of the Federal force in Western Virginia. A pressure on the enemy there had been a component part in Grant's original design of his campaign, and a movement was inaugurated simultaneously with his crossing of the Rapidan. Owing to the incapacity of Sigel, the advance down the Shenandoah was, as lately mentioned, defeated, and the attempt stopped for a month. But about the 1st June the force was again put in motion, under the command of Hunter, an officer of fair, if not eminent ability. Fresh instructions, in accordance with Grant's views, were given him from the War Department, and the Lieutenant-General, as soon as he heard, on the Chickahominy, of his advance, sent off Sheridan to join in the movement, which would still be of use in the reduction of Richmond. General Hunter's army consisted of about 14,000 men, cavalry and infantry, and a good body of artillery, having been reinforced and re-equipped since Sigel's mishap. With these forces he proposed to move on Lynchburg, the third city of the State of Virginia, and the region around it, important as helping largely to the supply of Richmond, and no less as being the junction of some of the railways by which the capital was connected with the whole South. His route lay down the Shenandoah valley, hitherto so unfortunate to the Federals, and of all the distinct theatres of campaigns probably the most picturesque. It is a long valley of upwards of 200 miles, walled in—with a width averaging thirty miles—by the Blue Ridge on the east, and another range of the Alleghanies on the west, and encloses the river Shenandoah and its creeks and rivulets. Its whole extent abounds with charming scenery, bold and striking handiwork of nature, such as seems to be announced by the two extraordinary examples at its limits—the passage of the Potomac through

the Blue Ridge at the northern entrance to the valley, pronounced by Jefferson 'one of the most stupendous scenes of nature,' and worth a voyage from Europe to see;* and the wonderful natural bridge near Lexington, a majestic arch of one solid mass of stone, made before man began his work, spanning the little rivulet of Cedar Creek at a height of 210 feet. The Shenandoah valley was fertile, salubrious, and well populated withal, and with its natural beauties, cultivation, and spirited inhabitants, may fitly be styled the Alpuxarras of Virginia, destined as it was to a fate of ravage and desolation similar to that suffered by the fastnesses of the Spanish Arabs in the final overrunning of Grenada.

It was down this romantic region that Hunter took his way, leaving the neighbourhood of Woodstock in the north part of the valley, about the time Grant was edging down to the Pamunkey. The Southern army of the Shenandoah had just been diminished by the leaving of Breckenridge with troops; but necessity compelled General Jones, the officer in charge, to accept battle when Hunter had pushed on as far south as Staunton. Hunter gained the victory (5th June), which was rendered complete by the death in action of Jones—a gallant commander. Prisoners, guns, and stores, were left by the routed enemy, and by their drawing off to the east the upper part of the valley was left open. Hunter waited two or three days at Staunton, till he was joined by a small force under Generals Crook and Averill—the latter an officer already noted for dash and tact in raids. Whilst he stopped, he employed his troops in destroying the railway to the east and west, the 'ties' being burnt and the rails bent.† All the Government and railroad buildings were burnt.

* *Jefferson's Works.*

† The following are the details of the process: 'Up went the rails for

Lexington was the next place in Hunter's march, and an advance of twenty-five miles, performed by the 11th June, brought him to it. It fell for the first time into the hands of the Federals, for their invasions had never before reached so far south as this region, though the towns in the lower part of the valley had been continually occupied, rescued, and re-occupied for a long while. Within this little town lay buried the great hero of the South—he before whom so many Northern columns had quailed, broken and fled, he whose very name frightened some from their propriety—Stonewall Jackson. His grave was in the Presbyterian Cemetery on the south-west suburbs of Lexington, where a tiny Confederate flag, 'not larger than a lady's handkerchief,' attached to a staff not two feet long, was all that marked out the mortal remains of the great Confederate. The Federal soldiers gazed on the grave of their great enemy with mixed feelings of admiration and resentment—pride in the memory of him as an American, chagrin at the reflection that he was a Rebel. The Confederates had removed the flag before Hunter's troops arrived. They need not have done so; for one of the Federal officers assures us, that, however other Rebel flags might be dealt with, he, and, according to his belief, all the men, would have respected that little banner,

miles and miles along the road; soon the ties were gathered in separate piles and set on fire; next, the rails were laid across these blazing bonfires, taking care to have the centre of each rail above the burning pile; and then, when the iron at a white heat was soft and ductile, one or more soldiers at each end would seize the cold extremity of each rail bar, rush with it to the nearest tree, bringing the heated part against the trunk, and twist the writhing metal into rings or semi-circles, or true-lover's-knots, as best pleased their fancy. The torch would then be applied to all trestle-work bridges along the line, while bridges of stone or iron would be "sent kiting" by gunpowder.'—*Baked Meats of the Funeral* (New York, 1866). The author, Col. Halpine, served under Hunter in this raid.

which attested the devotion of one who could no more resist.*

Whatever emotions the sight of their great opponent's grave may have awakened in the Federals, little mercy was shown to the town, nor was it necessarily to be expected on account of his association with it. The Virginia Military Institute or College, founded by Washington, in which Jackson had been a professor before the war, and of which, after the war, General Lee, yielding to a general desire, became president, was ransacked for its stores and ammunition. The conquerors ill-advisedly added to their justifiable destruction of *matériel* a deplorable treatment of the scientific collections and the very buildings themselves. A bronze statue of Washington, the first erected to him by Virginia, was actually taken up and carried away—one of a few instances in which Federal generals, thinking, perhaps, to emulate Napoleon, imitated his execrable practice of robbing countries of their works of art.

From Lexington as a base, Hunter opened his manoeuvres for the seizing of Lynchburg. Leaving about the 13th, he marched by the immediate vicinity of the wonderful natural bridge which has been alluded to, and crossed the James River, of which he was very near the source.† Another prize fell into his grasp—the Tredegar Ironworks at Buchanan. They were destroyed, like the store places before captured. This told disadvantageously

* *Baked Meats of the Funeral.*—Col. Halpine tells us that he strewed roses as a tribute of respect to the dead hero, and plucked blades of clover from the grave as mementoes.

† It is curious to note that the Army of the Potomac was probably at the same time moving over the James, as we shall presently detail. Two Federal armies, at a distance apart of a hundred and fifty miles, were simultaneously placing themselves on the far bank of the same river.

against the enemy, already so crippled for stores and the appliances of manufacture.

Bold and successful as had been his movements thus far, General Hunter knew not how to achieve the crowning object of his expedition. Much depended on the possession of Lynchburg; its capture would have established his military reputation. The probability is that the plans Grant had sketched out for him were that, if successful there, he should by a violent curve pass on to join him in an attack on Richmond or Petersburg, before which he anticipated to be by that time. But this grand combination was not to be carried out. Fortune had granted General Hunter a certain meed of success, but she was not going to indulge him to so great an extent as that. From Buchanan he brought his army over the Blue Ridge, and duly planted it before the desired city on the 16th. But he attempted not to carry it by 'dash.' The garrison and organised citizens together (feeble as the former was) contrived somehow to show so bold a front against his first demonstration, that he had not spirit to follow it up. Waiting for co-operation which was not yet to be, too cautious to attack, and too high-minded to fall back, the end of his expedition (a month later, but we may anticipate) was that, after long dallying, the arrival of a force of the enemy obliged him to beat a hasty retreat, and allow the Confederates to resume the offensive in an extraordinary movement, which will form the groundwork of the next chapter.

The co-operation, with hopes of which Hunter was for a time animated, had been turned aside in the very first days of his sitting down before Lynchburg. When Sheridan left Grant's camp on the 7th, on a raiding expedition, whose ultimate point was a juncture with Hunter, he had not with him as formerly the whole of

his cavalry force; and when he met on the 11th the squadrons of Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee, who had dashed sharply after him, the opposition was so serious that after a two days' fight, severely contested by both sides, he found himself unable to prosecute his expedition. He drove them the first day from Trevillian's Station to the neighbourhood of Gordonsville, but on the next, having been reinforced by infantry and entrenched their position, they repulsed all his assaults, which were very fierce. To stop longer would have put him in danger of being quite outnumbered by their concentrating more forces, so he turned and scurried off for the Chickahominy again. Both sides lost about 500 killed and wounded in this engagement, both captured about 350 prisoners, and both claimed the victory. It was in truth a well-fought battle, in which each combatant had good grounds for self-praise.* The Federal commander regained the outpost of White House, north of Richmond, by the 15th. He found the Army of the Potomac gone from the Chickahominy, and instructions for himself to follow it to Petersburg. It is time that we should recount its movements, and describe its fresh position; dispensing for a time with the transient and irregular expeditions which illustrate the nature of the war, but by no means facilitate the historian's task, or add to the clearness of the diffident narrative of the present writer.

General Grant's army was so large that the usual dangers of a flank movement were much diminished for him, and by this time the troops had had so much experience of it that they could be led off with admirable precision and celerity. Immediately after the sinister day of Cold Harbour, the Lieutenant-General had resolved to

* *Report of General R. E. Lee, June 13, 1864. Report of General Sheridan, June 16, 1864.*

try the 'back door' of Richmond, rather than persist on its death-dealing front, and the necessary preparations were made during the week's inactivity thereafter on the Chickahominy. Great was the difference between the way in which Grant moved his army to the banks of the James and the way in which M'Clellan's host had retreated thither. Nothing could show more what two years' severe training since that event had done for the Federals. The defeat of Cold Harbour, suffered by Grant, was almost as disastrous as the first attack of the seven days' battling was to the second commander of the Army of the Potomac, but the Lieutenant-General's army rested quietly and composedly after a shock before which M'Clellan's quailed and fled. The retreat of 1862 was hurried, harassed, and disordered; frantic was the delight of the troops when they got to the river and the protection of the gunboats. On the present occasion the army withdrew unmolested and in perfect order from its entrenchments, and tranquilly promenaded there to perform in continuation the difficult operation of crossing.

The 18th corps (Smith) was marched back on the night of the 10th to White House, on the Pamunkey, where there was transport accommodation sufficient for its numbers (the same which brought it). This having been seen safely off, the main body took its way along the line of the Chickahominy in two grand divisions. Wright's and Burnside's corps went first, and crossed at Jones's Bridge; Hancock's and Warren's followed, and moved over at Long Bridge. Each then made its way to the bank of the James. Wright and Burnside debouched at Charles' City, and Hancock and Warren at Wilcox's Landing; the two commanders who moved last having been given the shorter cut. By the side of the James, very nearly on the old position of M'Clellan, they camped one night (the

13th), and on the next evening all were concentrated at Powhattan Point, and the passage of the river effected. It was a magnificent scene. The river was 2,000 feet across and 84 deep. They had left Richmond twenty miles behind, and now seemed surrounded with Federal power again, owing to the gunboats floating at anchor or transport vessels arriving, all bearing the Union flag. Almost in front of them the Appomattox River merged into the James, the junction making a calm bay. To the right of that was the peninsula of Bermuda, in Federal occupation: the fortress or prison—for three weeks past it had seemed hard to say which—of Butler. To the left of the Appomattox (as they looked south) was City Point, to which they were to cross, and where the last of Smith's divisions, brought and landed by the transports, could just be caught sight of, disappearing from the shore in haste, on the road to Petersburg.

Petersburg, the 'back door' of Richmond, is ten miles up the river Appomattox, on its southern bank. It is a large well-built town, containing in 1860, the year before the war broke out, 18,000 inhabitants, and ranking thereby as the second city of Virginia for population. A prominent centre of tobacco export manufacture, it possessed a brisk commerce. It was twenty-two miles south from Richmond, with which a portion of the railroad from Weldon (North Carolina) to the Potomac connected it; other lines joined also at Petersburg, and gave it many casual visitors. Several good hotels were consequently to be found in the city, and, together with the usual public buildings of an American town, formed its chief adornments.

In the American Revolution the city of Petersburg was passed through and ravaged by the British troops under Cornwallis. That was all that was remarkable in Peters-

burg, which was now to be made memorable as long and last the bulwark of the existence of the Confederate States.

Smith's corps was the first of the Federal bodies to arrive before Petersburg, and, for a day, the only one. Fifteen thousand strong, however (composed in part of negro troops), it was equal to the attack single-handed, for the city was as yet only garrisoned by the troops under Beauregard, which the arrangements of a month before had allotted for it in case of need. Lee's army was still occupied watching the movements of the main body of the Army of the Potomac. Great hopes were, therefore, entertained by General Grant and the Federals generally that Petersburg would at once fall.

But this was not to be. Abandoning, after a struggle, the first line of defence, two or three miles east of Petersburg, the enemy maintained, nevertheless, all the material fortifications girding the city. These bristled around it from the east side, where they rested on the Appomattox, to the west, forming an incomplete semicircle. The skilfulness, as an engineer, of General Beauregard had been tasked with good fruit on these fortifications, and many more were yet to be laid out. Everywhere ramparts were to elevate themselves behind ramparts, so that every Federal attack, even if successful in its first object, was to be arrested by some obstacle; so that no surprise could bring about the fall of the place. The little town or suburb of Pocahontas, on the north side of the river, was likewise defended by forts, and, it need not be said, carefully guarded. The railway from Richmond, down which Lee's army was coming, ran into it.

Smith did not carry the first line till night was closing in (June 15), and when in the morning he resumed

operations, reinforced by Hancock's corps, the city was also strengthened in men, Lee's army beginning to arrive.

General Grant arrived personally before Petersburg on the 17th, having been for two days at Bermuda Hundred, the camp of Butler, a promontory jutting out at the confluence of the James and the Appomattox. Butler had constructed an observatory there, from which the Lieutenant-General could survey the country, and ascertain his and the enemy's positions. Bermuda was the highest point of the James to which the Federals could go. At a landing on its north side, called Deep Bottom, floated their gunboats, menaced by the enemy's batteries at Four Mile Creek if they moved, as well as by the obstructions of the river.

All the Army of the Potomac was before Petersburg on the 17th, when the Lieutenant-General joined it. Smith's corps was returned to Bermuda Hundred, whence it had originally peregrinated. The army was then divided as follows, from north to south of Petersburg's east flank:—Wright (6th corps), Hancock (2nd), Burnside (9th), Warren (5th). Fighting, which had not ceased on the 16th, went on again very fiercely, and on the 17th and 18th the Federals spent themselves in a desperate but unsuccessful attack. The Confederates had fallen back to an inner line, about one mile from Petersburg, and about the same from their line of the 15th, now the Federal front. On the southern end of the latter, however—the Federal extreme left—a couple of redoubts, well furnished with artillery, yet remained, and kept annoying their flank. During the night of the 16th, therefore, a portion of Burnside's corps, under General Potter, supported by Griffin's division of Warren's corps, marched up, undiscovered, to their vicinity.

At daybreak they charged, and after a desperate struggle the mastery of both strongholds, with 400 prisoners, four guns, and the standard of a Rebel regiment (44th Louisiana), rewarded their gallantry. So far was well, and their position was secured. But between that and the next line of the enemy a space of nearly a mile intervened, and the Federals had to cross open fields. Hancock's corps advanced from the right centre, and Burnside's from the captured redoubts. A terrific fire met them from the front and from either flank. Their own artillery did its best to support them, but without avail; no further definite success attended the three attacks which were made during the day; the entrenched line was a little further advanced, but that was all. The 18th was a far more disastrous day. Despite the warnings of the previous day, General Grant persisted in pressing on his assaults along the whole line. Perhaps he believed that all Lee's army was not yet in the place, and that, by plying the enemy's line at all points, some entry would surely be effected. But it was not so, and the result was disastrous. The right, protected by the crest of a ridge to some extent on one flank, suffered nevertheless a raking fire on its left. Decimated before they could approach to the enemy's works, the men staggered and turned back when but 100 yards from them, whilst musketry, grape, and canister completed the havoc as they retreated. But some of the Federal storming parties met with a worse fate than this. The enemy reserved or moderated their discharges till the Federals were well up to their works. Then they opened fire in earnest, and clouds of smoke hid for a moment the sufferings of the unfortunate brigades which were close up to the batteries—'lost in the very jaws of death.' 'The battery was so close, the fire so strong as well as sudden,

and the men fell so fast, that those in front were soon cut down or scattered ; and others, instinctively seeking the shelter which some neighbouring buildings afforded, broke from the columns, throwing them into considerable confusion. The troops were then wisely withdrawn, as a further sacrifice of human life, under these circumstances, would have been criminal.*

Meanwhile Butler's corps, which had ventured out of Bermuda Hundred, with a view to hampering Lee's reinforcement of Petersburg, had been surprised, defeated, and driven back. On the 19th also, just as Sheridan, retiring down the Pamunkey from his raid, had reached and passed the White House, that place and his rear-guard was attacked by the enemy's cavalry, which had come after him from Central Virginia with great activity. They were, not without difficulty, beaten off, but White House was for some time after this abandoned by the Federals. On the 20th General Grant held a council of war on board the flagship of the Federal admiral in the James River, at which Butler and the leading officers of the Potomac army were present. The Lieutenant-General now resolved to relinquish the attempts to carry Petersburg by storm—which, of propriety at first, could now only result in fruitless sacrifice of life—and instead, to content himself with a system of reduction by gradual investment and destruction of railroad communications. To this we shall presently come, prefacing it with a sketch of the railway system which was to be operated against. A review of the state of feeling in the Northern cities first claims our attention. Confident that the fate of Petersburg involved that of Richmond, Grant was content to leave his real objective point at ease, while he

* Correspondence of *New York Herald*. Woodbury, Burnside and the Ninth Army Corps. Swinton, *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac*.

toiled at forcing its 'back door.' The Federal populace, however, always desirous of quick returns for operations commenced, was at first inclined to be peevish that the General-in-Chief now left the Rebel capital unmolested. The confidence they felt in Grant, however—such as no other commander had inspired—stood him in stead, whilst personally, reverse or delay never destroyed the equilibrium of his temperament.

'Richmond in sight!' 'How Grant is taking Richmond!' were the headings with which the blatant 'Herald' crowned its sheets, while Grant was advancing from Spottsylvania to the Chickahominy. By this time the leading journal of America—for such it is, with all its faults, up to the present time—had lowered its tone. The idea of printing in the place of honour, 'Richmond passed and put twenty miles to the rear,' did not occur to its editor; and in its useful, if unornamental, atlas of the war, plans illustrative of the Western campaign supplanted those of Virginia. The tone of public feeling was of that cast which these 'trifles light as air' indicated. The nation, as we have said, had confidence in Grant; but though it did not show the least disfavour, a sort of apathy as to his operations, natural enough after the excitement of the outset was over, supervened. At this juncture the head of the State stepped forward, to reassure and lead, as beseemed him, those he ruled. It was on the occasion of visiting a sanitary fair, holding in rotation at Philadelphia, that the President delivered a remarkable speech—no ornate piece of eloquence, perhaps, viewed critically, but fully equal to its purpose—to stir the hearts and weld the resolution of a solicitous people. On all public occasions, in all public utterances, Mr. Lincoln expressed himself on the subject of the rebellion with a dignity and composure that came un-

studied. Contrary to an impression vaguely held by a good many people in Europe, Mr. Lincoln was in truth a very good public speaker, felicitous in style and expression, and excellent in delivery. Messrs. Seward, Stanton, and Chase, of his Cabinet, frequently talked in the grandiloquent and arrogant style of 'Herald' writers. They, however, were all orators of undoubted power. But Lincoln was never over-confident, and never wavering or daunted—never rancorous against the South, yet never compromising or yielding. And he never talked 'fine.' After returning thanks for the drinking of his health, he spoke thus (16th June, 1864):—

'I suppose that this toast is intended to open the way for me to say something. War at the best is terrible, and this of ours, in its magnitude and duration, is one of the most terrible the world has ever known. It has deranged business totally in many places, and perhaps in all. It has destroyed property, destroyed life, and ruined homes. It has produced a national debt and a degree of taxation unprecedented in the history of this country. It has caused mourning among us until the heavens may almost be said to be hung in black. And yet it continues. It has had accompaniments not before known in the history of the world. I mean the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, with their labours for the relief of the soldiers, and the volunteer refreshment saloons—understood better by those who hear me than by myself. (Applause.) And these fairs first began at Chicago, and were next held in Boston, Cincinnati, and other cities. The motive and object that lie at the bottom of them is worthy—the most that we can do for the soldier who goes to fight the battles of his country. From the fair and tender hand of woman is much, very much, done for the soldier, continually reminding him of

the care and thought for him at home. The knowledge that he is not forgotten is grateful to his heart. (Applause.) Another view of these institutions is worthy of thought. They are voluntary contributions, giving proof that the national resources are not at all exhausted, and that the national patriotism will sustain through all. It is a pertinent question, When is this war to end? I do not wish to name a day when it will end, lest the end should not come at the given time. We accepted this war, and did not begin it. (Deafening applause.) We accepted it for an object, and when that object is accomplished, the war will end; and I hope to God it will never end until that object is accomplished. (Great applause.) We are going through with our task, so far as I am concerned, if it takes us three years longer. I have not been in the habit of making predictions, but I am almost tempted now to hazard one. I will. It is that Grant is this morning in a position, with Meade and Hancock, of Pennsylvania, whence he will never be dislodged by the enemy until Richmond is taken. If I shall discover that General Grant may be greatly facilitated in the capture of Richmond by rapidly pouring to him a large number of armed men at the briefest notice, will you go? (Cries of 'Yes.') Will you march on with him? (Cries of 'Yes, yes.') Then I shall call on you when it is necessary.' (Laughter and applause, during which the President retired from the table.)

This homely oration evidently came from the heart. It must have struck deep into all who heard it; especially that portion where the President uttered, as his and the whole North's confession of faith, the grand sentence, 'We accepted this war, and did not begin it.'

From Philadelphia and the fair the President returned to Washington, where he signed the famous 'Gold Bill,'

designed to check the time bargains in bullion at the Exchanges, which caused the extraordinary premiums of the quotation (96 premium, New York, 17th June). It was the device of Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury; and that astute functionary having got it passed through Congress and signed by the President, let it fly all of a sudden at the speculators—whose transactions were, to give the mildest blame, unpatriotic. By its enactment all transactions in bullion were to be in one day concluded by the actual delivery of coin and paper currency ('greenbacks') between seller and purchaser. The excitement in Wall Street, the centre of the New York Stock Exchange and banking business, was intense. The individuals who had sold gold for a prospective fall, or to realise a profit made by speculation, found themselves compelled to immediately deliver their amounts in hard cash. Prices had of course mounted, and the entrapped and furious speculators had to sacrifice on their quotas the difference between 196—the price of the day before the bill coming out—and various high ascensions up to the dire figure of 246. But when the pressure of the day was over, the high quotation continued. Grave inconveniences resulted from the transactions being wholly private ones, and within ten days the summary law was repealed. The quotation then stood at 280. Mr. Chase resigned the same day—not, however, on account of the failure of his bill. European critics, for a time, indulged in hostile criticism of Mr. Chase's management of the United States finances; but the broad fact, which made their chief burden of accusation—the formation of a vast debt—how was that to be charged to the United States Finance Minister, when it was the simple consequence of carrying on the war against the rebellion?

From Washington, the day after signing the bill, the

President started by steamer for the James River, to visit the encampment before Petersburg, and see, with his own eyes, how things were proceeding. He was received at City Point by General Grant, and went on with him to the front, a distance of ten miles (June 21). As the President and his party rode there, they passed by a brigade of negro troops. These set up loud cheers as soon as they learnt that the tall stranger with General Grant was no other than the President, and cries of 'Hurrah for Massa Lincoln!' 'Hurrah for the President!' 'Hurrah for the Liberator!' rent the air. The news soon spread, and the liveliest demonstrations of joy were manifested all along the lines. The Lieutenant-General conducted the President to the advanced works on the right, whence he took a view of Petersburg. On the left he saw Grant's troops concentrating for a movement on the south-east defences of the beleaguered city. The President passed over to Butler's encampment the next day, where he was similarly entertained, and where he viewed a Rebel battery from within range. Then, 'leaving General Grant in the very best of spirits,' he returned to Washington, to accept the resignation of Mr. Chase, appoint another to his post, and accept and respond to his own nomination for retaining the Presidency during the next term. Such is a sample of the work of the American President during the great Civil War.

We drop Mr. Lincoln, and remain with Grant. Our task is now to detail the closer investment of Petersburg, and the cunningly planned raids on its communications, prefacing the narrative with a sketch of the railway system of Virginia, as it was in the year 1864. The narrative will carry us down to the end of the month of June, when a sudden and extraordinary movement intervenes to chequer and divert the action of the campaign, already so

eventful—a last effort of the Confederate chief to resume the offensive.

Few persons can have failed to remark that the issue of most of the battles of the war turned on some river, ridge, or wood. The inevitable multiplicity of geographical description in each newspaper account indicated this. But it is equally notable that the fortunes of a campaign were generally bound up with, and determined by, the possession of the railways of the regions of action. It was to seize or break up the lines centreing in and supplying Petersburg and Richmond that Grant now addressed himself. It was the strategy he had developed at Vicksburg. But the task he had now to take in hand was far harder; there were wider and more diversified communications to control, Lee to counterplan, and Virginians to combat. It was a dreary system of investment, indecisive raids, and monotonous siege; wearying to the soldiers, and chafing to the public who watched its progress. Fortunately our chronicle will take us to other operations, more exciting than those which for some months were the occupation of the armies under the immediate personal command of Grant and Lee.

The centre of the region east of the Alleghanies (in Virginia), the sole theatre of '*la grande guerre*,' was occupied by a rough quadrangle of railways, which served for the intercommunication of the State. From the superior line two offshoots went north to Washington—the '*Fredericksburg and Potomac*' from the eastern angle, and the '*Orange and Alexandria*' from a point near its western verge. Both these lines had long been partially in the possession of the Federals, and were all-important to them when they camped on the Rapidan. From the north-west corner of the quadrangle the '*Virginia Central*' line went extending on to Staunton and the Alleghany region

(Shenandoah valley—southern portion). From the south-west corner or angle (the city of Lynchburg) went the ‘Virginia and Tennessee’ Railroad, the first of the three great lines on which Richmond relied for communication with all the States of the Confederacy south and west of Virginia. But this line had already been rendered unavailable for that important purpose. The Federals had seized its southern end in the autumn of 1863, by the occupation of Chattanooga and Knoxville, and the line was now only useful to Richmond by its security as far as to the salt regions in the south-west corner of Virginia.

The southern face of our assumed quadrangle was the ‘Petersburg and Lynchburg’ (or ‘South Side’) Railroad. From the middle of this line (Burkesville), and connected by a branch in the interior of the quadrangle with Richmond, ran the second great southern road, the ‘Richmond and Danville,’ and continuations. From the south-eastern corner (Petersburg) ran the third (in 1864 the second and last)—the ‘Petersburg and Weldon,’ and continuations. The eastern face of the quadrangle was the line passing north through Richmond to the junction with the ‘Fredericksburg and Potomac,’ whence we started.

‘These things being thus’—to use the oft-repeated phrase of Cæsar—Grant, camped before Petersburg, had in view two lines on which to trample. The Weldon Railroad lying under his eyes, distant but two or three miles from his left flank, must be seized, and permanently controlled; and the Richmond and Danville must be raided on and destroyed to the utmost extent possible. To further these objects one and the same movement would suffice, and on the 22nd he prepared to establish his lines further to the south-west, and embrace the Weldon line. Two corps (Wright’s and Hancock’s) got ready for this purpose, and the whole of the cavalry in camp,

nearly 6,000 men, was given to Wilson, with instructions to slip forward immediately the infantry corps had taken their positions, and scour away for the Danville line.

June 22.—The two corps had no sooner reached the Weldon Railroad than they were attacked—Hancock's (temporarily commanded by Birney) before it had time to throw up any rough defences. Wright in vain endeavoured to dislodge the enemy's forces, which were entrenched on the railway embankment; and whilst he was fiercely combating with them as they assaulted him in turn with the impetus given by descending the slope, he learnt with dismay that his coadjutor on the right was very hard pressed. General Lee, divining a movement on the railroad, had promptly sent thither heavy detachments under the command of A. P. Hill. That general launched his forces suddenly on Hancock's corps, which, taken by surprise, gave way and fell into inextricable confusion. The Confederates pierced it, and one of Hill's divisions passed right through it. A whole brigade was captured by the Confederates, and the rest retreated in disorder, till General Birney succeeded in rallying them, a long way down the Jerusalem Plank Road. Thither Wright's corps soon followed, and the two held their ground, till a portion of the main army being pushed forward, on the repulse being known, junction was restored, and the old positions resumed as speedily as possible.

Wilson meanwhile had crossed the track of the railroad at ten miles to the south of this battle, and was riding hard for the west. On the morning of the 23rd he occupied Burkesville, about fifty miles distant from Petersburg. It was, as we have mentioned, the junction of the Danville and the Petersburg and Lynchburg lines, and he set to work on both. Of the former he tore up all the track to the river Roanoke, where his detachment

was beaten off from the bridge by artillery ; of the latter—the ‘ South Side ’ Railroad—he destroyed at least thirty miles, from a little beyond Burkesville, back to Ford’s Station. The rails were spoiled in the usual way, by heating and bending them. To make his destruction the more thorough, he sedulously sought out all the blacksmiths’ shops where there might be any facilities of repair, and all the forges, implements, and the shops themselves, were given to the flames ; also all the mills, where scantlings for sleepers might be sawed. A train was on the line at the Burkesville Station, loaded with cotton and furniture ; this, too, was destroyed, and all the buildings of the station. All this was done in two days, and by the 26th General Wilson thought it high time to beat a retreat. But he found it no such easy matter to retrace his steps. The enemy’s forces, which had been hovering on his rear all the while, were now reinforced, and headed by those indefatigable cavaliers Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee. On reaching the point on the Weldon line where he had crossed (Reams Station), Wilson found them in his front, and himself brought to a dead stop (June 28). All the enemy’s available cavalry force was spread across his homeward route. The ‘ grey coats ’ seemed grimly joyful, and confident that they would have their revenge on the raiders who were returning from harrying their territory of supply. The Federals and their gallant leader were in an awkward plight. They fought all night (of the 27th–28th) and the morning of the next day, but could not push through. They then kept on the defensive during the rest of the day, and at dusk an officer was sent off, on a good steed, to try and make his way to Meade’s head-quarters, to obtain assistance. He reached the camp, and an efficient force was at once sent off to divert the enemy’s attention to their rear. But by that

time the hemmed-in cavalry had succeeded in making their escape, animated by the audacity of necessity. After pressing them all day on the 28th and the morning of the 29th, the Confederates had pierced their flank and separated their squadrons. The severed portions then succeeded in getting off, one under General Wilson himself taking a devious route to the east, which brought them out at Cabin Point, twenty miles to the east of the camp before Petersburg; the other under Kautz, a general of division, made their way by a shorter cut to the quarters of the 2nd corps. Their ambulances, trains, all their stores, and thirteen cannon, went by the board. Many soldiers also were left behind prisoners, and many negroes, whom they had released, and who were accompanying them.

Nevertheless the execution of this raid was very creditable to the Federals. It told severely on the Confederate resources, and disorganised their communications for some weeks. Wilson's reputation was not damaged by the disaster which attended the finish of his expedition.

When the Federal cavalry regained the camp before Petersburg, they found perfect quietude reigning there. The hope of storming the city had been given up, and the institution of active siege operations was but languidly proceeded with, owing to the intense ardour of the atmosphere. Heat, dust, and drought prevailed to a degree which for many years had not been known in the locality. For thirty days rain had not fallen.

During all that time we have seen the Army of the Potomac vigorously campaigning—fighting before Richmond, on the march thence, investing and dashing itself against the new bulwark it had been brought up to. The thermometer now marked 98° to 100° under canvas, and the mighty host succumbed to the influence of such heat.

The defenders of Petersburg, for good reasons, were willing that fighting should cease. General Grant was content to let his men rest. The term of service of many of the men was expiring, and their places, with those of the slain, had to be filled. Sickness too was occasioned, to some extent, by the heat. It was an unpromising state of affairs, but the Lieutenant-General showed himself as calm and tenacious as ever. He said little, smoked a good deal, and remained perfectly satisfied, for he knew the truth of the statement which the President, from his information, had enunciated—‘that he was not going to be dislodged from his position until Richmond should be taken.’

Ere we close this chapter the reader shall be briefly inducted into that capital—round which, and up to which, he has been led, but which we have not yet entered. When Grant disappeared from the Chickahominy, to carry the brunt of war on to Petersburg, Richmond felt relieved, and for a moment hoped that the withdrawal was such a one as M‘Clellan’s had been. Not that the brave little capital had quailed at the prospect of siege—the mass of the inhabitants were not yet despondent. Yet the first faint gleams of apprehension had shown themselves when Grant had drawn near. The Confederate Congress then suddenly and unwarrantably decided to adjourn at a very near date. This resolution looked uncommonly like ‘running away,’ and as such it was greeted by one of the Richmond newspapers, the ‘Examiner,’ whose conductors, Messrs. Pollard and Daniells, had long exhibited, combined with patriotism, a most severe and irrespective censoriousness.

Richmond is situated at an angle of the James River, on a steep bank, which gives a fancied resemblance to the English Richmond—whence its name. Navigation

is practicable up to the city; above are picturesque falls and islands. A small creek flowing into the James bisects the town; and upon the most elevated ground of the two hills, Richmond and Shockoe, on each side, the better-class residences and public buildings stand. Some of both are very handsome, and, with the natural beauties surrounding, give the place a very fine appearance. The population before the war numbered nearly 40,000; it had now increased to over 60,000. Many families from various invaded parts, Virginia and other Southern States, had come to live at Richmond; esteeming it, despite its constant magnetic attraction for Federal armies, as yet the safest place in the Confederacy. About a fifth of the population were slaves.

Richmond was founded in 1742.* In 1779 an Act was passed making it the capital of Virginia, and by the end of the eighteenth century it had become a brilliant and animated city; in all respects, socially as well as legislatively, the capital of the 'Old Dominion.' In the Revolutionary War Richmond had been occupied for a brief time, in 1781, by the British army under Lord Cornwallis. At Richmond, strangely enough, took place in 1807 the trial for treason against the Union of Colonel Aaron Burr, and all the citizens of Richmond are said to have evinced the highest degree of indignation against Colonel Burr.

* It had been projected, and Petersburg also, in 1733. 'When we got home we laid the foundations of two large cities, one at Shacco's, to be called Richmond, and the other at the falls of Appomattox river, to be called Petersburg. These Major Mayo offered to lay out into lots without fee or reward. The truth of it is, these two places being the uppermost landing of James and Appomattox rivers, are naturally intended for marts where the traffic of the outer inhabitants must centre. Thus we did not build castles only, but also cities in the air.'—*MS. Journal of Col. Byrd of Westover* (September 19, 1733). *Richmond in Bygone Days* (Richmond, 1856), p. 15.

To Richmond, during Burr's trial, came the young Washington Irving, and became 'absolutely enchanted' with the place. 'The society is polished, sociable, and extremely hospitable.'* At Richmond, about the year 1835, Edgar Allan Poe lived in a garret, and wrote 'The Raven.'

On the crown of a ridge, and in about the centre of the city, stands the State Capitol, an architectural copy of the *Maison Carrée* at Nîmes, plans of which were sent over from France by Jefferson. It looks imposing from a distance, but the effect is somewhat marred, on close inspection, by various alterations and adaptations. In its central hall is a celebrated statue of Washington, by Houdon. Close by the Presbyterian Church is also a fine equestrian statue of the first President. The Confederate Congress now sat in the State Capitol. A few streets off was the residence of President Davis—a large, well-built mansion, purchased and appointed for him by the Act of Congress. It had begun to be called the 'Grey House' in contradistinction to the 'White House' of the Union President at Washington.

The Confederate President was now in his 56th year, (about six months older than Abraham Lincoln. He was of good stature and strong make; his face, however, looked haggard and careworn, and one of his eyes had for some time been impaired, and was now almost useless to him.

Few people are there but believe that, on the whole, Mr. Davis acted capably and vigorously in his administration of the government of the revolted States. He had opponents and detractors, however, in Richmond, both in Congress and amongst the newspaper editors.

* *Life and Letters of Washington Irving* (London, 1864), p. 111.

Fitted for his work intellectually himself, he had a fatal faculty of showing special and obstinate favour to many subordinates who were not so. Mr. Pollard, whom we lately mentioned, sketches the character of the Rebel President in the following words:—‘It is not possible that any historian of this war can overlook certain admirable qualities of the President of the Confederacy: his literary abilities, his spruce English, his ascetic morals, the purity of his private life, and the extraordinary facility of his manners. But he was not a statesman. He had no administrative qualities; he lacked that indispensable and practical element of success in all political administrations, knowledge of the true value of men; and he was—probably unconsciously, through his vanity—accessible to favouritism.’ We differ from this estimate both favourably and unfavourably. Making some errors, perhaps, we yet think that Mr. Davis must be credited with great and toilsome administrative labour in the cause of his Confederacy. On the other hand, we cannot see in him such admirable manners or amiability as Mr. Pollard celebrates. What literature did he (and, parenthetically, what literature did any Southern man) produce worthy of rating with that of the cluster of great Free-State writers? His English—as in his speeches—was fair enough, but not above the ordinary run of forensic eloquence; and on several occasions he scrupled not to apply contumelious epithets to the foe, which his ruder-born rival never indulged in.

CHAPTER VI.

THE THIRD CONFEDERATE INVASION OF MARYLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA.

AT Lynchburg, on June 25, were the Confederate Generals Early and Breckenridge, with a detachment from Lee's army which had come to save the place from the threatened assault by Hunter. It was now out of all danger, and the intruder was making his way back in alarm over the ridges of Western Virginia, which he had so recently crossed in triumph. Keenly had the Confederates hoped that he would have been made to pay a penalty for his invasion, and it is said that Breckenridge was now taxing Early with having, by his dilatory measures, thrown away the chance of capturing the nimble Federal and all his army. If the two generals did indeed so rage with each other, the discord was speedily effaced, and unity of sentiment restored, by the opening before them of a splendid vista, in which chances of success and glory abounded. Hunter being effectually driven off, orders came to advance up the Shenandoah Valley, and carry the war across the border again. For the third and last time the Confederates were to cross the Potomac, and enter on the invasion of the North; and it was the first occasion in which Lee delegated so important an enterprise to a subordinate.

High hopes were entertained by the Confederate public, if not by the Confederate chief commander, of the advantages to be derived from this important expedition.

In Lee's eyes, no doubt, the main object of the foray was the probability of its forcing Grant and his army to relax their tightening hold on Petersburg, by thoroughly alarming the North, to cause the Federal chief to abandon his campaign, and draw off to defend the invaded homes of his men and the menaced national capital. Lee may, without over-confidence, have counted on the accomplishment of this, justified in the hope by former precedent. The people of the South hoped that much more than this, however, would be achieved. Nothing less than the 'liberation' of Maryland and the capture and sack of Washington was hoped for. They still indulged in this deceitful dream, though Lee himself, at the head of the army of Virginia in its best stage, had failed at the outset of operations. Another of the plans of attack which were rumoured and discussed in Richmond was as follows:—A number of swift blockade-runners, freighted with arms and manned by determined men, were to effect their exit from Wilmington, South Carolina, and sail to Point Look-out, Maryland. At that place were Southern prisoners to the number of 15,000, guarded by a very small Federal force, it was believed, and that 'coloured.' A bold attack by the men from the ships, aided by the overjoyed prisoners, would surely effect the release of this great body of men. Armed and provisionally organised, all were then to make a forced march up the peninsula, of which Point Look-out is the extremity. The termination of their journey would be the rear of Washington! Early's army the while would have crept up the valley, and, suddenly sweeping round Maryland, would join them—and to the combined forces what would not be possible? This bold but airy scheme never came to anything. It is one of the earliest samples of a number of daring irregular at-

tacks which were projected against the North as the war approached its last stage.*

The real blow was now striking. Early and Breckenridge crept stealthily up the Shenandoah Valley, giving no sign, crying no slogan that might arouse the North, till, on July 3, they fell like a thunderbolt on Sigel, at Bunker's Hill, near Martinsburg. That luckless German was again defeated. After vainly trying to save some trains of stores and ammunitions destined for Hunter's use (of whom he was now the subordinate), he fell back and took refuge on Maryland Heights, on the north side of the Potomac. The Confederates pressed after him, and trooped into Harper's Ferry, which confronts the heights. Their cavalry passed on, and at a point higher up crossed the river. In the same breath with the tidings of the first disaster, the North heard that the enemy's advance was in Maryland, and that the grey-coated troopers had made their appearance at Hager's Town and at Greencastle, in Pennsylvania.

The first official despatch of the Federals reported the approach of the enemy in these terms:—‘A Rebel force made its appearance near Martinsburg this morning, and were at last accounts destroying the railroad and advancing on Martinsburg. The reports received as yet are too confused to determine the magnitude of the force or the extent of its operations.’† The hesitation and reserve of this announcement only gave rise to suspicion and excessive alarm in people's minds; the reports of the direction, and guesses at the number of the invader's forces, present the greatest discrepancies. From the most reliable accounts, however, and taking into con-

* English Newspaper Correspondence. Jones, *Rebel War Clerk's Diary* (Philadelphia, 1866), vol. ii. p. 246. Early, *Memoir*, p. 52.

† *Stanton's Despatch*, July 3, 1864.

sideration that nine brigades was the force originally sent by Lee to Lynchburg, it seems probable that we shall be very near the mark in putting 18,000 as the extent of their forces.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, as of old believed itself menaced; but the Confederates as yet had barely crossed the border, and were concentrating about Hager's Town, Maryland, the scene of the famous battle of Antietam Creek. Vigorous action was the policy incumbent on the invaders, and their problem the most direct manner in which to strike the most telling blows. To do this the Confederate leaders laid aside thoughts of pushing further north. By simply veering round to the right, they would enter a rich field for acquiring subsistence and damaging the enemy. Eastern Maryland to the Chesapeake lay before them, giving better promise than the Pennsylvanian counties which they had twice before traversed. There was one serious objection to this—that spoiling Maryland would be illtreating their friends, for its people were still supposed to be at heart Secessionists. The spirited song of 'My Maryland' had long celebrated its Southern proclivities. Much as this consideration might deter, it was partly outweighed by necessity, partly by the intimate knowledge existing in the Confederate ranks of who were and who were not friendly to them in Maryland.

Early and Breckenridge set briskly to work. Harper's Ferry was evacuated, by what was now their rear-guard, on July 8; that actually strong position, oft taken and retaken, had never been honoured with any sustained defence—unless we call so the desperate struggle made by old John Brown when shut up with his sons in its engine-house. Aye, the memories crowded thick on the war-path of the Confederates. None of Early's army

may have been present at Harper's Ferry in the brief episode which signalled '59; but all knew the story, and might look with interest, mingled with rancour (for they were Southerners), on the battered building which had enclosed the fanatical but fearless abolitionist.* More recent events, as we know, had given it records of Confederate victory; its capture early in '61, again by Jackson in '62, and again in '63. When the troops left it to concentrate on Hager's Town, they passed over the battle-field of Antietam. Not much further north was Gettysburg, the scene of a still more memorable battle; it was not approached during this invasion. The Federals were, at this time, just about to inaugurate a monument there; it would have been strange had the ceremony been interrupted by the appearance of grim representatives of the enemy whose repulse it was to commemorate.

Meanwhile the only force actively withstanding the invaders was a body inferior to theirs, which left Harrisburg under General Lewis Wallace on the 6th, augmented from Baltimore by Ricketts' division of the 6th corps. It soon came into collision, and though fighting sturdily, was worsted. General Wallace drove the enemy's advanced horsemen from Frederick City on the 7th, and kept the enemy at bay during the 8th; but with the morning of the 9th came the onset of all Early's forces; and after combatting all day before the bridge over the Monocacy, the Federals were driven across that

* 'The little engine-house of the railway which John Brown seized in his memorable raid, and in which he confined his prisoners, stands by the side of the road, pretty much the same as when he left it, the prisoner of General Robert E. Lee, then in the service of the United States. The boys have been hard at work on the doors, doing excellent sums in simple addition, written in chalk, and inscribing plentifully the name of the fanatic who thought to take Virginia with twenty-two men.'—Letter from Harper's Ferry, November 16, 1865, in *The Times*.

stream in great disorder. The fight seems to have lasted eight hours. Wallace's force was only 7,000 men, while Early's was probably 15,000. The losses on both sides were not great; Wallace lost nearly 1,000, including many officers. General Tyler, second in command, fell into the hands of the Confederates.

Immediately after their victory, the Confederates divided their forces into two portions, and while one of these marched on in formidable and comparatively compact array, under the chiefs, for Washington, the other spread all over the country, up to the outskirts of Baltimore, in small bands of from 10 to 300 men each. All the cavalry were thus employed, and of the infantry of this portion of the Confederate forces, all were in a fair way of becoming horsemen; the mount was procured by the simple expedient of seizure. With the excuse of a few deplorable examples of spoliation, the Confederates now threw off all ceremony. They had bought and paid before in their expeditions north—the two great invasions under Lee himself, that is to say—now, goaded by want and rancour, spoliation undisguised was practised; they took, but paid not. During the 10th the city of Frederick, left at the mercy of the invaders, was filled with droves of cattle, pigs, and sheep, the first fruits of the foraging parties at work in its immediate vicinity. They were driven down to the fords of the Potomac, and sent over into Virginia as fast as possible. Those who wanted steeds were all by this time provided with them, and soon horses too were trotted down with fresh droves of cattle. The Government stables at the place were burnt.*

Of the subdivided portion of the Confederate army all moved on towards Baltimore. That city, a large, fine and handsome port, situated on an estuary of the Ches-

* New York Newspapers.

peake bay, was all in alarm; or rather one half was apprehensive, and the other, though disturbed, exultant, for a great deal of sympathy prevailed there for the South, and many of the citizens had friends or relations in the ranks of the approaching 'enemy.'

Baltimore presented scenes of great excitement and dismay on the morning of the 11th, when news came in that guerilla bands were hovering about the suburbs on all the land sides—north, south, and west; that a small band of nine men had seized and burnt the house of the State Governor (Bradford), expelling his family; and finally, that the Northern and Philadelphia railroads and telegraphs had been cut, all communication with the North being thereby severed. The Baltimore banking establishments removed all their specie and available securities on board a steamer, which was kept with steam up all day, in readiness to depart should an attack take place. The State archives were looked over in order that the most important might be similarly carried off. Business was virtually suspended, and a police order closed all the drinking-bars and saloons. The Governor was in the city, and issued a proclamation calling out all the militia. He had come in the night before. On hearing of the destruction of his residence, he sent out his carriage along the road thither. His wife and children were brought in by it, all safe, but in an easily imagined state of perturbation. A band of nine men had come to the house in the early morning, and required them to turn out. Their errand of destruction, the men said, was in retribution for the burning of Governor Letcher's house at Staunton, Virginia,* and they exhibited their

* Governor Letcher was one of the most active of the leading men who, in 1861, took Virginia out of the Union. It was not, however, because of this, but on account of his encouraging bush-hacking—the shooting at

order signed by General Bradley Johnston, who was then at Frederick, superintending the accumulation of cattle and stores. The ladies of the household were not allowed to secure any of the Governor's papers or valuables. They were kindly spoken to, but rigorously driven out, and the building set on fire. The guerillas then went harrying about the vicinity, and treated another house in the same manner, on the plea that it also belonged to a Government official. Another striking incident marked the progress of this band. They had arrived at a farm-house belonging to Mr. Ishmael Day. This man, an aged but sturdy farmer, was loyal to the Union. They swept through his place, taking horses, cattle, and forage. The old man looked on with rage in his heart, but discretion restrained him for a time from resisting. The United States flag, however, was waving over the homestead of the old loyalist—many families took pride in having it flying over their doors all through the war. To culminate their outrages, the Confederates demanded, or intimated their intention that it should come down. 'You may take my cattle, my horses, and destroy my barns,' shouted the old patriot; 'but the first man who dares to touch that flag, I'll shoot him on the spot.' One of the Confederates immediately stepped up and laid hold of it; but Day was as good as his word; his pistol was immediately discharged, and the man fell mortally wounded. The old Federal, by his superior knowledge of the ways out, succeeded in escaping the vengeance of the others.* One or two similar fatal encounters had already occurred between Northern soldiers

Federal soldiers on the march, from ambush—that during Hunter's raid his house was burnt.—*Baked Meats of the Funeral*, p. 310.

* New York Newspapers. Gilmor, *Four Years in the Saddle* (New York, 1866). Moore, *Anecdotes of the War*.

and Southern men, notably the slaying of Ellsworth, a young Federal officer, by Jackson, an hotel-keeper at Alexandria, in May, 1861.

Such incidents as these seem peculiarly characteristic of civil war; rarely do they occur in the invasion of a country by men of foreign race; then the hatred of the suffering nation is chiefly concentrated on the conquering ruler; but a little civil strife causes individuals of all classes to be in each others' estimation either traitors or oppressors; and then civilians, animated by principle, grow 'zealous, even to slaying.'

The Confederate raiding parties were spread over a great extent of territory in North-eastern Maryland, but the details of all their forays are too minute for specification here—they will furnish stirring material for local history and legend. The bold dash made by the most considerable of the guerilla bands, under Major Harry Gilmore, was a remarkable episode, and shall be described.

Major Gilmore had somewhat greater importance in command than his nominal rank would indicate. He had proved himself an ardent fighter and an expert 'guerilla' leader during three years spent 'in the saddle' in the Shenandoah Valley and its neighbourhood. He was a native of Maryland, and consequently had considerable influence in directing the course to be taken by his fellow officers, whilst he himself executed the most arduous movement.

Keeping with him from 250 to 300 men well mounted, the flower of the guerillas, Major Gilmore passed Baltimore, cut round to the north-east from the 'Northern Central' Railroad to the important line from Baltimore to Philadelphia, which runs by the side of the Chesapeake

Bay. He held on his way to the bridge over the creek called Gunpowder River. Here he set to work to destroy ; but his mind was bent on capture as well as destruction ; and, by terrifying and firing on the drivers, two trains were stopped in succession. All the passengers were at the mercy of the Confederates—greatest prize of all, a distinguished Federal officer, General Franklin, was found amongst those in the second train. There were a number of Baltimore ladies in the trains, who showed themselves quite amicably disposed towards their captors (relatives, indeed, many of them were), and one of them pointed out to a Rebel the Federal general, who, dressed in citizen's clothes, had a fair hope of escaping notice.

The Rebel captors showed themselves true Americans in their obliging behaviour to the ladies, whether the latter were friends or provisionally neutral. They were all, after a short detention, conducted into one car, and this, attached to a locomotive, was allowed to proceed. On the other hand, the poor male passengers had to pay a rough and ready ransom. The Rebels helped themselves to articles of attire, watches, and cash even.* It appears that the chief commander in this Confederate raid, General Early, had purposely loosened all restraint upon his men.

But General Early's invasion, of which the daring, enterprise, and fierceness had struck such terror through the middle States, and made it one of the most singular episodes of the war, was now near its termination. Lee, anxiously waiting in Richmond the further developments of his expedition, and thinking, it is said, of pro-

* See the interesting account of the *New York Herald* correspondent, who, travelling by this train, lost the despatches he had with him, but found subject under his eyes for a fresh narrative.

ceeding to lead it himself, was suddenly to hear that his subordinate was wholly unable to secure an enduring position in Maryland. When we shall have seen the bold raiders of Gunpowder River join the main body, and detailed how the latter, with equally astonishing boldness, flourished its trumpets before Washington, the third Confederate invasion—the one Confederate attack of 1864—will close as suddenly as it began; and, drawing back, expose the inadequacy of Lee's power to his aspirations.

Gunpowder River (or Magnolia Station) was the northern limit of the Confederate advance. To Gilmore and his bold troopers may be given the distinction of having taken the most defiant position against the Federals assumed by any of the soldiers of the Confederacy. They were as near to New York as to Richmond—150 miles south-west of one, and north of the other, whilst there were barely seventy miles between them and Philadelphia, the second greatest city of the North. They were fifty miles north of Washington.

After work, play. It is without surprise that we observe the return south of the successful raiders to have shown somewhat of a convivial air. They trotted quietly off from the burning trains, letting most of the ousted passengers go free (General Franklin and one or two others excepted). At the first convenient opportunity, which was Towson, twelve miles on their route, they stopped to procure that refreshment for man and beast which is so needful. Alighting at an hotel there, they had 'quite a jollification.' The landlord, whether actuated by Southern proclivities, or merely by that discretion which is the better part of valour, entertained them well; and when they left they presented him with a horse, in discharge of the bill, which he did *not* perhaps present. It is with

pleasure we record that no serious excesses were committed. They left at midnight, and pursued their march safely and undisturbedly. Either while they were on the march sleepily, or while they halted, their prisoner General Franklin escaped.

Meantime the main body of the Confederates had marched from the Monocacy to Rockville, and thence on to the outskirts of Washington. From the glades of the Seventh Street Road, Early and Breckenridge came boldly into view of Fort Stevens and the adjoining fortifications. Ill-fated were the families who lived just outside. Besides some small houses, the Confederates burnt the residence of Post-Master General Blair. The mansion of Mr. Blair, senior, at Silver Springs, not far off, became Early's head-quarters.

The authorities in Washington had been culpably supine in taking measures to bar the progress of the invasion. They had wished not to draw any troops back from Grant's army; this, however, they were now obliged to do, although there were a considerable number of 'hundred days men' and militia to man the fortifications. Skirmishing took place in the front during July 11; by the evening the 6th corps arrived from Grant's army. The Confederates did not probably entertain any serious expectations of entering Washington; if they did, they were speedily undeceived. On the afternoon of the 12th the 6th corps sallied out from Fort Stevens, and after a brief engagement the Confederates became convinced that it was time for them to depart. Two or three hundred men were killed and wounded on both sides. President Lincoln witnessed this fight from Fort Stevens.* Al-

* Barrett, *Life of Lincoln* (Cincinnati, 1865), p. 590. The difference between this and former menaces to Washington was, that it came from the north side, and closer. 'The first scare over, Fort Stevens became the

though, once cleared from around the fortifications, the Confederates were pushed but languidly, an effectual stop was put to their expedition. They could do no more. Nothing remained but to draw off and get away with their plunder. As far as it went their expedition had been well conducted. In the space of one week they had crossed the Potomac, defeated the force which gave them battle, scoured through the heart of Maryland, alarmed Baltimore, and laid a kind of mock siege to Washington. The railway and telegraphs had been damaged, and great booty acquired and sent off in stores and live stock. General Hunter's supplies, which lay at Martinsburg, fell into their hands. So well had their real strength been concealed, so ably were the men distributed and recalled, concentrated, and sent out again, that the Northerners—even the military commanders—never knew their real numbers, and from first to last the estimates given were so astonishingly vague as from 5,000 to 50,000 men.

At this epoch, whilst the Northern citizens could not but feel deeply mortified at being so played with by this daring irregular invasion, from across the Atlantic came tidings in the highest degree palatable to them.

On June 19 the Confederate privateer Alabama—a ship fitted out in England by a Liverpool firm, and which for two years had preyed upon Federal shipping in all parts of the world—was sunk in fair fight, in the English Channel, off Cherbourg, by a Federal frigate, the Kearsarge, which had been for some days watch-

object of fashionable promenade. Our highest men, our secretaries and ladies, pilgrimed to the fort to gape at the Rebels.' Gurowski, *Diary during the American Civil War* (Washington, 1866), p. 281. Count Gurowski bestows very severe criticism on General Halleck, the commander in Washington till the 6th corps arrived.

ing for her to come out.* This naval duel created a great sensation at the time, in London and all over England. It was the only fight all through the war in European waters.

* English Newspapers, June, 1864. Semmes, *Cruise of the Alabama*. Captain Semmes, commander of the Alabama, was a Marylander by birth, and had been in the United States navy before the war. The victorious Kearsarge was commanded by Captain Winslow.

CHAPTER VII.

OPERATIONS BEFORE PETERSBURG.—FUTILE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

DURING the hot and enervating month of July, while the events of the last chapter were performing, Grant and Lee stayed quietly in their camps. The two main hosts of North and South, on whose movements expectation was but lately so concentrated, seemed scarce worthy of attention. Both the commanders had furnished reinforcements to the combatants in North Virginia and Maryland. Grant, on the representation of Mr. Stanton, sent to Washington, as we have seen, the 6th corps under Wright.

General Grant himself paid a flying visit to Washington a few days after its relief. On his return he effected some improvements in the organisation of his army. General Ord, who had served under him in the West, came back with him from Washington to assume the command of the 18th corps; and Birney, general of division under Hancock, was promoted to the command of the 10th corps. With the exception of occasional days' shell practice, or skirmishing, and an affair between gunboats and batteries on Butler's outskirts on the 16th, the month of July glided away down to its closing days in perfect quietude. But the Federals were all the while preparing for a fresh effort, strenuous as those before, but of a new character. Whilst siege guns were mounted and exercised to keep up a show of unvarying tactics, the earth in the

rear of the batteries was bored and tunnelled to lead up a great mine towards the Confederate works. This difficult and laborious task was entrusted to Colonel Pleasants, an experienced Pennsylvanian engineer. The tunnel, to terminate under a fort regarded as the key of the Confederate position, exceeded 500 feet in length. Commenced on June 28, the excavation took up all but the last four days of the month of July. In the interval between the latter date and our last recorded incidents, the kaleidoscopic succession of features which the American struggle afforded gives a subject for record apart from the field of arms.

At the close of Chapter V. were mentioned certain indications which hinted that senators in Richmond had begun to lose heart—to wish for reconciliation, or fear for safety—when Grant's army came thundering near their doors. As the Federal chief now lay menacing, though passive, by the Appomattox, some of the Southern legislators made an attempt to institute peace negotiations. About July 16 Messrs. Clement C. Clay, James T. Holcombe, and Jacob Thompson, three gentlemen of respectability and position of various Southern States, accompanied by Messrs. George N. Saunders and W. C. Jowett, two 'political agents' of miscellaneous experience, arrived at the Niagara Falls Hotel (British side of the river). To the City of the Falls (United States side) came immediately after Mr. Horace Greeley, the well-known editor of the 'New York Tribune.' Mr. Greeley was a self-made man, who had raised himself, after the manner of Franklin, from a journeyman printer to be a man of influence.* He was an enthusiastic abolitionist,

* 'One of the most remarkable men of the country,' in short, to use the stereotyped American plaudit. The details of his diligent career may be seen in Mr. Parton's life of him.

but not otherwise much of a party man. His property and position rested solely in his newspaper. Though a man of public note, therefore, Mr. Greeley occupied no official position—had no credentials from his Government. The same remark applied to the Southern gentlemen. Nevertheless, when one of the President's private secretaries arrived to communicate with Mr. Greeley, and it was known that communications were going on between him and the Southerners, through the medium of Saunders and Jowett, people looked with interest in the direction of Niagara Falls, and for a moment the idea spread that the strangely assorted representatives of North and South might bring about a pacification. It was but for a moment that people entertained hopes of this sort. Three or four days dissipated them, and the details of the conference showed how little chance there had been in it of good results. Brief abstracts must here be given of the letters which passed from side to side, with a running commentary. On July 12 a letter from Mr. Saunders to Mr. Greeley requested a pass by the President or Secretary of War, to allow Messrs. Holcombe, Clay, himself, and one other, to proceed to Washington. Mr. Saunders had long been an active secret-service agent of the Confederate Government, and it has been surmised that the object of his Niagara mission was not genuine negotiation, but to test the possibility of gaining some political capital or looking into Federal plans. On July 17 Mr. Greeley sent, in reference to this note, a letter to Clay, Thompson, and Holcombe, saying that if they came from Richmond as 'the bearers of propositions looking to the establishment of peace,' he was authorised to tender them his President's safe-conduct to Washington. President Lincoln had drawn up this safe-conduct as follows:—

‘Executive Mansion, Washington, July 18.

‘To whom it may concern :—Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which could, by and with an authority that can, control the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the Executive Government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms on substantial and collateral points ; and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe-conduct both ways.

‘ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

‘President of the United States.’

Faithful to his duties as President and representative of the United States, Mr. Lincoln, it will be observed, words his safe-conduct so as to firmly specify his being the unswerving upholder of an inseverable Union. The abandonment of slavery, too, is named, as firmly to be adhered to. In his great desire to uphold the dignity of his office, however, the President seems to have been a little too strict in requiring the Southern delegates to be absolutely vested with authority by their Government ‘to control its armies.’ Without derogation he might have received them without that condition, one would think, since he thought fit to communicate with them in the first instance through a private individual. The Confederate gentlemen immediately availed themselves of this solecism, and the impossibility of accepting the terms mentioned, to break off the negotiations.

Letters passed between Messrs. Clay and Holcombe and Mr. Greeley on the 17th and 18th. The former stated that they had no credentials from Richmond, but that they could communicate with their Government and obtain

them. Greeley replied that this state of affairs was materially different from that which was understood to exist by President Lincoln, when he authorised him to commence correspondence with them. It seemed to him desirable that he should telegraph to the President to obtain fresh instructions.

The instructions, with the safe-conduct already inserted, reached Mr. Greeley by the hands of the President's private secretary, Major Hay, on the 20th. The Confederate commissioners then declined to make any use of it, but finished the negotiations by writing a long letter to Mr. Greeley, in which they by implication reviled Mr. Lincoln and all representatives of his policy. They said, 'Instead of the safe-conduct which we solicited, and which your first letter gave us every reason to suppose would be extended, for the purpose of initiating a regulation in which neither Government would compromise its right or dignity, a document has been presented which was originally offered, and is unlike any paper which ever before emanated from the constitutional Executive of a free people. Addressed 'To whom it may concern,' it precludes negotiations and prescribes in advance the terms and conditions of peace—the return to the original policy of 'no bargaining, no truce with the enemy, except to bury their dead, until every man should have laid down his arms, submitted to the Government, and sued for mercy.' They went on to say, in conclusion, 'If there be any patriots or Christians in your land who shrink appalled from the legitimate virtue of private misery and public calamity, which stretches before them, we pray that in their bosoms a resolution may be quickened to reclaim the abused authority and vindicate the outraged civilisation of their country.' This last paragraph was an obvious invitation to the Peace Democrats or 'Copper-

heads' of the North to overturn the Government. The Southern commissioners deceived themselves, however, if they really believed that there was a body strong enough and whole-hearted enough in the North to take illegal measures against the Federal authority. In this Niagara Falls negotiation—which cannot be called a conference, for the parties did not meet—there seems to have been some degree of misapprehension or defective arrangement between the President of the United States and Mr. Greeley. Some impressions prevailed that Mr. Greeley was, to a certain extent, played with by the Confederates. Astuteness in conducting the negotiation was certainly all on their side. Mr. Lincoln, however, had stood fast by his policy, and the Confederates were balked in their object, though perhaps not in the most adroit manner.*

It would be an investigation both curious and useful to determine how far the President of the United States actuated his people, and how far they him, in standing by the Union. For some reasons it would seem that the President of a republic need not necessarily be so anxious as an hereditary monarch to prevent any fraction of the domains he rules being wrested from him by the will or caprice of its inhabitants, or a portion of them. He cannot leave the land to his child, and his own sway is but for a term. Thus the scheme is possible to the head of a republic which can never occur to a monarch—to intrigue secretly for the placing of part of his country, or the whole even, under some unconstitutional ruler; or to sever his country, and set one portion against the other. Suspicions of this sort were indeed entertained by a few people of the North against the President previous to Lincoln—Mr. Buchanan. He was accused of to some

* New York Newspapers. Raymond, *Life of Lincoln* (New York, 1865). Gurowski, *Diary*. Sala, *America in the midst of War*.

extent nourishing the plot of secession. The question therefore presents itself whether, if there had not been the strong and universal feeling there was for the carrying on war 'to the bitter end' for the preservation of the Union, Lincoln, comparatively alone, would have endeavoured to sustain it. There is little doubt but that he would. The sentiments of the man were so firmly and religiously fixed on duty; he was so clear in his mind that secession was wrong; his remembrance that he had received so many States to rule, and that he was bound to hand them down unbereft to his successor, was so constant. His first inaugural address was an invigorating assurance to the North; a mild exhortation to the South that all its constitutional rights would be respected, but that his must be also. Thus the President unsustained would have protested against the violation of the Union, but he could have done nothing more. Had the Northern people been so engrossed by the thought of dollars and cents, or swayed by the just terrors of war to such an overpowering degree as to shrink from the contest, the President of course could not have coerced the South. But the people of the North rose as one man to support him in his policy, and hundreds of unofficial persons urged simultaneously with him the necessity there was for his policy. Thus the people had the right to say that they preserved the Union—that they were the heroes of their own drama.

The overtures of the three Confederates, and their spokesman in the first instance, Mr. Saunders, had been exceedingly well devised for giving annoyance and causing inconvenience to Mr. Lincoln. Agitation was now going on for the election to take place in November, and they had contrived to give the Democrats an incident on which to harp, as exhibiting Mr. Lincoln's

Government as being obstinate and rigid in rejecting peace. The Democratic party were about to put forward General M'Clellan as candidate for the Presidency, in opposition to Mr. Lincoln.

On the same day that, by the side of the foaming Niagara, Clay and the rest began their negotiations with Greeley, two horsemen were issuing forth from the Federal camp, and pacing towards Petersburg on a similar mission. These two cavaliers were Colonel Jaques and Mr. R. Gilmore—the latter a literary man of book and newspaper practice—who afterwards related the details of the mission. Passing safely into the Confederate lines under flag of truce, as prearranged, they were taken on to Richmond, where they obtained an interview with President Davis and his Secretary of State, Mr. Benjamin.

The status of these two agents for peace overtures was more vague and unofficial even than that of the Southern commissioners at Niagara Falls. The latter seem to have been in some degree inspired by their Government, and were—at least, two of them—men of public note. Of Messrs. Jaques and Gilmore the public at large had never heard anything. The true solution of the mystery of their going to Richmond seems to have been that President Lincoln allowed them to have passes as a freak, and without giving them the slightest credentials, or exhortations as to conducting their mission. Perhaps he did it as an offset to the trick which he, more shrewd than Mr. Greeley, saw that the Confederates were foisting upon him. However, the excitement which this mission, too, aroused was soon over. President Davis said to Messrs. Jaques and Gilmore, as speaking for his people, ‘That they were fighting for independence, and that, or extermination, they would have; he had tried all

in his power to avert the war.' In conclusion, he said 'that they were not fighting for slavery.'*

Messrs. Jaques and Gilmore returned to the Federal lines. Peace rumours died away, and ere the month elapsed, the din of battle again resounded. First of all (July 18) President Lincoln issued a call for 500,000 more men to be drafted, if not enrolled, before the beginning of September. Fighting began again, and marching and counter-marching in the Shenandoah Valley. After Early's great raid, or 'scare,' in the neighbourhood of Washington, had been repelled, as narrated in our last chapter, General Wright, commander of the 6th corps, joining to it the re-inspired troops of Hunter, pursued the invaders to what he deemed a sufficient distance down the Shenandoah. As General Grant had given instructions for the return of the 6th corps as soon as possible, Wright then counter-marched to Washington, in order to re-embark for the James River. As he parted, Averill, one of Hunter's subordinates, was snatching a victory, defeating a portion of the Confederate rear-guard south of Winchester. (July 20.) He deemed, therefore, that Early's forces would give no trouble, or that Hunter would be equal to preventing any recoil by them. But no sooner was General Wright fairly from the field, than the late raiders again made head, and falling first on Averill, made him pay for his recent triumph. Defeated this time, he retired to Harper's Ferry, to rally under Hunter. Winchester of course changed hands again—to be occupied alternately by blue-coats and grey-coats, seemed now the normal condition of the old border town. Martinsburg also was occupied by Early's forces.

General Early, though he must have anticipated the quick return of the enemy in force, sent out raiding par-

* Narrative in *The Atlantic Monthly*. *New York Times*.

ties as boldly as he had a fortnight before. M'Causland, one of the leaders of the guerilla parties then, crossed the Potomac again, and, as the most concentrated subject for mischief he could find, seized the unfortunate town of Chambersburg. Unsuccessful in an attempt to levy from the inhabitants a contribution of 500,000 dollars, he set fire to it, saying that this, too, was retaliation for the ravages committed near Lexington by Hunter. Ere the work of destruction was quite finished, the Federal cavalry under General Averill came up. They could not save the burning town, but they pushed after M'Causland's forces, which, inferior in numbers, fled before them. After a chase of fifty miles, the Federal cavalry leader rejoiced in a skirmish, a success, and trophies in prisoners and guns. (August 7.) M'Causland got off with diminished numbers, and rejoined Early at Martinsburg. The chief smiled grim approval at the vengeance taken by this and others of his subordinate raiders (among whom were Mosby, the Virginian guerilla, and Major Harry Gilmor, noticed in our last chapter). He could not venture on the bold emulation of Lee's invasions, which had at first seemed possible for him. The Federal 6th corps, detained at Washington, on the first tidings of renewed menace, had re-marched to Harper's Ferry, to oppose further attempts to cross the Potomac. General Early fell back, and concentrated all his forces at Winchester. There we leave him, whilst we view one of the most important episodes of General Grant's operations before Petersburg, and which was a very disastrous one.

'With a view of cutting the enemy's railroad from near Richmond to the Anna Rivers,' says the Lieutenant-General, 'and making him wary of the situation of his army in the Shenandoah, and in the event of failure in this, to take advantage of his necessary withdrawal of

troops from Petersburg to explode a mine that had been prepared in front of the 9th corps, and assault the enemy's lines at that place, on the night of July 26 the 2nd corps, and two divisions of the cavalry corps, and Kautz's cavalry, were crossed to the north bank of the James River, and joined the force General Butler had there.* The detachment withdrew from the left of the line before Petersburg, and marching past Bermuda Hundred, crossed to the north side of the James on a muffled pontoon, and formed order of battle there about seven o'clock on the morning of the 27th. A Confederate force, with six guns, was posted a little way back from the James, along a road running at right angles with the little stream called Four-mile Creek. General Hancock joined battle, and dislodged them from the position, capturing four guns, which turned out to be Federal losses of some weeks before. The day closed auspiciously; but on the 28th, when the Federals re-advanced, the enemy was found again strongly posted, and replenished in numbers. Some hours' ceremonious fighting took place. General Lee had watched the Federal movements, and, with careful computation of his own position and strength, had contrived to spare sufficient for the Four-mile Creek defences to bar the way against the Federal advance there, which—feint though it might be—he was obliged to guard against as earnest. Four-mile Creek was but ten miles south of Richmond. In Grant's greatly superior forces lay the embarrassment of Lee, as the Federal general could make a formidable side movement, without weakening in any way his stationary host in the front of Petersburg, always ready to take advantage of a serious diminution of the strength of the defenders of the city. It remained to be seen on this occasion whether Lee had accurately provided

* *Grant's Report*, p. 13.

for the strength of Petersburg, or for the return of his troops thither in time. It was now Grant's time to strike his main blow, for he had not seriously presumed that Hancock would make much way. It was not likely but that the Confederates would still vigilantly guard the approaches to Richmond itself, as well as to Petersburg, its 'back door.'

The mine mentioned in the beginning of this chapter was now completed. It led from the ground occupied by Burnside's corps to a fort in its front, near the Petersburg Cemetery. This fort had six guns mounted, and was regarded as the key of the enemy's first line. The tunnel was 500 feet long; its height 5 feet 6 inches; breadth 4 feet at bottom, 2 feet at top; depth near the fort 20 feet. Six tons of powder were deposited, and at 4.40 o'clock on the morning of the 30th it was exploded, with tremendous effect.* With a great flash and a roar the detached cone of earth went up, bearing with it the timber and planking and the bodies of the garrison, some 250 men. Immediately after the Federal artillery (95 pieces) opened fire, playing furiously all along the line, and speedily the 9th corps (Burnside's), supported by the 18th corps and a small part of the 5th, charged on the breach. That, the 'crater,' and a portion of the line to the right and left, were taken without difficulty. The breach on each side the ruined fort contained a few hundred live Rebels, who, maimed some of them, and half-stunned, were struggling to clamber out of the sand and rubble. About 250 of them were made prisoners, the Federals assisting to dig out those whom a few minutes before they had been so

* The explosion had originally been fixed for an earlier hour, but was delayed by the fuse, which had been spliced half way, annoyingly going out. An officer of the 28th Pennsylvania daringly entered the tunnel and relit the fuse.

anxious to bury. They were sent to the rear, and the captured line remained occupied by the rear divisions of the 9th corps; whilst the 2nd division, or centre, pushed on and carried a detached work beyond, situated before the real second line of the enemy. The 9th and 18th corps alone were taking part in the storm. All the management seemed to rest with General Burnside. He, however, was disconcerted by the inactivity of the rest of the army. It is said that the arrangements of the enemy before had left a movement by General Meade agreed on, and Burnside may well have been put out if such was indeed the case. A brief halt took place; brief as it was, it counted for much to the enemy. When the mine exploded the Confederates were for the moment utterly paralysed. They knew not but that other forts might next go up. But now they had rallied on their inner line, and already their guns were opening. An unfortunate indecision had seized the leaders of the attack. Something had to be done quickly, however, and the coloured troops were ordered forward to take part in the charge from the detached work captured. It had been in contemplation before the 30th that the negroes should be the very first troops to attack, but Generals Grant and Meade overruled Burnside's suggestion to that effect, on account of the odium which would arise, in the event of non-success, for their being put first. As it was, however, the poor coloured troops had to plunge into a fearfully difficult operation. Charging on to the fortified ridge, where the enemy was massed beyond the 'crater,' a galling fire was poured down on them. Up to this moment they had behaved well. Now they gain the front, and now from right and left merciless volleys salute them in common with the white troops. All gave way. We may gather from the reports of eye-witnesses that white

and coloured recoiled with about equal dismay; but that, once disordered, confusion and panic terror spread far faster among the black troops. Bewilderment and personal fear entered the minds of the white soldiers, no doubt, as the recoil of their front with lightning speed developed into a pitiable rout; but it was as nothing to the terror-stricken state of the blacks. Hurrying back, and huddled into the breach line and the 'crater,' they found themselves there in a perfect slaughter-pen. In their despair, even presence of mind to give themselves, regardless of orders, the best chance of safety by flight, seemed to desert them.

Speedily the enemy advanced the reinforcements of infantry which he was receiving from the rear. These fell in a most infuriate manner on the Federal blacks. Exasperated at seeing negroes—former slaves—armed against them, they cast off all mercy, even to those who cried for quarter as prisoners. The poor negroes were savagely bayoneted, or stricken deadly blows on the head with the butt-end of the musket. The first telegraph message of newspaper correspondents stated that, as the result of this unfortunate attack, the black brigades of the Army of the Potomac had virtually ceased to exist. This was a great exaggeration; but there was, in truth, a frightful slaughter of the negroes, to mitigate the error of the assertion. Much of the panic of the men may be attributed to the great slaughter of officers which also signalised the repulse; more of these now fell, while trying bravely, but unsuccessfully, to rally the fugitives.

In the 'crater' of the blown-up fort many of the blacks were now huddled, mingled with some whites, all hesitating to plunge back across the open to their own lines, though shells were ploughing them where they were, and it was but very slight defence which the ruins afforded

them against infantry. General Bartlett, with many officers, joined company there, endeavouring, but in vain, to make the men stand up against the advancing enemy. Three officers were killed and two wounded while standing on the fragment of parapet, waving their swords and calling to the men to come on. General Bartlett, having broken his cork leg in his exertions, was eventually taken prisoner. But few individuals, out of the hundreds who had ill-advisedly rushed into the ruined fort and its vicinity, got back to their own lines. Those who did so ran the gauntlet of a storm of bullets. The other divisions fell back under similar difficulties. The close of the afternoon saw them in the same position as in the early morning, with little difference, save that their dead and wounded lay thickly strewn on the ground at about 300 yards in the front. 'Thus,' says the Lieutenant-General, in his report, 'terminated in disaster what promised to be the most successful assault of the campaign.'

Grant's loss in this unfortunate attack was, as stated at the time, 5,640 killed, wounded, and missing.*

* Professor Coppee gives the total of Grant's loss, on what authority I am unable to discover, as only 4,003. *Grant and his Campaigns.*

CHAPTER VIII.

OPERATIONS BEFORE PETERSBURG.—EXHAUSTION OF THE SOUTH.—DETERMINATION OF THE NORTH.

AFTER the repulse of July 30 a dead calm fell on the Army of the Potomac. General Grant appeared to consider further efforts on a grand scale unadvisable. The catastrophe had not in the least shaken his wonderfully firm and stolid temperament. Unmoved by the severity of the failure, or the crop of annoyances which followed it—the bickerings between his subordinate generals, the criticisms and reproaches of the press,* the anxiety of the chief of the State even†—the Lieutenant-General turned himself quietly to some reforms in the disposition of the army defending Washington and Maryland, without seeking to divert attention from disaster by any hazardous movement on the spur of the moment. He left City Point on August 4, and, after passing through Washington, visited the head-quarters of General Hunter, at Monocacy, north-east of Harper's Ferry, on the north bank of the Potomac, the scene of the battle in the Confederate invasion of a month before. Hunter, in the conference Grant had with him, expressed his willingness

* The *New York Daily News* about this time asserted that General Grant 'had provided either a cripple or a corpse for half the homes of the North.' The *News* was vehemently hostile to the Federal Government.

† President Lincoln proceeded by steamboat to Fortress Monroe the day after the 'mine fiasco,' and had an interview with General Grant.

to be relieved, and the Lieutenant-General accepted the resignation ; not because he was displeased with or distrustful of this veteran soldier (a conspicuous officer of the old regular army of the United States), but because he had in view one to take his place from whom he expected an entire and most advantageous change in the character of Federal campaigning in the north-west region of Virginia.

General Sheridan, his chief cavalry leader, was at once telegraphed for, put at the head of Hunter's forces, and the next day (August 7) instated Commander of the Middle Military Division, to operate in the Shenandoah Valley, having under him Hunter's forces, Wright's 6th corps, and the 19th corps. Grant issued orders, further, for two cavalry divisions from before Petersburg to join the Shenandoah Army ; and having effected these changes, destined to bear good fruit—as we shall see by-and-bye—he returned to City Point.

Nothing of great importance had occurred during his absence. General Lee exploded a mine on the 5th, without such disaster, but quite as fruitlessly, as the Federal attempt a week before. The Confederate engineers failed to estimate correctly the underground distance to the fort they wished to blow up, and the mine fell short of it by over forty feet. Up went masses of earth, dust and rubble, with clouds of smoke, to come down again harmlessly outside the Federal earthworks. The explosion would have been vain in any case, for the Federal officers had divined its projection, had discovered its whereabouts, and on the night of the 4th withdrew the garrison and pieces from the fort, leaving ' Quaker guns ' in place of the latter. The Federals had now long become experienced in the *ruses* of warfare, and thus, as on other occasions before it, deceived their adversaries

in the same way that they themselves had been deceived by the wooden guns in front of the lines of the Potomac in the spring of 1862.

On the 7th some of the troops of the rear of the Federal army, rendered furious by the recent experience of defeat in front, committed a wanton act of destruction, by setting on fire the little town of Prince George's Court-house, about five miles from camp. This was the only act of the kind set down against the Army of the Potomac during its campaign of 1864. In its whole career that army had a proud record of good conduct in the enemy's country.

On the 13th, Grant sent Hancock, with the 2nd and 10th corps and Gregg's cavalry division, to the north side of the James. The movement was a repetition of that of July 27, recorded in our last chapter. The detachment secured a position at 'Deep Bottom,' a landing opposite Jones' Neck, and thereby gave more cover for exertion to General Butler, who had already a footing near it, supported by the gunboats which lay off the mouth of Four-mile Creek. The gunboats, it will be remembered, could not go further up towards Richmond, owing to the obstructions and the formidable batteries at the bend just beyond; and General Butler could not make a move, for reasons best known to himself. Possessing valuable administrative ability, he had notwithstanding failed in compassing real success in any war operation he had, alone, attempted. He seemed settled permanently at Bermuda Hundred and the little adjunct of Deep Bottom; and as General Grant afterwards, with severe irony, stated, 'His army, though in a position of great security, was as completely shut off from operations directly against Richmond as if it had been in a bottle strongly corked.' Though unable to make any dashing

movement, however, General Butler was industrious, and at this epoch he had obtained the Lieutenant-General's sanction to a project for a canal at Dutch Gap, to cut through the tongue of land in the bend of the river. To this great engineering work we may again refer.

Hancock's little campaign lasted just a week. On the 20th his troops were withdrawn to assist in some more operations before Petersburg. He had been successful in an engagement on the 14th, capturing six guns and several hundred prisoners, but at considerable loss in killed and wounded to his own forces. So sharp did this advance come on the Confederates, that for an hour or two there was—though neither side fully realised it—a fair chance of a breach in Lee's lines, and an advance right on to Richmond by Hancock's forces. General Grant himself appears to have been with Hancock all the day. On the 16th they advanced to the battle-fields of the Chickahominy, and to within six miles of Richmond. This push forward had the effect Grant wished of causing Lee to send heavy reinforcements from Petersburg to the threatened capital. Then, satisfied that they were so diverted, and being made aware that one or two Confederate divisions had left for the Shenandoah, the Lieutenant-General recalled Hancock to before Petersburg. He did not intend any storming attempt this time, but he was about to tighten the iron grip, which was his soundest and most characteristic policy. To give his settlement before Petersburg the character of a real investment, it was absolutely necessary that the neighbouring portion of the Weldon Railroad should be in his hands. The Confederates knew the importance of the line, and had strenuously resisted his former attempt on it; now again, despite the feint Grant was offering across the James, their able chief soon had troops in position for its defence,

when on the 18th Warren's 5th corps marched out to take possession.

The struggle which followed for several days, though never attaining the character of a general engagement, deserves that title of 'a week of battles' which was so frequently occurring in the American War. There was fighting on the 18th and 19th, and it only deepened in intensity when Hancock's corps returned (21st). Thrice on the 19th, thrice on the 21st, and at least once on the 18th and 20th, the Confederates assaulted the 5th corps and its reinforcements. A. P. Hill's corps was the one principally employed on the Confederate side, but several times during this obstinate struggle cannonading would open on the old-established Federal lines to the north-east. The position newly acquired by the Federals lay on the line of Weldon Railroad, at and about the station called 'Reams,' the first from Petersburg, at about ten miles south of it. During the six days, down to the 25th, this fighting cost Grant 4,543 men. It is impossible to give Lee's losses with any degree of accuracy, but they were less than Grant's. On the 25th came the culminating fight. All day Hill plied Hancock, who was now the general immediately defending Reams Station. It is not the first time we have seen these generals pitted against each other. In the Wilderness before Spottsylvania the gallant young Pennsylvanian had been forced back, bravely resisting, by the swift onslaught of the fiery Virginian. More recently, on the 22nd of the last month, their corps had met, and again with defeat to Hancock. Bravely he bore up now, hoping to retrieve and avenge former fortunes. Fervently he tried to nerve his divisions with his own spirit. So did Hill, however, who was in the hottest of the fight, and once was reported to have fallen wounded from his horse. But the morning

and afternoon passed, and Hancock, having repelled four desperate charges, fondly hoped that he was successful. In vain. At five o'clock Hill concentrated all the force he could, and telling the subordinate general who was to lead it that he *must* make way at all hazards, poured in a fifth charge. Hancock's centre gave way; the right and left fought on longer, but were swept back eventually, and there was no resource but to retreat four or five miles, and join the camp of the 5th corps. The loss of the Federals in this battle was 2,432. By the reverse of the close, Reams Station was left in the hands of the Confederates, and Grant's object temporarily frustrated, for only four miles of the Weldon line was under certain control of Hancock and Warren. Though Grant's line was so far extended, the object of the advance had still to be achieved, as all the Confederates had to do was to convoy their supplies by a detour of but slight inconvenience, though, it is true, of considerable risk.*

Though General Hill had thus preserved for a time the use of the Weldon Railroad, several questions of supply were now weighing with exceeding heaviness on the minds of those Confederates who were capable of reflecting calmly on their position. These problems are quickly named: 1, equipments; 2, food; 3, men.

For three years the magnificent fertility of the Southern States had stood them in such stead that they had no anxiety as to their food resources. Some of the luxuries of eating and drinking—articles of importation, tea and coffee, &c.—had become enormously dear, but the staples of life remained reasonably plentiful and cheap. Successful Federal inroads were, to the end of 1863, the

* *Grant's Report. Lee's Reports. Swinton, Army of the Potomac. Coppee, Grant and his Campaigns. Pollard, Lost Cause. Lee and his Lieutenants. Headley, Massachusetts in the Rebellion.*

exception; and what damage was by them done to stores, joined to the very slight falling off in production latterly, through scarcity of labour, was still counterbalanced by the yet vast internal resources of such States as Alabama, Georgia, and the Carolinas. In the commencement of 1864 Virginia began to give serious symptoms of exhaustion, especially in the eastern districts. Despite the frequent incursions which had been inflicted on the northern portion of the Shenandoah district, that valley was still what it had always been—the Garden of Virginia.' But there was a severe outlook for the State generally. In almost all its circumference the running away of slaves (which took place only on one frontier of other States) was continually diminishing the number of cultivators of the soil.

The railway communications of the South—those communications the overwhelming importance of which the course of the war had long demonstrated—were becoming disorganised even so early as 1863. Already, as far as we have followed the course of Grant's campaign, we have seen how great was the damage which 1864 was bringing on them. But the supreme influence causing the deficiency of supply of the Southern armies was the utterly bad management of the Southern Government. Of the administration only two members possessed eminent talent—the President and Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of State; and the latter gentleman, though able and active, was very unpopular. But the Commissariat Department appears to have been administered by a wofully incapable head. Commissary Northrop is concisely represented to us by Southern writers as 'celebrated as much for his want of judgment as for his contempt of advice.' Yet this man was obstinately retained in office by Jefferson Davis.

A few instances may as well be given here of the embarrassments and derelictions of the Confederate supply departments.

On January 2, 1864, General Lee wrote to the President that he had just heard of two droves of cattle from the West, destined for his army, being ordered to the city of Richmond instead of to the banks of the Rapidan. He said that he had but one day's meat rations, and he feared he would not be able to retain his troops in the field.

About the same time General Joseph E. Johnston wrote from the head-quarters of the Confederate army of the West, that the meat there was so indifferent that he would be obliged to issue to his soldiers an additional quantity of rice.*

On May 2, two days before the commencement of the battle of Spottsylvania, there were but two days' rations provided for Lee's army. This was running calculations of supply very close, in a time when good food for the army was of paramount importance.

'On June 23,' says Mr. Pollard, 'when Wilson and Kautz cut the Danville Railroad, which was not repaired for twenty-three days, there were only thirteen days' rations on hand for General Lee's army; and to feed it the commissary-general had to offer market rates for wheat then uncut or shocked in the field, thereby incurring an excess of expenditure which, if invested in corn and transportation, would have moved ten millions of bread rations from Augusta to Richmond.'† Mr. Pollard refers to rations of any kind; but, as regards that important supply for fighting men, meat, it appears that on several occasions the army was quite destitute of it for a

* *Rebel War Clerk's Diary*, vol. ii. p. 125.

† *Lost Cause*, p. 647.

day or two. This was the case early in the spring of 1864. When campaigning began, and the army came into Richmond and Petersburg, the Confederate authorities, by hook or by crook, contrived to find meat.

Of the way in which the civilian population fared, a Richmond lady says, writing of the summer of 1864:—
 ‘We had never known such a scarcity of food—such absolute want of the necessaries of life. The constant interruption to our means of transportation prevented the importation of the usual supplies; and the hucksters from the adjoining counties dared not attempt to bring in their productions to Richmond, for fear of capture or other misfortune. Our markets presented a most impoverished aspect. A few stalls at which was sold poor beef, and some at which a few potatoes and other vegetables were placed for sale, were about all that were opened in the Richmond markets. Our usual supplies of fish were cut off by the lines occupied by the enemy, and, as a general rule, a Richmond dinner at this time consisted of dried Indian peas, rice and salt bacon, and corn bread.’

If the Confederate Government (and the Richmond newspaper editors) could keep the mass of their people in ignorance of the great depth of exhaustion to which the Confederacy was now descending, they could not do what was more important—prevent its being perceived by the enemy. The knowledge of the growing weakness of the South had latterly been most powerful in nerving the North to undiminished persistency and redoubled energy. Little facts known to individuals, quickly applied by Yankee intuition, were disseminated, by letters home, among Northern citizens. Letters from captives, or reports by luckily released men, gave here and there certain instances proving the privation that existed in various

parts of the South, and the scant reserves of white men able to bear arms in its interior.

None knew this better than General Grant, who at this juncture wrote a remarkable letter, addressed to the Hon. Mr. Washbourne, of Illinois, but intended for citizens of the Union at large, to whom, of course, it speedily arrived by its communication to the newspapers. It ran as follows:—

‘Head-quarters, Army of the United States,

‘City Point, Virginia, August 16, 1864.

‘Dear Sir,—I state to all citizens who visit me that all we want now to insure an early restoration of the Union is a determined unity of sentiment North.

‘The Rebels have now in their ranks their last man. The little boys and old men are guarding prisoners, guarding railroad bridges, and forming a good part of the garrisons on entrenched positions. A man lost by them cannot be replaced. They have robbed the cradle and the grave equally to get their present force. Besides what they lose in frequent skirmishes and battles, they are now losing from desertions and other causes at least one regiment per day. With this drain upon them, the end is not far distant, if we will only be true to ourselves. Their only hope now is in a divided North. This might give them reinforcements from Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri, while it would weaken us. With the draft quietly enforced, the enemy would become despondent, and would make but little resistance.

‘I have no doubt but the enemy are exceedingly anxious to hold out until after the presidential election. They have many hopes from its effects. They hope a counter revolution. They hope the election of the peace candidate. In fact, like Micawber, they hope for some-

thing to "turn up." It would be but the beginning of war, with thousands of Northern men joining the South, because of our disgrace in allowing separation. To have "peace on any terms," the South would demand the restoration of their slaves already freed; they would demand indemnity for losses sustained, and they would demand a treaty which would make the North slave-hunters for the South; they would demand pay for, or the restoration of, every slave escaped to the North.

'Yours truly,

'U. S. GRANT.'

The North was now, as the allusions in General Grant's letter reveal, in the throes of two peaceful convulsions—an election and a draft, or rather the preliminaries thereof, for in August merely active canvassing and active recruiting were going on. The draft this year had been altered by law, so that nothing but a substitute could be offered for a drawn man—not as before, 300 dollars commutation. In both draft and election just sufficient difficulties existed to cause the Government to keep its attention fixed on them. The epistle of General Grant had indeed partly for its object to give support to the administration and a stimulant to recruiting. It was an accurate statement of the case, however. The sequel proved how true was Grant in thus probing the exhaustion of the South.*

* It must not be taken in a too strong sense, however, this exhaustion of the South. Numbers of poor whites were now undemonstratively giving up their cause, and either skulking and hiding from the conscription or actually deserting from the armies. In the mountain districts of North Carolina there were bands of Southerners, either real loyalists, or simply evaders of the conscription, who defied the Confederate Government, and occasionally had little fights with Confederate soldiers. And, specially to be noticed, some few of the aristocratical class of the Southern population kept from fighting by using their influence or wealth. Some 'fire-eaters,' who had brought on secession, shrunk from fighting for it.

But Mr. Lincoln's re-election was almost a foregone conclusion. His opponent was no other than General M'Clellan, the old commander of the Army of the Potomac, who had now for two years—since we last mentioned him in our introduction—been withdrawn from active army employment. The 'Democratic' faction, whose candidate he was, comprised two parties, with different sympathies, if not different policies. First, the War Democrats, who wished—or most of them—for the continuance of the war till the Union should be restored, unless that could be effected by peaceable means; but who were hostile to the administration, and cared not a jot for the emancipation of the negroes. Second, the Peace Democrats, or Copperheads,* who insidiously clamoured for cessation of war and negotiations for peace, and were really Southern sympathisers, and not Unionists at all. This latter section was not large, and was composed chiefly of men in the middle or upper rank of life, who, inhabitants of the Northern States, had from the first been recreants to the Union, *but who received no accessions to their ranks*. The bulk of the citizens of the North were actuated by sentiments concisely expressed by a homely dictum of Mr. Lincoln, in reply to a deputation which called to congratulate him on his re-nomination (June 10)—'It was not well to swap horses when crossing streams.' Abraham Lincoln and his cabinet had been carrying out the people's policy all through their term of office. Great as had been the failure on several occasions, greater still had been the zeal and diligence in repairing the results of defeat, and renewing the attack. At last, too, the masses had rallied to a belief in and liking for the President's emancipation policy—that grand result of the war. With

* This forcible party appellation, it will be well to notice here, is derived from the name of a species of serpent, the 'copperhead.'

respect to that measure, Mr. Lincoln had, in the month of August, made a declaration both of his unalterable adherence to it, and of his continued belief that it was a wise step, considered merely as a measure for restoring the Union. Its relation will justify the brief digression made here from the operations before Petersburg.

A certain Judge Mills (of Wisconsin) had called upon the President, and the conversation which followed was one of those *asides*, to be heard of all men, which have long formed an established usage of American statesmanship. Mr. Lincoln spoke of the coming election, and his candidature for filling his office a second time. 'I don't think it is personal vanity or ambition, though I am not free from those infirmities; but I cannot but feel that the weal or woe of this great nation will be decided in November. There is no programme offered by any wing of the Democratic party but must result in the permanent destruction of the Union.' On this Judge Mills remarked, tentatively, that McClellan, accepted as candidate by the Democrats, had announced himself in favour of continuing the war, if the South would not be persuaded by negotiations to re-enter the Union. 'Sir,' said the President, 'the slightest knowledge of arithmetic will prove to any man that the Rebel armies cannot be destroyed by Democratic strategy. It would sacrifice all the white men of the North to do it. There are now in the service of the United States near 200,000 able-bodied coloured men, most of them under arms, defending and acquiring Union territory. The Democratic strategy demands that these forces be disbanded, and that the masters be conciliated by restoring them to slavery. The black men who now assist Union prisoners to escape are to be converted into our enemies, in the vain hope of gaining the good will of their masters. We shall have

two nations to fight instead of one. You cannot conciliate the South if you guarantee to them ultimate success; and the experience of the present war proves their success is inevitable if you fling the compulsory labour of millions of black men into their side of the scale. Will you give our enemies such military advantages as ensure success, and then depend on coaxing, flattery, and concession, to get them back into the Union? Abandon all the posts now garrisoned by black men, take 200,000 men from our side, and put them in the battle-field or corn-field against us, and we would be compelled to abandon the war in three weeks. We have to hold territory in inclement and sickly places; where are the Democrats to do this? It was a free fight, and the field was open to the War Democrats to put down the rebellion by fighting against both master and slave, long before the present policy was inaugurated. There have been men base enough to propose to me to return to slavery the black warriors of Port Hudson and Olustee, and thus win the respect of the masters they fought. Should I do so, I should deserve to be damned in time and eternity.*

The two armies of Grant and Lee lay quiet for some time after August 23. The Federals suspected that some general or partial attack would be made by Lee, but none such took place. The only event to be mentioned for a fortnight is the appointment of a chief of cavalry in Lee's army—the post, it would seem, not having been filled since Stuart's death. Wade Hampton was the officer selected by General Lee, and the choice was excel-

* *Grant County (Wisconsin) Herald.* The battle of Olustee has not, I think, been mentioned hitherto in this book. It took place in March 1864, in an invasion of Florida, said to have been made at the instance of Mr. Lincoln himself. The Federals, of whom a great portion were 'coloured,' were commanded by General Seymour, and suffered complete defeat at the hands of General Beauregard.

lent. General Hampton was a rich South Carolinian planter, of good family; the grandson of a revolutionary officer of the same christian and surname, who specially distinguished himself in the little battle of Eutaw (1781). The gentleman we have to do with had developed rare talents as a cavalry leader, both of execution and judgment. He was a man of great physical strength and a good natural understanding, prompt in planning movements, and ready-witted in carrying them out. He also possessed a singular faculty of woodcraft, which training and all the habits of his life had developed, but which was so peculiar that it seemed as if it was part of his nature. Whatever locality he might pass through in the most cursory manner, or by the most confusing chance, he instantly became acquainted with all its features, inso-much that it was said of him that, blindfolded and carried thirty miles into a forest entirely new to him, he would find out where he was five minutes after the bandage was removed. Wherever his camp was pitched, if only for a day, he made himself master of all the roads, bye-roads, and 'hog-paths' in its neighbourhood. Besides all this, he was a splendid horseman and fond of his steed, a good swordsman, and an excellent shot.*

In the middle of September this cavalry Crichton signalised himself by an exploit most brilliant and serviceable for the Confederates, most annoying for the Federals. General Grant had left the Federal camp on the 14th, to visit Sheridan's army in the Shenandoah. He left with a most important purpose, the fulfilment of which will occupy a future chapter, whilst it is well just to chronicle the fact here. The Lieutenant-General's presence or absence, however, had no influence on the design of the Confederate cavalry leader. This was nothing less

* *Richmond Dispatch.*

than a dash to the rear of the enemy's camp, in the old Confederate style of 1862. At Coggin's Point, eight miles below City Point, opposite Harrison's Landing (McClellan's old camp), were kept the Federal cattle supplies. They were driven or landed there, and kept at pasture for convenient despatch to the camp. The position was full twenty miles away from the nearest Confederate post (Ream's Station), but the cattle were a most tempting inducement to daring. In the small hours of the 16th Wade Hampton conducted his forces (from 5,000 to 6,000 cavalry) all round the rear of Grant's camp, and at daylight suddenly presented himself at the cattle-pens. Only a small force (one regiment of cavalry) was guarding them; it was quickly overpowered. The cattle were then deftly collected, numbering nearly 2,500, and the Confederates refaced and made the sharpest tracks they could. They were safe. The raid had been quite unlooked for, sad delay occurred in starting pursuit from the camp, and Hampton had made too good speed to be caught up. The spoil was run into the Confederate lines three miles below Ream's Station, amid much rejoicing and congratulation. Beef cattle 2,485, horses and mules 150, several waggons, and 100 prisoners formed the total gains of Wade Hampton's brilliant raid. He had furnished Lee's army with beef rations for five or six weeks.*

The drawback to satisfaction was, that it was impossible to repeat the process. Sufficient precautions were taken henceforth for the security of the Federal supplies. There was nothing more for Wade Hampton to do for some time. His large and efficient force was of but little use in Lee's army. General Lee seems to have committed a serious error in retaining his cavalry force inactive at

* *New York Herald, Times, Tribune, Daily News.*

this epoch. The cavalry under the command of Wade Hampton at this time outnumbered the cavalry in Grant's camp. Lee should have before this detached the greater portion, if not all of Hampton's troops to the Shenandoah, where they would have been of incalculable value, as we shall presently see. Thither Grant had sent the best divisions of his cavalry, so as to bring down the body he retained to, for him, strangely low numbers.

(September 16.) Exactly three months had passed away from the first sitting down before Petersburg. The attacks, as we have seen, had not been stinted. Critics said of this early portion of the investment, that Grant was 'butting his brains out' against Richmond and Petersburg. But the metaphorical head and body camped about City Point showed small sign of material injury. Confederate officers sighed as they gazed on the massive fortifications in their front, which never receded, and thought of the strong multitude behind them, whose numbers no repulses diminished. Not one sally in force had Lee ventured. He dared not measure strength in a general attack, or rather he dared not run the risk of considerable losses without great certain gains; the lives of his men, on arithmetical grounds, were becoming so important to him.

Thinking of these things, sagacious Unionists came to the same conclusion with Abraham Lincoln. They were *not* deceiving themselves. Their long struggles were *not* in vain. The blood and treasure they and their sons had lavished *were* working out the grand result. *Grant was in a position whence he would never be dislodged until Richmond should be taken.*

CHAPTER IX.

MARCH OF GENERAL SHERMAN FROM CHATTANOOGA TO ATLANTA, AND FROM
ATLANTA TO THE SEA.

AFTER watching for the third of a year the ebb and flow of invasion and defence over the war-worn plains and valleys of Virginia, we suddenly descend, by a vast flight, in a new and strange region, where striking changes in natural architecture attest the distance we have traversed, but where two blue and grey-coated armies are confronting each other as fiercely as on the stage we have left behind. Confederate legions are slowly retreating, skirmishing and manœuvring at every tenable position, reluctantly inch by inch drawing back. A Federal host is pointing due south, and steadily bearing the flag of the Union across rivers, along ridges, up steep mountains tangled all over with pines, down ravines, through wild and gloomy gorges, into a land redolent with fragrance; the fields red with corn, the soil ever richer, the breeze more balmy, as the troops advance; till the end of the hills comes at last, and the magnificent cotton-fields stretch far away towards the Atlantic.

This is Georgia, broadest and fairest (save Virginia) of the Southern States, become by its position the key-stone of the East Mississippi Confederacy—long shielded from the buffet of war by the fellowship of Tennessee—at last aroused to the stern pressure of invasion. The Federal army is that of General Sherman, which has fought and marched for three months; blockaded and fought for

another; and, for the result, has gotten possession of Atlanta, the military key to the whole of Georgia (September 2). This campaign must be traced and explained at large, for it was an integral part of General Grant's arrangement of the war; whilst the genius of the remarkable man at its head rendered it, by its prolongation, the most famous movement of the whole four years of fighting.

During the two years (1862 and 1863) that Grant was winning his way to the generalship-in-chief, gradually growing into a great commander, a number of able officers were associated with him as assistants, or, as all became ultimately, subordinates. They held by him as their steadiest guide, learnt soldiership from his habits, caught sparks of generalship from the flame of his genius, and occasionally lighted him with theirs. He gradually reared, as he termed it, 'a military family,' of which all the members were bound to him by instruction and example. They learnt how to win victory under him; their names became known as he achieved success. Promotion and commands suited to their abilities fell on them, when he became Lieutenant-General. He had gauged the capacity of each. Some he retained as executive officers under himself; others he left in the West, in more independent service.

Foremost man of Grant's military family was General Sherman; now so well developed, that his relations to Grant were like those of America to England—eldest son, but independent genius. The public at large did not as yet appreciate him properly; but General Grant quietly expressed his belief that Sherman was, mentally, 'a head and shoulders taller than any other general in the service;' and when he took the field with the Army of the Potomac, Sherman was appointed to conduct the invasion of Georgia. A perfect harmony existed between the two generals.

Sherman felt no envy of Grant's supreme promotion ; Grant entertained no jealousy of Sherman's steadily rising fame. They were men of the same State, of the same religion, and had been at West Point together for two years. They had both served in the United States army up to the year 1854, and after that had both for a time engaged in civil pursuits.

The features of both showed the hard-headed American of the West. In iron will, and in patience, Grant somewhat surpassed his subordinate ; but in everything else Sherman's seems the more strongly marked character. He was not reticent, like Grant, but could dispute or make speeches by the hour. His oratory was robust and forcible in the highest degree ; and, when moved, the working of his features attested the vehemence of his feelings. He had sufficient book knowledge to polish his style, and would frequently bring in literary allusions in the letters he wrote on public matters ; whilst here and there flashed out keen proverbial sayings or home truths, entirely his own, with the most telling effect. His nature was so fervent, his manner at times so eccentric, that many persons set him down as insane. But his soldiers did not think so. His daring courage was of itself sufficient to give him popularity among them. At Pittsburg Landing he had been in the fiercest of the fight ; had three horses killed under him ; was painfully wounded, yet kept on the front all day.

The services of General Sherman during 1863 have been incidentally alluded to in the narrative of Grant's Vicksburg and Chattanooga Campaigns (Chapter III). The course of his life before the war had been variegated, and must be briefly passed in review.

William Tecumseh Sherman was born at Lancaster, Ohio, on the 8th February 1820. At the age of nine

years he lost his father, the Hon. Charles R. Sherman, Judge of the State Supreme Court.* An intimate friend of his father, the Hon. Thomas Ewing, then took to the young 'Tecumseh' (one of a family of eleven children), and brought him up in his own family. Mr. Ewing's daughter afterwards became Sherman's wife. A somewhat pugnacious disposition having developed itself in his adopted boy, induced Mr. Ewing to procure him a nomination to West Point, which he entered in 1836, at the age of sixteen. The course of his studies there need not be dilated on; suffice it to say that his progress was unexceptionable, and that he graduated, in 1840, sixth in a class of forty-two members. The number of the fellow-students of Sherman in his cadetship who afterwards fought with, or in opposition to him, is very great. It was just the epoch in which most of the distinguished generals of the Civil War received their training. Ulysses Grant entered the Academy in the year in which Sherman went out. Sherman was two years the senior of the future Lieutenant-General.

Some letters written by 'Tecumseh' † about this period of his life have been preserved, and in the thoughts expressed in them, and the diction, can plainly be traced the

* The English ancestry of General Sherman can be distinctly traced to a family of old residing in Dedham, Essex, whence his progenitor, Samuel Sherman, emigrated to Massachusetts in 1634. The descendants of Samuel Sherman lived in New England down to the latter part of the eighteenth century, then moved west to the location which afterwards became known as Lancaster, Ohio. Sherman's father was born there. Sherman's mother had been a Miss Hoyt before marriage.

† Tecumseh was the name of a famous Indian chief of the West in the beginning of the present century. Chief of the powerful tribe of the Shawnees, this extraordinarily able savage headed the last grand effort of the red men to stem the tide of pale-face encroachment east of the Mississippi. Tecumseh combined the rôles of warrior and prophet. Now (1867) a similar last effort to his seems to be making, of course with like fruitlessness, by the tribes of Sioux east of the Rocky Mountains.

hardy and nervous genius which was not to come to the notice of all men till the great Civil War should give it its full development.

On leaving West Point, in 1840, Sherman received the appointment of second lieutenant of artillery in the 3rd United States Regiment. In 1841 he rose to first lieutenant, and then began to see active service in the 'war' to subdue the Indians of Florida. When this closed, he was for some time stationed in garrison at Fort Moultrie, in Charleston Harbour. From 1846 to 1850 he filled the post of assistant-adjutant-general in California. Sherman, therefore, did not see any of the fighting of the Mexican War, in which so many of his subsequent colleagues or opponents served their apprenticeship. He received the thanks of Congress, however, for meritorious services at his post.

In 1850 Sherman married Miss Ewing. The nuptial ceremony took place at Washington. On duty again, he was for some time at St. Louis, and afterwards at New Orleans. In the autumn of 1853 the United States being at peace with all the world, Sherman, like Grant and many other army officers, resigned his commission, fancying he could achieve something in civil pursuits. He went to California, and there became manager, or, as the Americans say, 'president,' of the banking-house of Messrs. Lucas, Turner and Company, at San Francisco. In this position he stayed for four years. A circumstance arising from it exhibits Sherman not simply as a man of the strictest integrity, but of the greatest generosity of character rather. Many of his old friends still remaining in the army—Hardee and other officers—had remitted to him sums of money for investment in the various promising undertakings then existing in California. In the great monetary panic and crash of 1857 most of the

securities Sherman had put these moneys into became worthless. He took all this loss upon himself, reimbursing his friends the amounts they had originally invested, though not under the slightest legal or moral obligation to do so.*

The four years in which Sherman resided at San Francisco were times in which great lawlessness and ruffianism prevailed among the motley adventurous population of that city—such as had prevailed from its first foundation in the gold mania, and such as even yet to some extent characterise it. In 1856 the state of affairs was very bad. Robberies and murders were committed in open daylight in the streets; the appointed preservers of justice were quite inefficient to maintain order. The well-disposed citizens, therefore, took the law into their own hands in various ways, to make head against the bands of desperate vagabonds abounding. They formed a ‘Vigilance Committee,’ which, sustained by thousands of citizens, took upon itself the task unexecuted by the constitutional authorities. Much semi-military organisation was necessary on various occasions, and Sherman, the ex-officer, seems to have lent his aid to good purpose in the arduous work of repressing San Francisco ruffianism.

But Sherman had now a wife and two or three children, and residence in such a city must have been very unpleasant to him. When, therefore, about September 1857, he was addressed by various influential persons of Louisiana, with the offer of the Presidency of the State Military Academy, he accepted the post with great pleasure, both because it would take him back to the east side of the Rocky Mountains, where he would be not so very far from his father-in-law, Mr. Ewing—still living in

* Nichols, *Story of the Great March* (London, 1865).

Ohio—and because, as he himself tells us, and as we might easily guess, ‘he had the old army so ground in his composition that civil pursuits were too tame for him.’

From the spring of 1858 to March 1861 Sherman was President of the Louisiana Military Academy, living at Alexandria, on the Red River, and receiving a salary of 5,000 dollars. He was thus in a somewhat peculiar position when the presidential election came on in 1860. He had got to entertain a hearty liking for the Southerners amongst whom he was living, and, not having troubled his head greatly about politics, it was not till 1860 that he became suddenly aware that the aristocratical leaders of Southern society were cherishing deep and fiery projects of secession. The idea struck Sherman with horror, and he promptly attempted, by his personal influence, to dissuade all those he knew from such a course, urging, vainly, the utter lack of cause for it.*

Soon, with his ardent nature roused by the absorbing influence of patriotism, Sherman saw ample cause given for coercion to be brought to bear on the South by the United States Government. Directly Louisiana seceded (January 26, 1861), he sent in to the State authorities his resignation of his post, with the intention of proceeding north, to devote his sword to aid in the preservation of the old United States.

* ‘I was in Louisiana, and while the planters and mechanics and industrial people were happy and prosperous, the politicians and busy-bodies were scheming and plotting, and got the legislature to pass an ordinance of secession, which was submitted to the people, who voted against it. Yet the politicians voted the State out, and proceeded to take possession of the United States Mint, the forts, the arsenal, and tore down an old flag and insulted it. That, too, before Mr. Lincoln had got to Washington. I saw this, and begged Bragg and Beauregard, and Governor Moore, and a host of personal friends, to beware. In that was high treason. But they answered, ‘The North was made up of mean manufacturers, of traders, of farmers, who would not fight.’—Letter of General Sherman to Mr. D. M. Martin, August 10, 1864. *Huntsville Advocate*, August 31, 1865.

Sherman, it must here be mentioned, possessed not that sense of the iniquity of slavery which gave to many of the Federal officers a doubly good basis for religious confidence in their cause. He cannot even be ranked at this stage of his career with that excellent class of mitigated abolitionists of whom Abraham Lincoln was the type—men who fervently wished and prayed that slavery might cease, but who could not see their way to abolish it while the South respected the Union. Strange to add, however, his brother, Senator John Sherman, distinguished before 1861, was a zealous abolitionist. On leaving Louisiana, Sherman repaired to St. Louis, where he resided for the brief space of time remaining to the firing on Fort Sumter (April 12, 1861). Immediately that event announced the real advent of civil war, we find him in Washington, simultaneously with many other officers, offering his services to the President. A commission, dated May 14, 1861, appointed him colonel of the 13th United States Infantry (a newly raised regiment), of which he assumed command in June.

Grant's opening career lay wholly in the West, among the most petty commencements of the war. Sherman's takes us back to the great event of our first pages—the battle of Bull Run (July 21, 1861). Sherman's brigade was among the Northern host whose aspirations met such a bitter check in that battle. The rout of M'Dowell's army, however, disastrous and disgraceful as it was, might have been worse but for Sherman. Sherman had led his brigade shrewdly and successfully in the hours before the panic; when that took place, he saved the shattered remnant of it (for his loss was very severe), and contributed towards the saving of other portions of the army.

In the latter days of July Sherman received the commission of major-general of volunteers. From that time

till November he was in command, at first secondarily, latterly as chief of the department of the Cumberland—which practically meant a small portion of Kentucky. The Confederates at that time held Tennessee fully, and Kentucky partially. Sherman had not long held his command when he became the object of great animosity to a number of persons of various condition and importance. With the newspaper correspondents he became very unpopular, as he excluded them from his camps, believing that their unguarded letters gave undue knowledge of movements and forces to the enemy. On this account he was systematically decried by many of them, and by some called a maniac. These courtesies struck back, and for a long time after *newspaper correspondents were very unpopular with Sherman.*

During this period the opinions of various generals being taken by the Federal Government as to the best means of wresting from the Rebels the course of the Mississippi, Sherman roundly averred that in his belief fully 200,000 men would be wanted to effect it. This opinion was seized on by critics, and pronounced a preposterous and insane exaggeration of the force really necessary for that purpose. The course of the war afterwards pretty well justified it. Regarded with disfavour in several quarters, Major-General Sherman tendered the resignation of his command. It was accepted, and as he asked for an appointment of less responsibility, he was ordered to another field of operations. This change, happily for all concerned, resulted in bringing him into Grant's 'military family.' He fulfilled the important duty of organising and forwarding reinforcements and stores during Grant's reduction of Fort Donelson, and he became a division commander under Grant, by that general's special request to the authorities, when he moved on to

Pittsburg Landing. In all the important operations of Grant, Sherman bore a part, and the continually enlarging ability which he showed before Vicksburg, at Chattanooga, and in two long marches, with his corps under his sole care, through Mississippi and Alabama, led the chief to give him in 1864 the most important position in the United States army under his own.

In concluding this sketch of the character and career of General Sherman, there only remains his personal appearance to be delineated. He was very nearly six feet high, his frame muscular, though somewhat lean; his constitution, as it seemed, one of iron. His face was of the true North American type, showing the English descent, yet with every feature modified, as the great continent does modify all the sons of those who come from the little island. His complexion was *blonde*, though sufficiently weather-beaten; his hair light; his eyes light blue, bright and quick, and gleaming very fiercely in his fits of anger. He was a great smoker, and in mentioning this fact some observers say that his was just the temperament on which the use of tobacco has a bad effect—whence some of the excitement in his nature. He was by no means averse to spirituous refreshment either, but in that never to excess. He was, like Grant, careless of his personal attire; wore a dingy uniform on campaign, and never buttoned up his tunic to the chin. His huge prominent forehead was the feature which most impressed observers, when his acquirement of fame made people begin to observe him.

Such was General Sherman, to whom Grant gave the command of the main army of the West, at Chattanooga, when he got ready himself to conduct the campaign for the capture of Richmond. The year 1864 concentrated all power of initiation on these two generals. Grant's and Sherman's hosts were the two strong arms of the

North, in which all her strength was gathered and quickened.

Sherman had under him three armies rolled into one. The Western States possessed at last a combined host, fit to be compared in proportions to that which the Eastern had long boasted of in the Army of the Potomac. The Army of the Cumberland, the Army of the Tennessee, and the Army of the Ohio, to be known henceforth, collectively, as 'Sherman's Army,' exhibited a total strength of 98,797 men, and 254 guns. The generals of armies and the generals of corps would make a long list. Foremost of all was General Thomas, distinguished for skill and valour from the first year of the war, when he gained the victory of Mill Spring, Kentucky. Then there were Schofield, M'Pherson, Palmer, Logan, Blair, Davis, Corse, Osterhaus, Harker, and M'Cook, all reared under Grant; whilst a sprinkling of generals from the Army of the Potomac gave diversity both to the State characteristics and the military experience of the group. These Eastern generals were Hooker and Howard, infantry corps commanders, and Kilpatrick, a young man of eight-and-twenty, who had gained so good a reputation as a light-horse officer that Grant sent him to Sherman to become the head of his cavalry.

On May 6, when the horrible contest in the Wilderness was going on in Virginia, Sherman began moving forward into Georgia, and all through the month his men were taking steps south, hour by hour, with those of the Army of the Potomac, which we followed in chapters IV. and V. The railroad from Chattanooga south to Atlanta was the line of march, and the important central city of Atlanta the goal, distant about 140 miles from Sherman's starting-point. Between lay a mountainous and woody country, and several broad rivers. The Confederate

army defending Georgia lay in front of Dalton, about thirty miles south of Chattanooga. It numbered rather more than 50,000 men. The proportion of cavalry was very large, numbering about 10,000. Though the men came not quite level in the aggregate with the splendid muscular standard of Lee's soldiers, they were all of serviceable strength, and many of them full of enthusiasm. It is probable, too, that they were better and more evenly fed than were the Virginians at this epoch. The Confederate general was a man of mature age and experience, but who had already become noted for one peculiar trait—that in his various commands he had pursued a policy of gradually falling back; and, save at Bull Run (where Beauregard was his colleague), he had never been the victor in a general engagement. Comments both adverse and laudatory had already been made on his policy, those of the latter description being based on the theory that it was pursued in order to draw the enemy into a trap. On the campaign about to be narrated, this discussion has been renewed, conflicting arguments being given by eminent military critics. I shall forbear to pronounce any judgment on the merits of the Confederate commander's defensive policy, and shall merely remark that the courage in the field was eminent, and the method in the movements (even if mistaken) apparent, of General Johnston.*

Sherman's first operation against this antagonist was not an easy one, though its circumstances were as different

* American fondness for nicknames found its mark in his Christian names of 'Joseph Eggleston' and he was commonly styled in the newspapers 'General Joe Johnston.' Here I may caution the student of American History. Johnson, Johnston, and Johnstone, taken as one name, was the most common of the public names of the American War. Care must therefore be taken not to confuse with each other the many gentlemen of this name.

from those of Grant's opening movement as the features of the country were from those of Virginia. Johnston at first seemed inclined neither to fight nor to retreat. The mountainous district the two armies were in was excellent for defensive operations. For several days Sherman was engaged in manœuvring over a very extensive area round Dalton. He began by moving his right wing, under M'Pherson, past the enemy's position, while his main body, under Thomas, threatened it in front, and Schofield, with the left wing, made a feint of bearing down on it from the north-east. But the bulk of Schofield's body was brought round, and, by joining it on to M'Pherson's, the latter was enabled to plant himself on the railroad, just beyond Resaca, fifteen miles south of Johnston's army. With this force in his rear, the Confederate general was obliged to give up Dalton. Resaca was fortified, and he made a stand there for a few days. Sherman at once attacked him, and in the afternoon of the 15th, after a heavy fight the day before, Johnston's position was made so precarious by Sherman's adroit dispositions, that he evacuated it during the night, and moved off forty-five miles south, where an excellent defensive situation was ready for him in the Allatoona range of hills. Sherman came on in his trail, but stopped at Kingston on the 19th, to rest and re-organise his men.

Resaca, the first battle of the march, was desperately fought; and although the carnage exhibited no such awful proportions as the combats just over in Virginia (Spottsylvania, May 5 to 12, Chapter IV.), abundant acts of gallantry distinguished it, especially on the part of the Federals, who were the attackers. Four of their generals were wounded; among them Kilpatrick, who was shot in the foot. They captured nearly 3,000 prisoners, by

which Johnston's loss was made up to 4,500, while their own was about the same, being 4,000 killed and wounded, and 400 missing.

On the 18th, while Sherman's main body was resting at Kingston, a detachment under General Davis took possession of Rome, twenty miles to the west. Eight heavy pieces of artillery, forts in good order, and extensive mills and foundries, here fell into the hands of the Federals, and Sherman directed the place to be garrisoned and held as an important rear position. As he marched on, General Sherman took care to provide for the safety of the bridges which he successively arrived at and left behind. He was advancing almost literally upon the track of the railroad which runs from Chattanooga to Atlanta. This line was of the utmost importance to him, as provisions, clothing, and needful stores of all descriptions were coming by it all the while from the vast accumulation of supplies at Chattanooga. Every night, as the army progressed, the whistle of the locomotive was heard in the rear, bringing up its supplies. Nevertheless, raids upon the track, at a safe distance to the rear of Sherman's main body, were to be apprehended; and several weak points existed in the crossings of the numerous rivers, some of which were already passed, and the most important of which, the Etowah, was now just reached. Damage done to the road could be repaired in a few hours, by the excellent engineer corps accompanying the army. To secure the bridges, General Sherman caused to be built at the head of each one a bombproof fortress, or blockhouse, which was provisioned for a long time, and garrisoned by three or four hundred men, with a few pieces of artillery.*

On the 23rd Sherman's army was again in motion.

* Letter of Captain Churchill, 38th Illinois Regiment. J. T. Headley, *Grant and Sherman* (New York, 1865). *Grant's Report*.

Johnston had left two bridges perfectly available for the passage of the river Etowah ; the railway bridge only had been destroyed. The Confederate general had contemplated making a stand at the Etowah. Suddenly changing his mind, however, on finding the opinion adverse to it of two out of his three corps commanders—Polk, Hood, and Hardee (the two first)—he had not then time left to break down two bridges.

Sherman, therefore, got his army across at the two bridges, leaving the ingenious and indefatigable engineer officer, Colonel W. W. Wright, to reconstruct the railway bridge. This was accomplished in the astonishingly short time of six days—the bridge being 1,200 feet long and 95 feet high.

Whilst Sherman was careful in the highest degree of his army, getting out of it all the celerity possible, but yet giving it rest whenever practicable at fit spots, he was, contrariwise, exacting in the highest degree to his engineer corps and officers. Forward pre-eminently in acknowledging their merits and the value of their work, he was very vigilant in keeping work and merits incessantly at the full standard of excellence. Just after Resaca was occupied, an engineer task had presented itself—the railway bridge over the Ostenaula River had to be rebuilt. The Chief had then suddenly turned to Colonel Wright, and asked him how long the job would take. He appeared full of impatience while that officer made a short calculation, and on hearing him say at length that he could do it in four days, exclaimed, ‘ Sir, I give you forty-eight hours—or a position in the front ranks !’ This humorous incitement had the desired effect, for at the expiration of the forty-eight hours Colonel Wright had the bridge forthcoming.*

* Shanks, *Personal Recollections of Distinguished Generals* (New York, 1866), p. 24.

This incident of the bridge is but one illustration of General Sherman's management. Many others might be given. His penetrating mental glance, and his incessant personal supervision, were already giving his army that marching development which was presently to bear extraordinary fruits. As yet he was very careful to include in his plans of advance brief intervals of rest for the men; for there was hard fighting to be done sooner or later, for which he would have them fresh. But he allowed nothing, save consideration for the soldiers' personal condition, to affect his march; all else he had resolved to bend to his purpose, and all causes for delay of material nature, insuperable as they might appear, must somehow be conquered. So minute was he in his calculations, that he had refused, when starting from Chattanooga, to allow a few members of the Christian Commission to accompany the army; for their presence would entail so much additional railway carriage. 'Certainly not,' he had said to these gentlemen, 'Certainly not; oats and gunpowder are more indispensable at the front than benevolent agents. The weight of every non-combatant transported deprives me of so many pounds of bread that I must have. Each regiment has its chaplain, and these must do the work desired.'*

Such a degree of engineering power and celerity, therefore, did Sherman manifest in his advance, that the consideration of it began to have a serious moral effect on the soldiers of Johnston, inspiring them with wonder and dismay at the vigour and vast resources of the Federals. Another anecdote will amusingly attest this. Later than the date at which we have yet arrived, it was one day reported in the Confederate camp that Forrest's

* Bowman, *Sherman and his Campaigns*, p. 453.

cavalry, raiding effectively in Sherman's rear, had at last succeeded in destroying a very important tunnel on the line of railway on which Sherman was advancing. The troops appreciated with delight the hindrance which the deed would cause to the advance of their enemies. They greeted the news with cheers, when suddenly up jumped a veteran soldier, and growled out, 'Oh, stop your noise; supposing Forrest has broken in the tunnel, Sherman has got a duplicate of it, and it's fixed up before this time.'

General Sherman was now leading his army to the right of its former line of march, with the object of passing, instead of attacking, Allatoona Gap. That position was very strong, but Johnston could not extend his army from it sufficiently to bar Sherman's advance by his right. On the 27th, as the Federal general was still pressing on, Johnston for the first time ventured on attacking him. On the 25th a sharp skirmish had taken place near Dallas, after which the Federals still continued their march. Influenced, perhaps, by the sentiments of his corps' commanders, Johnston decided on trying to rebuff the enemy, as his unmolested advance recently made it seem probable that the attempt would take him by surprise. The essay proved as ill-judged as it was forlorn. Sherman's army was not to be caught napping. In the engagement on the 25th one of his corps advancing had suffered from unwarily approaching a concealed Confederate battery, but against attack it was always prepared—well posted and well fenced. The Confederates had taken in hand a terrible task, and much beyond their strength. Led on by the brave General Cleburne, they made repeated charges during the 27th and 28th, but were repulsed with great slaughter each time; and the comparison of the losses showed the battle of New Hope to be a most material success for General Sherman.

June 1 to 6. (Grant lying in front of Richmond.)—One range of mountains yet remained between Atlanta and the advancing Federals, who marched now with the pride and confidence engendered by the distance and difficulties they had surmounted since leaving Chattanooga. It behoved the Confederates to continue their retreat. Abandoning Allatoona Gap, now partially outflanked, Johnston fell back to the chain of rugged hills about Marietta, fifteen or twenty miles north of the Chattahoochie.

He set to work at once to increase the defences, and as Sherman tarried a few days on the field of New Hope, they were brought to a high state of efficiency. The Federal general resumed his march on June 4, having made nearly a week's halt, partly to rest his men, partly to allow time for the march of some reinforcements under General F. P. Blair, which were now coming to augment his army. Leisurely he came on towards Johnston's new position. On the 6th he occupied Ackworth, and regained the line of the railroad; on the 9th, with the trains coming and going again in his rear, he moved forward to 'Big Shanty.' Pleased with his success thus far, solicitous as to the obstacle which now lay before him, General Sherman rode on to the head of his army, as it came into full view of the enemy's position. What met his eyes shall be described in his own words.

'Kenesaw, the bold and striking twin mountain, lay before us, with a high range of chestnut hills trending off to the north-east, terminating to our view in another peak, called Brushy Mountain. To our right was the smaller hill, called Pine Mountain, and beyond it, in the distance, Lost Mountain. All these, though links in a continuous chain, present a sharp, conical appearance, prominent in the vast landscape that presents itself from any of the hills that abound in that region. Kenesaw, Pine Mountain, and Lost Mountain form a triangle—

Pine Mountain the apex, and Kenesaw and Lost Mountain the base—covering perfectly the town of Marietta and the railroad back to the Chattahoochie. On each of these peaks the enemy had his signal stations. The summits were covered with batteries, and the spurs were alive with men, busy in felling trees, digging pits, and preparing for the grand struggle.

‘The scene was enchanting—far too beautiful to be disturbed by the harsh clamours of war; but the Chattahoochie lay beyond, and I had to reach it.’*

It was nearly a month before Sherman could make the further progress he so much desired. The Kenesaw position was too strong for attack, and very difficult for offensive manœuvring. It was very easy for the Federals to push their lines close up to those of the enemy. By the 11th they were within 500 yards of them; but after that the ascent was so sharp that further progress was impossible. The enemy could look down upon their camps and observe every movement. His batteries thundered away, but with very little effect. The close quarters of the Federals protected them. From the extreme height of the enemy’s batteries, his shot and shell passed harmlessly over their heads.

The Federal fire had to be delivered with equal lack of precision, yet on the 14th it caused the death of a notable Confederate leader. A cannon-ball struck Leonidas Polk, the general commanding Johnston’s left, at Pine Mountain, and who for twenty years before the war had been Bishop of Louisiana. General Polk is probably the single instance during the nineteenth century of a bishop commanding an army. His military career, from July 1861 to his death, was very creditable, if not

* *Sherman’s Report* from Atlanta, September 15, 1864 (to be designated here henceforward, No. 1.)

brilliant. Once only, at Chickamauga, 1863, was censure passed upon him. It was said that the dilatoriness in rising of the bishop-general disastrously retarded an important movement.

June 15. (Grant's Army before Petersburg.)—The day after General Polk's death Pine Mountain was evacuated, and its garrisons withdrawn to Lost and Kenesaw Mountains. On the 17th the Lost Mountain, too, was evacuated, although a line of admirable breastworks connected it with Kenesaw. They were probably too long to be advantageously defended by Johnston's army, which, despite some reinforcements of newly raised troops, was still somewhat inferior to Sherman's. As soon as these two posts were abandoned, the Federals occupied them. Johnston's main position, however, was still secure and formidable; and when, on the 27th, two assaults on it utterly failed, with a loss of 3,000 to the attackers, and only 300 to the defenders, it seemed as if Kenesaw would long put a veto on Sherman's further advance. Nothing of the sort happened. Sherman merely effected a gradual extension of his left towards the Chattahoochie, and on the 3rd of July Johnston once more retreated. Sherman secured the crossing of the Chattahoochie at a point some miles east of the railway bridge; there he waited for a few days, to get up supplies and rest his men. All mountain entanglements were at last surmounted. From the north bank of the river Atlanta could be seen in the distance, with extensive fortifications before it.* The

* 'Ascending a high hill which overlooked the river, I got a splendid view of the doomed city of Atlanta, with its network of defences. From the banks of the river all the way up to the city there is a succession of earthworks. It would be impossible to conceive of a more strongly fortified place. Not far from the banks of the river I noticed a fort, which is said to have some twenty siege guns. In regard to the railroad bridge, in my former letter I stated that we held it. I was misinformed—we do not

‘doomed city,’ as men already began to call it, was a novel and welcome sight to the troops. It was (as everybody then thought) the goal of their march; and it was the first large town in their way since they had set out. In the year 1860 the population of Atlanta was 12,000, but it had probably increased since then. It contained many stores and manufactories, and very important arsenals and arms factories, instituted by the Southern Government.

It was not till the 17th that the Federals advanced beyond the immediate border of the river Chattahoochie. General Sherman employed the time in making all secure in his rear, in locating supplies, with garrisons to defend them, at Marietta and other stations back along the railway. All this while several over-zealous newspapers in the Rebel capital, and the whole of the officiously confident Confederate sympathisers outside the Confederacy, were clamorous in their praise of ‘Johnston’s masterly retreat;’ hysteric in their laughter at the predicament of Sherman, who was ‘walking into a trap.’ ‘Johnston was drawing Sherman away from his base,’ so the phrase ran; ‘Johnston was getting Sherman where he wanted him;’ most egregious misrepresentation of all, ‘Sherman’s supplies were running short.’ Now the Federal army was in reality excellently supplied. Up to the date we have arrived at—up to the arrival of Sherman before Atlanta, the Confederates had not even made any serious raid on Sherman’s rear. They had two dashing cavalry chiefs in the south-west region, but one of these, Wheeler, retained on Johnston’s army, was not yet permitted to make the bold but risky attempts we shall see him later undertake; the other, Forrest, was diverted from a serious raid he

hold it, but the Rebels have not destroyed it. The cars run up as far as our lines, and scream victory into the ears of the Rebels on the other side of the river.’—Correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*.

might have made, first by the approach of a detachment of Federals from the Mississippi, under Sturgis; and, when he had defeated that (June 10), by the approach of a retributive detachment under A. J. Smith, which gained the victory over him in a three days' fight at Tupelo, Mississippi (July 13-15). General Smith managed this battle admirably, losing only from 300 to 500 men, while Forrest lost over 2,000.

To return to the armies before Atlanta. Hard fighting awaited the Federals. When General Sherman moved on towards the walls of Atlanta, a new commander confronted him. On the 17th July Johnston was superseded by the Confederate Government, and replaced by Hood, late one of his corps commanders, and who had fought during 1863 under Lee in Virginia. The authorities at Richmond had appointed the new general chiefly for his 'fighting' qualities. He was indeed a man of eminent valour and gallantry—as a missing arm, leg, and eye, abundantly testified—but unfortunately totally deficient in the qualities necessary for the chief command in a defensive campaign.

The selection was made in haste; the Confederate Government had afterwards to repent at leisure. Hood began a career of errors by striking out furiously and heedlessly against an adversary who was drawing up towards him with extreme care and deliberation. Out of the shelter of his own fortifications, he threw himself twice upon an army superior in numbers, strong in condition, and with able generals at their posts. Sherman's army, marching down the north bank of Peach-tree Creek, on the 18th, crossed it on the 19th, and drew up towards the outer line of the fortifications of Atlanta. This line of works was a little over two miles from the city of Atlanta, and Sherman's army was ranged at about four

miles' distance from the city; its left extended to the south as far as the town of Decatur. Hood's army lay within its breastworks on the 19th, and on the 20th, when Sherman's was securely posted, suddenly started out to attack it in the open field. The Federals were in line along the south bank of Peach-tree Creek. The Confederate troops did all that could be expected of them. Advancing three lines deep, they struggled fiercely against a deadly fire of artillery and musketry, and at first came to close quarters, and put one portion of the Federal line into a staggering condition. From 4 P.M., when Hood led them to the first attack, till dark, the Southerners made repeated charges, but each one was less effectual and more disastrous to themselves than its predecessor. At no point did they succeed in breaking the Federal line. Hood lost in this battle over 3,000 men, Sherman not quite half that number.

General Hood rashly ventured on pursuing the same policy of attack in a yet greater battle. Late on the 21st he abandoned the outer line of fortifications, the extent of which did not allow of the concentration of forces he wanted, and on the next morning he massed all the troops he could on Sherman's left flank (22nd July). A great battle took place—the greatest of the Georgian campaign. Hood's policy was to attack the Federal left flank while their right was occupying the outer line of works which he had abandoned. At 1 P.M. his infantry, in greatly superior force, rushed on to the 15th and 17th corps—M'Pherson's command—whilst the cavalry, under Wheeler, made a dash against some of the Federal stores at Decatur. But the 15th corps, under General Blair, bravely withstood the scathing onset of the commencement, another corps speedily came to its aid, and the 17th charged out furiously against the attackers. At each

effort the Confederates made they suffered much greater loss than they inflicted. Desperate encounters and great perils occurred on both sides. Before the battle was well begun, the Federals had to deplore the loss of one of their best chiefs. General M'Pherson had been in consultation with Sherman in the centre of the army, when the first tokens that the enemy was making a movement on his left flank were announced. He instantly mounted and rode off, attended by his staff. Arrived near the scene of action, and foreseeing the strategy of the coming conflict, he had despatched most of his officers with orders, but still rode on, almost alone, to reconnoitre. The enemy was nearer than he thought. Some sharpshooters had already advanced through the woods, and General M'Pherson met a sudden death by a volley from an ambush. The officers who were coming after him beheld with dismay his horse galloping back, wounded and riderless.

Only half an hour after M'Pherson had quitted Sherman's side, the chief commander was struck with grief by his adjutant-general's riding up to report that he was either dead or prisoner.* There was no time for meditation, however, and plenty of scope for action. General Logan was temporarily appointed to M'Pherson's position. The news of the death of their commander was communicated to the troops of the left flank, and Logan led on the 17th corps with the cry of 'Remember M'Pherson.' Before dusk the Confederates retired, having again failed to break the Federal line at any point. The only morsel of success they obtained by the battle

* 'Not more than half an hour after General M'Pherson had left me, viz. about 12.30 P.M. of the 22nd, his adjutant-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, rode up and reported that General M'Pherson was either dead or a prisoner. * * * The suddenness of this terrible calamity would have overwhelmed me with grief, but the living demanded my whole thoughts.'—*Sherman's Report* (No. 1.)

was the capture of some small quantity of supplies by Wheeler at Decatur. But the grand result of this rash attack of the Confederate general was victory for Sherman, and victory of the most substantial kind. He had inflicted large loss upon the enemy, suffering less than half the amount himself. His total of killed, wounded, and missing, was 3,722. It had cost Hood not less than 8,000.*

The death of General M'Pherson was much felt by the people of the North. He was but thirty-six years old, was a brave man, and had already made a great reputation for military ability, being even complimented with acknowledgment of it by the Confederate newspapers—one of the few instances in which they did so notice a Northern commander. His death was a deep personal affliction to Sherman and Grant. When the news of the battle reached Grant, in his camp before Petersburg, it is said that the Lieutenant-General went into his tent and wept bitterly for the death of him whom he describes in his report as 'the brave, accomplished, and noble-hearted M'Pherson.'

After the battle Hood retired into Atlanta, which was well provisioned, and fortified all round in a manner that bade defiance to any immediate attempts to storm it. Sherman had no such rash idea in his head. Without making any attack, he found plenty of useful work to do to prepare the downfall of the place. He now began to operate on its railway communications. On the 21st, while he merely reconnoitred in front, the troops in the rear were employed in destroying the 'Georgia' Railway, the important line

* Of this approximate number the dead were 3,240. Sherman states that his officers counted 2,200, and 800 bodies were delivered to Hood for burial under flag of truce on the 23rd. Very nearly these numbers were declared, four days after the battle, in a congratulatory order issued by Sherman's subordinate, General Thomas.—*Sherman's Report* (No. 1.) New York Newspapers.

running east from Atlanta to the city of Augusta and the Carolina border. While he lay on the north bank of the Chattahoochie, a strong body of cavalry, under General Rousseau, had by his direction descended from Decatur, Alabama, on to the Montgomery, West Point and Atlanta line—the only railway running west from Atlanta.

Finally, on July 27, he detached most of the cavalry camped with him to raid over the country south-east of Atlanta, and endeavour to cut the Macon Railway, the only line running due south from the beleaguered city. This done, he immediately broke up camp, sent his stores to his garrison north of the Chattahoochie, and pushed quickly round between the north of Atlanta and the river. He was in hopes that celerity in this movement would enable him to acquire immediately a position to the south-west of the enemy, where he might either shut him in, or thrust him out of, Atlanta. But Hood, seeing that railway after railway was being attacked in his rear, perceived that his communications would soon be cut off, and resolved to make one more desperate effort.

His army had been largely reinforced by levies of State militia, with a few detachments brought, though ill to be spared, from some garrison towns of the Carolinas. The bulk of these being raw recruits, and quite young men, may partly explain the disproportionate losses Hood sustained in each battle he fought. His troops behaved well, however, in the attack he again dealt out on Sherman, as the latter was passing round by the north-west of Atlanta (July 28). The men fought with that desperate courage which shows that hope is almost abandoned and rage the animating principle. They rushed furiously right up to the Federal lines, and a great deal of sheer hand-to-hand fighting took place; but the seasoned troops of Sherman withstood all their attacks. In the heat of

the combat a Confederate standard-bearer, charging at the head of his regiment, dashed up to the rifle-pits and ran the spear-head of his flag-staff through a Federal soldier, killing him on the spot. The next minute an avenging bullet laid this desperate partisan low. This incident illustrates the heat of the conflict in both parties. The weight of loss fell wholly to the Confederates. According to the report of General Logan, the Federals lost but 572, while he estimates that the Confederates lost about 5,000. Do what they would, the Confederates could not hinder their iron enemy from passing round their left flank, and acquiring a position on the south-west of Atlanta. Augmented in force by the arrival of reinforcements under Slocum (20th corps), Sherman moved on and planted himself west of Atlanta, with the Chattahoochie in his rear, still keeping open communications with his supply garrisons on the north bank of that river. During the month of August he maintained this menacing position, gradually extending his right flank more and more to the south till it rested on the little railway junction called East Point. Hood, however, found means still to keep his lines prolonged in opposition along the Macon Railroad. Frequent skirmishing and shelling took place, but unmarked by any incidents which require record.

As the last days of August were closing, Sherman found himself in a condition for giving the finishing touch to Atlanta. Without having effected any material reduction of the strong defences that encircled the city, he saw his way to ousting the enemy from it by strategy. He had thought out all the details of a comprehensive movement, notifying the President, the War Minister, and General Grant of his plan, and his confident anticipations that it would give him the city. Imitating the policy we

have already seen Grant taking up before Petersburg, Sherman had, with much greater ease and celerity, extended his line, thereby compelling his antagonist to do the same, and so incur weakness at certain points. A raid right round Atlanta, performed in three days by Sherman's dashing chief of cavalry, Kilpatrick (now recovered from his wound), added to Hood's growing perplexity. Kilpatrick destroyed a portion of both the 'Montgomery' and the 'Macon' Railways; and this so alarmed Hood, that deeming himself bound to keep open the Macon line at all risks, he sent out of Atlanta a large portion of his army (Hardee's corps), and located it at Jonesboro' on that line, not less than twenty-two miles south of the city. Sherman, having forced the enemy into this perilous extension of his lines, immediately proceeded to profit by it. Using some considerable artifice to mislead the enemy, he marched rapidly south, to Fairburn, on the 'Montgomery' line (August 27). After destroying that railway for twelve miles, he turned quickly round on the enemy's force, on the 'Macon' line (31st). Falling upon it in overwhelming strength, he crushed the attack it feebly offered to his right wing, and then rapidly pushed his left diagonally forward, so as to completely sever it from Atlanta and its chief commander. That general was now at his wit's end, unable even to assist his detachment at Jonesboro', and obliged to make up his mind to the evacuation of Atlanta. Sherman had left Slocum's 20th corps in front of Atlanta, with its rear resting on the Chattahoochie Bridge; by this, therefore, Hood was still threatened. When on the next day the main body of the Federals, with Sherman at its head, appeared at the little station called Rough and Ready, twelve miles south of Atlanta, and ten north of Jonesboro', destroyed the railroad down to the latter place, and

then proceeded to drive the force under Hardee still further south, Hood plainly perceived that it was out of his power to hold Atlanta. (September 1.) Sherman utterly routed the force at Jonesboro'; broke Hardee's lines, captured prisoners and guns, and chased him to Lovejoy's station, thirty miles south of Atlanta. (2nd.) All he had to do then was to turn and leisurely march back, for Hood had blown up his magazines and fled the same night, and Slocum's 20th corps was already in peaceful possession of the long-coveted and well-earned city of Atlanta.*

The drop-scene may descend again, while we consider the character and results of Sherman's victory. The fall of Atlanta stands out pretty distinctly, as closing the fourth act of the American Civil War. Words of thanksgiving and triumph filled the North, from President and people. In Grant's camp, before Petersburg, a salute of shotted guns was fired, in honour of the success in the South-West. Sherman received (just before the capture of Atlanta) the commission of Major-General in the regular army.

The conception and execution of the operations by which Sherman gained Atlanta were most brilliant in a military point of view. He threw dust in Hood's eyes completely, from August 27 to September 1. He compelled the division of the Confederate army, and then reaped the full benefit to be derived from it by astuteness and energy. Nor had he delayed in the fore part of August without a reason. He thereby got the oppor-

* General Sherman, in his despatches announcing the victory, complacently but justly finishes by saying, 'Atlanta is ours, and fairly won.' 'If that is not success I do not know what is.' That there might be no mistake about it, he adds, in one letter, 'I am now writing in Atlanta, so I could not be uneasy in regard to our situation'—a sly hint for those newspaper writers and critics who had decried his operations.

tunity of executing his plan when Hood's cavalry was away, and could not watch or interfere with his movements. The results thereby gained more than compensated for the destruction done on his own communications. Wheeler had cut the telegraph wires, and torn up portions of the railway between Atlanta and Chattanooga; had generally annoyed all the garrisons posted at intervals between those two places, fiercely assaulting one, and had even passed beyond Chattanooga, and commenced operations on the railway in East Tennessee. He was well aided by the two guerilla chiefs of the South-West, Forrest and Morgan. The three dashed about in the wildest manner. Morgan encouraged Wheeler to advance into Tennessee, and, for a time, acted with him. Forrest, eager to retrieve the defeat which Smith's seasoned troops had given him, scoured along the boundary line of Tennessee and Alabama, and attacking Memphis, on the Mississippi, with superior force, nearly succeeded in making prisoners the general in command (Washburn) and all his officers. Wheeler passed from Eastern into Central Tennessee, and destroyed more railway track, as far north as the old battle-field of Murfreesboro'. But when there the bold raiders received the news that the game which was really important had gone against them—that Sherman was comfortably ensconced in Atlanta. With bitter chagrin, Wheeler turned south again to rejoin his discomfited chief, Hood. Forrest ragefully turned over the feasibility of another daring raid or two. As for Morgan, the career of that most pestilent, most daring of guerillas, closed for ever, in a somewhat singular manner, in the immediate vicinity of his native town (Greenville). At the house in which he took up his quarters one night, with only two or three companions, a Northern lady, wife of a Northern officer,

resided. She hastened to the nearest Federal quarters during the night. In the morning a body of Federals surrounded the house, from which Morgan had not yet sallied. Called upon to surrender, he refused, and endeavoured to make his escape, upon which he was instantly shot dead by a Federal cavalryman.*

It will readily be supposed that, on the capture of Atlanta, public expectation was raised to a high pitch as to the next move of the victorious Federal general. Also it may stand as a matter of course that the subject had already occupied the general's own attention. Two or three plans were revolving in the fertile brain of Sherman, and were being equally reflected on by his chief, Grant, in his quiet camp before Petersburg. The idea which the Lieutenant-General and his subordinate first entertained was to hold Atlanta, and presently acquire one or two other garrison towns in a line through Georgia or Alabama to the sea, 'in other words, cut the would-be Confederacy in two again,' as it was already by the possession of the course of the Mississippi. There were considerable difficulties in this project, in the way of heavy garrisons to be maintained on the various railway lines, and the opening of fresh bases of supply for them. The reduction of the great Alabama seaport of Mobile was very desirable for this scheme, as there was excellent facility of communication over the three hundred miles of

* I am not quite certain that Greenville was the birthplace of Morgan, but he was in some way connected with it, and the people of the little town still dwell on his exploits with pride, as the following extract from a Federal tourist's narrative, six months after the war, shows:—"This is whar they both belong," said a native, as we were coming out from the dining-room at Greenville. It was to President Johnson (whose home was in this dilapidated little village) that the reference had been made. Who the other notability of the place was no one understood, till the native explained that "he meant Andie Johnson and John Morgan, of co'se."—Reid, *After the War* (Cincinnati, 1866), p. 351.

country between it and Atlanta, not only by the tracks of the railways, but by the natural river communications. Mobile, in the possession of the Federals, would open a new base for Sherman on the Gulf of Mexico. A naval and military expedition to attempt its capture had already sailed; and if it were not necessary to explain the relations between Sherman's position and his south-western outlook, it would nevertheless be well to digress here from Sherman's proceedings for a moment, to admire the victory gained in Mobile Bay by the fine old naval hero of the Federals, Admiral Farragut.

Mobile Bay is about thirty miles long, the city of Mobile being that number of miles from the sea. At its broadest part the bay is fifteen miles across, at its narrowest about seven. It is admirably shut in from the Gulf of Mexico by a peninsula and an island, so that there were only two openings, Grant's Pass and the Swash Channel, through which the Federal fleet could enter. These openings were about three miles wide, and the Confederates had erected strong forts, Morgan and Gaines, to command them. Within the bay was cooped up about the largest fleet the Confederates now possessed, and on this, during the month of July, Admiral Farragut had set his heart. It comprised the great ironclad ram 'Tennessee,' built on the model of the 'Merrimac,' but with various improvements, altogether stauncher and more formidable, and three fine gunboats, the 'Selma,' the 'Gaines,' and the 'Morgan.'

Admiral Farragut's fleet consisted of eleven wooden ships and three ironclads, the most formidable of which was the 'Tecumseh.' On August 5 these all ran the gauntlet of the forts at the entrance of the bay (Swash Channel), passing in two and two, and delivering such a fire at the forts as prevented their fire from keeping on so

vigorously as it should. Directly the Federal ships entered the bay, the Confederates lying inside attacked them. Farragut's wooden flag-ship, the 'Hartford,' was now ahead, as it had always been the Admiral's wont to be. The Admiral, lashed to a mast, surveyed the whole combat, and the first thing he saw after getting inside the bay was the best of his vessels yet in, the 'Tecumseh,' going down (7.40 A.M.) She had struck a torpedo, and was seen to rise and disappear beneath the water almost instantly. A boat, which was immediately put off under heavy firing, succeeded in picking up half-a-dozen men; all the rest of her officers and crew, about 100 men, were drowned. The firing now became terrific, and the fleet, although steaming ahead at full speed, was completely enveloped in flame and smoke. At this moment one of the Confederate gunboats, which were close by the forts, was seen making off to the north, with the evident intention of escaping to the city of Mobile. Farragut directed a vessel after her, and after a chase of forty minutes the 'Selma' was captured. Her decks, when she struck, were covered with dead and dying, and the scuppers running with their blood. All Farragut's fleet was now within the bay and somewhat dispersed, some being engaged with the Confederate gunboats 'Gaines' and 'Morgan;' the former was ultimately beached, and so lost to the Confederates. Now, at last, the 'Tennessee' engaged the two remaining monitors of Farragut; she seemed quite a match for both of them together, and it was impossible to say how their fight would result, when Farragut, from his pinnacle of observation, gave the signal for the whole fleet to turn and attack the Rebel ram, not only with guns, but by running down on her at full speed. Thus the audacious old Admiral actually rammed her with his wooden vessels.

His own ship, the 'Hartford,' poured in a broadside at a distance of not more than twelve feet. The Confederate Admiral was now down, wounded in the leg; and with the ironclads closing upon her, and the 'Hartford' and the rest of the fleet again ramming her, with her crew continually knocked off their legs by the concussions, at ten A.M. the 'Tennessee' surrendered. Only one vessel of the Confederates escaped, the gunboat 'Morgan.' Farragut's loss in this victory was about 240, including the crew of the 'Tecumseh.*' Such is the brief outline of this naval battle, which gave great delight to the citizens of the North, and still further enhanced the fame of Admiral Farragut, who already possessed so distinguished a reputation from his exploits at New Orleans and in the Mississippi in 1862-3. From his perfect hardihood amidst fire and water, he received the popular appellation of 'The Old Salamander.'

The forts defending Mobile Bay were reduced by the end of September, but the city of Mobile was too well fortified to give in to anything but a persistent siege. Its fate was reserved till seven months later, the very close of the war, for it was not thought expedient by General Grant to prosecute the difficult siege at once. During September fresh schemes presented themselves to him and Sherman, in which the possession of Mobile was not an indispensable thing.

Sherman liked, after work done, to toy briefly—briefly, be it well understood—with the outlines of different operations, by which the work done might be followed up, and often ended by selecting the most daring. So it eventually happened in this case.

* *Farragut's Report*. Narrative of an Officer of Admiral Farragut's Fleet. *Despatch of General Maury*, commanding at Mobile. Headley, *Farragut and our Naval Commanders* (New York, 1867).

After entering Atlanta, General Sherman arranged with General Hood a few days' armistice. The Confederate commander had rallied and re-organised his army at about thirty miles south of Atlanta.

With the object of making strong his hold, Sherman issued a proclamation declaring his requisition of Atlanta exclusively for military purposes, and ordered all the citizens to depart, giving them passes either North or South, as they wished. The object of this was to prevent any hints of plans being conveyed from inhabitants to the enemy in the field; also to make practicable a contraction of the circle of defence.

When the news of this undoubtedly hard-to-be-borne measure reached General Hood, he seized upon it as the opportunity for a war of words. He wrote a long letter to Sherman, stigmatising the act as cruelty, and imputing barbarity to the Federal armies. Sherman, as eager with the pen as with the sword, wrote back a repelling and fiery reply. Altogether, Sherman seemed to get the best of Hood in this encounter of pen and ink, as he had in that of steel and lead.*

Hood sent another letter, but Sherman appears not to have accorded further correspondence. Meanwhile, to raise the drooping spirits of the south-western portion of the Confederacy, there came from Richmond its Pre-

* 'Talk thus to the Marines,' said Sherman, disputing Hood's protest that his act was 'studied and ingenious cruelty,' and then stating, himself, the provocations which the South had given the North: 'Talk thus to the Marines, but not to me who have seen these things, and who will this day make as much sacrifice for the peace and honour of the South as the best born Southerner among you.'—*Letters of Hood to Sherman and of Sherman to Hood*, September, 1864. See also, for the sentiments which were working in Sherman's mind at this time, a very interesting letter from him to an old friend, from before Atlanta, August 10, 1864, during the siege (not published till a year later, August 31, 1865, in the *Huntsville Advocate*).

sident, and, by speeches at various towns in the course of his progress, Jefferson Davis strove to reanimate his sinking 'nation.' Now, in grave and genuine tones, he acknowledged that reverses had befallen them, that there was a gloom in their prospects, and that there was difficulty in filling the ranks for defence; * now, with rageful vehemence and a confidence that must have belied his real feelings, he inveighed against Sherman, predicted that he would be compelled to make a retreat as disastrous as that of Napoleon from Moscow, and spoke, as a matter of course, of the achievement of independence. In the same breath, he told the people of Macon that a great portion of the troops were absent without leave, that he could not send any reinforcements from Virginia to Georgia, and that all, even the old men, would have to unite to defend Macon if attacked.† When this speech was published, most of the Southern newspapers were so dissatisfied with it that they denied its authenticity. They could not, however, deny the scarcity of soldiers, as, in common with the Government, they had hitherto; for, simultaneously with this speech of Mr. Davis, an order was issued from the War Department at Richmond for the enrolment of all white males between the ages of seventeen and fifty.

Returning again by stages to his capital, President Davis made another speech at Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, in which he indulged himself in vituperating the people of the North generally:—‘Does anyone believe that the Yankees are to be conciliated by terms of concession?’ he asked. ‘Do you not know that the only way to make spaniels civil is to whip them?—and you can whip them!’

* Speech at Salisbury, North Carolina.

† Speech at Macon, Georgia, September 23, 1864.

General Sherman had been anxiously scrutinising the position of the Confederates since his occupation of Atlanta. But they had been so still at first, that no certain indication of their ideas could be gathered. The incautious speech of President Davis at Macon (September 23) revealed the outline of their plans. The bitterness of his position must have in some degree affected the heretofore calm judgment of the Southern President. When he arrogantly asserted that the captors of Atlanta could be driven and harassed as the French were from Moscow, he also plainly gave out that Hood's army would assume the offensive almost immediately, to effect the grand result. At the same time he had declared that he could spare no reinforcements of seasoned troops for the arduous task. Both Grant and Sherman allude in their reports to the remarkable way in which the Head of the Rebellion played into their hands by this injudicious speech. Sherman had strongly fortified Atlanta, and was preparing for a movement, when the enemy's venturesomeness thus caused his immediate operations to be settled for him. He was ready at once to look after Hood. Meanwhile, before he could move, he despatched his second in command, the able General Thomas, back to Nashville, to organise calmly for the defence of Tennessee. Very shortly after, too, Grant arranged to send more cavalry to Tennessee, with the experienced chief Wilson to keep a patrol of the defence lines.

With a large army of infantry, composed in great measure of raw and young soldiers, Hood now entered upon movements as wild and erratic as those which Forrest was risking with a small body of cavalry, and such as, though partly successful, were even in him injudicious. Moving quickly round by the west, to the north of Federal Atlanta, Hood threw himself upon the railroad

in Sherman's rear, and marched north upon its tract, destroying where he could and had time, and assaulting (in one instance successfully) Sherman's garrisons (October 1). Leaving an ample force under Slocum in Atlanta, Sherman moved after him, and entered on the strange task of pursuing that army 130 miles north in the very track on which, from May to July, he had pursued it 130 miles south.

A stirring episode occurred at this resumption of hostilities. Hood, who had a fair start of Sherman, was north of the Kenesaw Range on the 4th, and immediately directed a division against the Federal garrison at the Allatoona Pass. The position is already familiar to the reader. Through the pass ran the railway to Chattanooga, and in the fort were stored over a million rations. Sherman, at Atlanta, divined the movement with annoyance and some anxiety. The feeble Allatoona garrison was bound to bear the brunt of an attack before he could reach it with his army. Now came into play the signal corps. The flagmen on Kenesaw Mountain (safely possessed by Sherman's outposts) had not been slow in communicating the danger to Atlanta. From Atlanta the chief darted back a message that Allatoona must be defended to the last, at the same time ordering General Corse, at Rome, to reinforce it with his troops and assume the command. Over the heads of Hood's advancing soldiers went the message from Kenesaw to Allatoona, thence to Rome; and during the night of the 4th General Corse and his reinforcement hurried into the Pass Fort. Even then the garrison numbered but a little over 1,500 men, and with early dawn of the 5th full 6,000 Confederates were upon them. But Corse's spirit alone was a saving reinforcement. Though severely wounded ere much of the fighting had passed, this brave man ruled

the defence all through ; and, though driven from their lower lines, the feeble garrison held the summit of the mountain with immoveable constancy. They returned to the utmost the fire of the vastly superior numbers attacking, without letting nervousness mar the efficacy of the volleys. Corse's spirit animated his men. Nor that alone. In the intervals between the smoke of volleys they looked straight on to the distant Kenesaw Mountain, and, between ten o'clock and noon, the 'magic white and red,' waved by the flagmen there, transmitted a joyful message to those watching at the glass. Relief was at hand. The 23rd corps was coming with all the speed possible against the rear of the enemy, and from the top of Kenesaw Sherman himself was watching the fight of the heroic suffering Corse and his brave Allatoona garrison. Thrilling was this incident. Sherman had climbed to the Kenesaw signal-station by ten o'clock, and standing with his face towards Allatoona (eighteen miles distant), could see the smoke of battle and hear the faint sounds of artillery. His track of four months previous lay before him, the same from which he had taken that admiring view of 'Kenesaw, the bold and striking twin mountain;' now, standing on Kenesaw, the view back was made more entrancing by the vivid interest of its termination—the desperate and uncertain struggle of a garrison of his, going on under his very eyes. Uncertain, it had properly to be styled, as the issue of a battle always must be. Sherman, however, though sad to see his men unequally beset (one of his best titles to praise is his solicitude for the lives of his soldiers), was confident that they would come out victorious. 'I know Corse,' he said ; 'so long as he lives the Allatoona Pass is safe.'

The defence of Allatoona will always be referred to with just pride by Americans in the future, and its

romantic accompaniments will make it more celebrated than battles on a larger scale. In military importance, however, the garrison's victory was great. Soon after mid-day that victory was achieved; for the attackers, making no impression, and finding themselves about to be pressed by the advancing 23rd corps, drew off, and marched to the north-west along with Hood's main body.*

It was in vain that Hood, leaving alone Allatoona, threatened, or made a feint at, Rome. Indisposed to risk a battle, he had to move on with such celerity that, though progressing to within view of Chattanooga, he did not effect much damage to the railroad. He gained possession of Dalton indeed for a day, but Sherman following him up sharply, drove him out and on again. Arrived almost close to Chattanooga, Sherman for a moment thought his adversary was going to make a stand on the old battle-field of Chickamauga (October 15). On pressing him, however, his symptoms of resistance proved mere feints. There was no more fight in Hood—as regarded Sherman, at least—and as another step north would have brought him under the guns of Chattanooga, he fled by the left in a south-westerly direction to Gadsden, Alabama.

Those Southern critics and Southern sympathisers who had been so persistent, first in denying, then in misrepresenting Sherman's calm but resistless march on and into Atlanta, were at this juncture in ecstasies over Hood's wild rush from the outside of that city to the outside of Allatoona and Chattanooga. Directly Hood commenced moving they had represented Sherman as outwitted, or

* Nichols, *The Story of the Great March* (London, 1865). *Sherman's Report* (No. 2) from Savannah, Georgia, January 1, 1865. *La Campagne de Georgie*, by E. Szabad (officer on Grant's staff). *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Juin 15, 1865. Ingersoll, *Iowa and the Rebellion* (Philadelphia, 1867).

‘seized with the paralysis of despair.’ Now some boldly made out that all the ground passed over by Hood had been ‘recovered.’ Suddenly came a turn in the state of affairs—a manifest change, which was to make them first stare and affectedly grin, then wonder and quake, then, at last, howl with very despair. Instead of troubling further about Hood, after driving him to Gadsden, Sherman deliberately faced about, and strode south again, to accomplish his great march from Atlanta, through Georgia, to the sea. Full details of that achievement will not be entered into here; but before giving a very brief sketch of it, it will be well to see the way in which the movement was finally arranged and agreed upon by Grant and Sherman. Sometimes by special messenger, when possible by telegraphing *viâ* Washington and the zigzag lines through Kentucky and Tennessee, the two generals kept each other well informed of their circumstances and ideas. The correspondence which resulted in Sherman’s prolonged movement shows that the Lieutenant-General before Petersburg comprehended perfectly the state of affairs in Georgia, and was of one mind with his trusty general on the spot, as to the true and fitting policy for the work yet to their hands. A very little while after the capture of Atlanta, Sherman had written to Lieutenant-General Grant, suggesting that he should continue on an offensive campaign by moving on for the Atlantic coast, fighting Hood if, as then seemed probable, Hood strove to obstruct him. Grant replied to this on September 12, countenancing the idea, and intimating that he was organising an expedition both against Wilmington and Savannah (North Carolina and Georgia) which would have an important facilitative influence on Sherman’s projected movement. Sherman then sent back a special letter, ‘by Colonel Porter,’ in which, after commenting on some

details on which Grant wished his opinion, he expressed himself as prepared for his own portion of the business, viz., to 'keep Hood employed and put my army in final order for a march on Augusta, Columbia, and Charleston, to be ready, as soon as Wilmington is sealed to commerce, and the city of Savannah is in our possession.'

The co-operative expedition to Wilmington, however, was not to take place till much later, as Sherman soon learned. Thus matters stood at the end of September, when Hood's movement to Sherman's rear occurred, and soon showed itself to Sherman as—what less keen or resolute minds might have failed to perceive—the very opportunity for the execution of his march. From the vicinity of Rome, five days after the relief of Allatoona, he telegraphed to Grant as follows :—

‘ Centreville, Ga, October 10 : noon.

‘ Dispatch about Wilson just received. Hood is now crossing Coosa River, 12 miles below Rome, bound west. If he passes over the Mobile and Ohio Road, had I not better execute the plan of my letter sent by Colonel Porter, and leave General Thomas, with the troops now in Tennessee, to defend the State? He will have an ample force when the reinforcements ordered reach Nashville.

‘ W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General.

‘ Lieutenant-General Grant.’

This message, sent by a course which, it will be safe to say, exceeded 1,000 miles, reached Grant's head-quarters in less than twelve hours. The Lieutenant-General read and reflected, consulted the map probably, and penned the following reply, in which, it will be seen hereafter, he accurately appreciated the feasibility of Sherman's

plan, and also marvellously divined the course Hood would pursue.

‘City Point, Va., October 11, 1864: 11 A.M.

‘Your despatch of October 10 received. Does it not look as if Hood was going to attempt the invasion of Middle Tennessee, using the Mobile and Ohio and Memphis and Charleston Roads to supply his base on the Tennessee River, about Florence or Decatur? If he does this, he ought to be met and prevented going north of the Tennessee River. If you were to cut loose I do not believe you would meet Hood’s army, but would be bushwhacked by all the old men, little boys, and such railway guards as are left at home. Hood would probably strike for Nashville, thinking that by going north he could inflict greater damage upon us than we could upon the Rebels by going south. If there is any way of getting at Hood’s army, I would prefer that; but I must trust to your own judgment. I find I shall not be able to send a force from here to act with you on Savannah. Your movements, therefore, will be independent of mine; at least, until the fall of Richmond takes place. I am afraid Thomas, with such lines of roads as he has to protect, could not prevent Hood from going north. With Wilson turned loose, with all your cavalry, you will find the Rebels put much more on the defensive than heretofore.

‘U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

‘Major-General W. T. Sherman.’

Before the day was over, but after sunset, Grant received another message from Georgia. Sherman was now eager to get his chief’s sanction for the great march. He panted like a very Hotspur to be on the offensive again. The hour date is the same as Grant’s. The two

generals, 700 miles apart in a straight line, had been simultaneously addressing each other.

‘ Kingston, Ga., October 11 : 11 A.M.

‘ Hood moved his army from Palmetto Station across by Dallas and Cedartown, and is now on the Coosa River, south of Rome. He threw one corps on my road at Ackworth, and I was forced to follow. I hold Atlanta with the 20th corps, and have strong detachments along my line. This reduces my active force to a comparatively small body. He cannot remain here on the defensive. With the 25,000 men and the bold cavalry he has, he can constantly break my roads. I would infinitely prefer to make a wreck of the road and of the country from Chattanooga to Atlanta, including the latter city; send back all my wounded and worthless; and, with my effective army, move through Georgia, smashing things, to the sea. Hood may turn into Tennessee and Kentucky, but I believe he will be forced to follow me. Instead of my being on the defensive, I would be on the offensive; instead of guessing at what he means to do, he would have to guess at my plans. The difference in war is full twenty-five per cent. I can make Savannah, Charleston, or the mouth of the Chattahoochie.

‘ Answer quick, as I know we will not have the telegraph long.

‘ W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General.

‘ Lieutenant-General Grant.’

To this despatch the Lieutenant-General promptly returned this brief but sufficient answer, which closed this important series of telegrams :—

‘ City Point, Va., October 11, 1864 : 11.30 P.M.

‘ Your despatch of to-day received. If you are satisfied the trip to the sea-coast can be made, holding the

line of the Tennessee River firmly, you may make it, destroying all the railroad south of Dalton or Chattanooga, as you think best.

‘U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

‘Major-General W. T. Sherman.’

General Thomas, to whom Sherman was about to leave the command of Tennessee, had already arrived in Nashville. Besides the troops which were being forwarded to Thomas from various posts in the North, Sherman turned over to him two corps, with the able General Schofield, to act under him. This reduced the strength of Sherman's army to about 60,000 men.

Meanwhile Hood, at Gadsden, was making ready for a plunge north, and fresh levies of militia and reinforcements from Mississippi were being concentrated for him at Decatur, Alabama, a little to the west of his head-quarters.

By the end of October Sherman had fulfilled the words of his proposition to Grant—made a wreck of the road and of the country from Chattanooga to Atlanta. All the troops taken out of the now destroyed garrison posts were incorporated with his army, which was concentrated at Atlanta, numbering 60,000 infantry and about 6,000 cavalry. From Atlanta Sherman sent a brief parting message to his far-off friends. In a few days he was going to destroy Atlanta, and entirely sever himself from communication with the North.

By that time Hood was crossing the Tennessee boundary line. Behold, then, these two armies, for months inseparable, now parting by mutual consent; literally so, for Hood began to edge to the north before Sherman turned back from Gadsden, and the latter had already decided on the reverse movement. ‘Let him go north,’

he said of Hood. 'Our business lies south. Thomas will take care of him. I am all right.'

On November 12 Atlanta was destroyed and set on fire. The army was camped outside the city. On the 16th it commenced moving in two columns for the sea. The incident with which the march commenced—the destruction of Atlanta—was the key-note of the policy Sherman now developed. He commenced the march with the avowed object of crushing the strength, moral and material, of the South. He believed it expedient to destroy the enemy's resources as the surest means of bringing him under, and had made up his mind (as had, in a broad sense, Grant) to the adoption of severe and exacting measures, of which, unfortunately, but too many precedents existed in the records of old world wars. 'War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it,' he had said, in defence of his first hard proceeding—the removal of the population of Atlanta.

Threatening Macon, occupying Milledgeville—moving in two or more columns of infantry, while the cavalry slipped on to the immediate vicinity of Augusta, on the Carolina border—Sherman's army marched right through the heart of Georgia, and by December 10 arrived at the sea-coast, at about ten miles from Savannah.

During the march the army subsisted on the country, and as Georgia was, compared with the other Southern States, a magazine of delicacies, the troops had an agreeable time of it. It is to be deplored that much needless ravage and hardship was inflicted on the country, however, by the foraging parties. These went out daily on each flank of the army columns, and returned at night well laden.* In the last days of November, when the

* 'Farm waggons were confiscated and filled with provisions—jars of jelly, preserves, pickles and honey, baskets of sweet potatoes, and legs of bacon.'—Coffin, *Four Years of Fighting*, p. 399.

army reached Millen, a little town and railway junction, the troops beheld with their own eyes a prison-pen, in which, till just before, Federal prisoners had been confined. For a long time reports had reached the North that shocking treatment now befell the thousands of prisoners held by the Confederates. The sight of the prison-pen at Millen may explain and excuse much of the ravages which Sherman's army performed as it marched on. A space of ground about 300 feet square was the enclosure in which thousands of unfortunate Federal prisoners had lain for months, exposed to heavy dews, biting frosts, and pelting rains, without a board or a tent to protect them, with insufficient rations, and with insufficient clothing. Greater still were the horrors of two other Southern prison-pens—Andersonville, in the north of Georgia, and Salisbury, North Carolina; and the thought of these things might well steel the hearts of Sherman's soldiers.*

As a military operation the march from Atlanta to the sea was magnificently performed, and of its vast influence towards closing the war, of the irreparable blow it inflicted on the battered body of 'The Confederate States,' the on-coming year 1865 was to bring astounding evidence. Looking at the total absence of efficient resistance to Sherman, and the richness of the country passed through, Mr. Pollard attempts to detract from the praise which eminent critics have bestowed on him. But this Southern historian, though we may believe him to be speaking candidly, forgets that Sherman had already

* For the sufferings of Federal captives in Confederate prisons, see the testimony of the trial of Captain Wirtz (1865), also Abbott's *Prison Life in the South* (New York, 1865); and Richardson's *Field, Dungeon, &c.*, (the interesting narrative of the long captivity and ultimate escape of an able newspaper correspondent.)

overcome the utmost opposition that was offered him by the skilfulness of Johnson and the fury of Hood; forgets that Sherman's commissariat was so well organised as to have been sufficient for his march had he needed it to be; and neglects paying attention to the masterly manner in which Sherman moved, spreading terror of attack to many places that he did not visit, mystifying the enemy completely till he was well down towards Savannah.

The net results accomplished from the leaving of Atlanta were, that Sherman's army had marched over three hundred miles in twenty-four days, directly through the heart of Georgia; had destroyed one hundred million dollars' worth of enemy's property; had lost but one or two hundred men; and had reached the sea with its subsistence trains intact, with great additions in some of the staples of provision—in beef, cattle, corn, and vegetables; and with 10,000 liberated negroes (labourers the less to the slaveholding enemy), freemen thenceforward for ever.

CHAPTER X.

CONQUEST OF THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY BY SHERIDAN.—CLOSER INVESTMENT OF RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG.—OVERTHROW OF HOOD BY THOMAS IN THE WEST.

IMPORTANT operations took place in Virginia very soon after the date on which we left it to review the campaign in the West. As we closed for that purpose the penultimate chapter, we saw General Grant leaving the camp before Petersburg to visit the army in the Shenandoah Valley. His mission was to inaugurate a movement which should annihilate the enemy's inferior forces in that region, clear the neighbourhood of Harper's Ferry, relieve Maryland and Pennsylvania of the alarm which still prevailed in them, and do the same harm, material and moral, to the State of Virginia that Sherman's invasion had done to Georgia. It was not without deliberate consideration that he resolved to attempt this, for in the event of failure or defeat in a pitched battle, the greatest inconvenience would result. He journeyed to the spot himself, therefore, to make sure of the character of the commander he was about to employ. None of his subordinates could well be more familiar to him, for General Sheridan had served in the West, had followed him in Virginia as far as he had got, and had been only six weeks before selected by him to fill the command in the Shenandoah. But the brilliant cavalry leader was very young, the movement up the valley very arduous, and the Lieutenant-General wished to look his executive officer

in the face, see how he took the order, and hear his first remark. Ere he had got through the interview Grant was satisfied. The following is his own record of the conference :—‘ Fearing to telegraph the order for an attack without knowing more than I did of General Sheridan’s feelings as to what would be the probable result, I left City Point on September 15 to visit him at his headquarters, to decide, after conference with him, what should be done. I met him at Charleston, and he pointed out so distinctly how each army lay, what he could do the moment he was authorised, and expressed such confidence of success, that I saw there were but two words of instruction necessary—Go in!’*

Hitherto the Shenandoah Valley had been a valley of humiliation for the Federals. In the commencement of this work have been recounted the splendid victories Stonewall Jackson gained in it. The great chief had been for many years a resident in the heart of the valley ; was indeed a native of the north-west region of Virginia. Of that noble State the valley was perhaps the choicest part—supreme in the beauty of its natural features, richest in produce—its people fully equalling the rest of their countrymen in those qualities of strength and valour from which Virginia already held an unsurpassed glory. In this sequestered valley, little known to the outside world before the war, but mighty in their own State, lived many of the ‘ first families of Virginia.’ These had now long experienced the events of war ; and the campaigns in the Shenandoah were like the shakings of a kaleidoscope. By force of revulsion possibly, from their former quiet state, the people of the valley had become—the non-combatants, the old, the young, and the women especially—

* *Grant’s Report*, p. 17. The Charleston at which the interview took place is a little village not far from Harper’s Ferry.

the most ardent of patriots and the most bitter of enemies. The 'Yankees,' whom they so much vituperated, might well have revived for their benefit the epithet of 'malignants.' During the temporary Federal occupations, however, no unusual hardships had been dealt out to the inhabitants of the Shenandoah, and it is probable that, swallowing those common annoyances which fall to all theatres of military operations, they were yet more pleased with than tired of the war, so much had the balance of success preponderated, under their eyes, to their champions. The father, mother, or sister might sometimes see their 'boy' charging along in victorious ranks, past the fields of the farm, or their very door, and the sight would doubtless compensate them for the detested residence with them for some time before of the retreating Yankees.

Up to 1864 so constant had victory been to the Confederates in the Shenandoah, that whenever the blue-coated Federals, constant in trying, re-appeared, the women of the valley (rich or poor, Southern or Southerners, Virginian or Virginians) would scream out, 'We've seen men with your coloured clothes go up this valley afore, and we've seen 'em come back this way a mighty sight faster than they went up.'*

The raid of General Hunter momentarily confounded the valley; but when Lee answered by pouring forth Early from the valley into Maryland, the old confidence was restored, and the assumption of Federal command by Sheridan in August was not looked upon as clouding the prospect. The people of the valley knew not what was coming.

Till Grant gave him the word, Sheridan refrained from

* *Baked Meats of the Funeral*, p. 299. The author, Colonel Halpine (the facetious 'Miles O'Reilly'), took part in Hunter's raid, and gives his 'Recollections' of it.

seriously assuming the offensive. At first he advanced up the valley, but quickly found Early's forces showing a firm front. At this time they were elated and full of spirits, from their late raid into Maryland. They made an attack on Merritt's division of cavalry, and, although they were successfully beaten off, Sheridan judged best to fall back to the neighbourhood of Winchester (August 17). A severe engagement followed on the 21st, after which Early possessed Winchester. A few other skirmishes with varying success took place during the end of the month and the fore part of September, but without effecting any changes in the position of the two armies. Sheridan's forces lay about Berryville, on the east side of the little tributary of the Potomac known as Opequan Creek; his head-quarters were at Charleston. Early's forces held Winchester and all the other side of the Opequan Creek.

Punctual to his promise to General Grant, Sheridan opened his tremendous 'go in' early on the morning of the 19th. His army numbered over 40,000 men—about 33,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry. He was to have that extreme numerical advantage over the enemy which Federal determination and Confederate exhaustion established as a rule in all the *great* battles of the concluding year of the war; not (be it remembered to the credit of the North) in all the *small* battles. In many a little fight, unnoticed by the historian, or briefly named without description, the numbers were to the disadvantage of the Federals. The force with which General Jubal Early had to contend against Sheridan's powerful army was, according to his own statement, but a little over 12,000 men, of which about 2,000 were cavalry. Sheridan began the attack with his infantry, which crossed the Opequan Creek between five and six o'clock in the morn-

ing, and the battle was soon raging in front of Winchester. Masses of troops pressed the Confederate thin lines. But during all the morning the thin lines held their ground. It would seem that Early's artillery, which was good and numerous (the only branch of his force that was of due numbers), was the chief means of his bearing up against the Federal host. The way in which his men fought, too, was beyond all praise. Owing to the play of the artillery, Sheridan's losses exceeded Early's. The thick masses of the Federals were so much better targets than the Confederate bodies, scattered as much as they could securely be. The Federal General Russell was killed by a cannon-ball. The fighting went on more furiously as the afternoon came. Three Federal generals were wounded—Upton, M'Intosh, and Chapman. Two Confederate generals (Rhodes and Goodwin) were killed, and four wounded—York, Wharton, Lee, and Ramseur. Both sides were suffering heavily, in their proportions, in men. All Sheridan's infantry were now deployed, forming a line of nearly three miles in length. Early, as a last resource, massed troops on his left flank, about three o'clock, to attempt the demolition of the Federal right. But Sheridan foiled this by putting there Crook's corps, which till then had been kept in reserve. Still the Confederates fought on.* Meanwhile, since nine in the morning, a few of their divisions, quite disconnected, far down the Opequan Creek, had been striving to hold in check the main portion of the Federal cavalry, which was endeavouring to force its way to that left flank of Early with which he was making his last effort. In opening the

* *Sheridan's Despatches*, September 19 and 20, 1864. *New York Herald*, Correspondent's Letter, Winchester, September 19. Early, *Memoir*. Pollard, *Lost Cause*. Swinton, *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac*. Ingersoll, *Iowa and the Rebellion*.

battle General Sheridan had only retained Wilson's division of cavalry to operate with his infantry, and had sent General Torbert, with perhaps 6,000 men, to cross the Opequan Creek at Burn's Ford, twelve miles north of Winchester, and operate against the portion of the enemy's forces he might find there, which otherwise might have endangered his right flank. Crossing easily, Torbert pressed his antagonists towards the south relentlessly. They resisted with vigour, doing all that men could do to shield their main body from this further addition to the odds against it. They turned and fought ever and anon, as they were gradually forced back. Naught would avail, however; and being forced back more rapidly in the afternoon hours, pursuers and pursued arrived on the big battle-field before Winchester at about four o'clock. General Sheridan rode out to meet Torbert's squadrons as they came in on the extreme right, and he proposed to their commander what, hard as they had been working, they were quite ready for—an immediate charge, in conjunction with the infantry, on the weakened and worn-out enemy. It was made with tremendous effect. As Early's troops, dispirited by the falling of so many of their officers—whose valour largely influenced them in keeping up—were already beginning to waver, the Federal cavalry bugles sounded, and Torbert's splendid squadrons dashed in on them. Gallantly led on by two division commanders, Custer and Merritt—'each with head-quarters' flag in hand'—the Federal horse carried all before it. General Early gave the order for retreat, and as the shades of evening fortunately came on, the Confederates hurried through Winchester, and, covered by the darkness, fled south. Sad were the people of Winchester as the tokens struck them that the defeat was a serious one. As their cherished grey-coated champions came rushing

through in retreat, the ladies came out in the streets and entreated them to fight on still. These fair enthusiasts in a bad cause stood out at their doors heedless of the bullets, and refused to go in out of harm's way; careless of their own safety, in the excitement of disaster.*

By the next day Winchester had become 'one vast hospital.' Sheridan's losses were 6,000. Early's killed and wounded did not exceed 2,000, but he lost 2,000 as prisoners. Besides these, Sheridan got as trophies five cannon and fifteen battle flags. Though his losses were the heavier, indisputable victory gilded the helm of the young Northern general. But greater success was to follow. On the 21st he came up with the retreating enemy. Early had rested in a very strong position at Fisher's Hill, near Strasburg, about twenty miles south of Winchester. His army was disposed on the 'north fork' of the Shenandoah River, extending westward to the North Mountain, a ridge running north and south. It was a very strong natural position, and the Confederates, warned by Winchester, had strengthened themselves by throwing up the customary rough fortifications. After much manœuvring, on the 22nd, Crook's corps and Averill's cavalry division were transferred to the extreme right, and stormed the Confederate flank, resting on the North Mountain. The Federal centre and left (6th and 19th corps) attacked simultaneously, and the enemy's whole line broke and fled in confusion, for Averill's cavalry were already some miles in the rear, charging and capturing guns, supply waggons, and their guards. It was nearly dusk when the Confederates turned and fled; by the most intense exertions they had then held their ground all day, otherwise the disaster would have been

* *Times'* correspondence from Virginia, October, 1865. Gilmor, *Four Years in the Saddle*, p. 260. Ingersoll, *Iowa and the Rebellion*.

exhaustive. 'The darkness only saved Early's army from total destruction,' reported Sheridan. As it was, the victory of Fisher's Hill in some respects surpassed Winchester. The Federal commander had captured 20 guns, 1,100 prisoners, a large amount of ammunition, caissons, limbers, small arms, and entrenching tools, with but small loss to himself. And now the whole of the Shenandoah Valley lay open to him.*

It was from no lack of vigour that Sheridan could not complete the destruction of the foe whom he had defeated. Only by extreme speed could Early and his army keep ahead of the victorious Federals. Pursuit was made on the night of the battle from Fisher's Hill to Woodstock, twelve miles south; whilst two divisions of cavalry went on further down the Luray Valley. On the 24th, after driving Early's rear-guard from Mount Jackson, Sheridan pushed on to Newmarket, and six miles beyond (nearly forty miles south of Fisher's Hill). Thence, during the closing days of the month, he went on to Harrisonburg, Staunton, and Waynesboro' (eighty-five miles south of Winchester). The only representatives of the Confederate forces to resist this movement were small bands of guerrillas, or cavalry turned guerillas for the nonce. As it was to be expected that Early would be reinforced, and endeavour to regain or make it difficult to hold all the southern portion of the valley which had now been acquired, Sheridan set about destroying the railroads and wasting the country, in accordance with instructions he received from General Grant. At Staunton he had in his grasp a portion of the Virginia Central Railroad, and the country round about was at his mercy. He raised his hand and let it fall heavily on the fair valley. Grant's instructions were severe: 'Do all the damage you can

* *Sheridan's Despatch s.* New York newspapers.

to the railroad and crops; carry off all stock of all descriptions, and negroes, so as to prevent further planting. If the war is to continue another year, let the Shenandoah Valley remain a barren waste.’*

Sheridan fulfilled this order to the letter. Nay more; his anger and indignation having been aroused by the killing of one of his officers in what he considered a murderous manner by some guerillas, he countenanced an act as retribution which, considered as it is, with the war over, appears savage and unjust. The houses of all the people in an area of five miles round the spot where the officer was killed were burned. It must be remembered, to the extenuation of Sheridan and the Federals, that Early, but three months before, had authorised ravages and destruction of private property in the North. Early, in defence of his action then, had termed it retaliation for the destruction done by Hunter in May and June. Were we to dilate on the subject, we should find that Hunter had in his mind some Confederate misdeeds which he thought justified his course; and Sherman’s argument, be its worth great or little, applied of course to the Shenandoah as well as to Georgia—‘War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it.’ The extent and character of the tribulation that Sheridan meted out to the valley can be best told in his own words. In a despatch to General Grant from Woodstock, October 7, he reported thus:—‘In moving back to this point the whole country, from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain, has been made untenable for a Rebel army. I have destroyed over 2,000 barns filled with wheat and hay and farming implements, over 70 mills filled with flour and wheat; have driven in front of the army four herd of stock; and have killed and issued to the troops not less

* New York newspapers.

than 3,000 sheep. This destruction embraces the Luray Valley and Little Fort Valley, as well as the main valley. A large number of horses have been obtained, a proper estimate of which I cannot now make. Lieutenant John R. Meigs, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisonburg, near Dayton. For this atrocious act all the houses within an area of five miles were burned. Since I came into the valley from Harper's Ferry, every train, every small party, and every straggler, has been bushwhacked by the people, many of whom have protection passes from commanders who have been hitherto in that valley. The people here are getting sick of the war. Heretofore they have had no reason to complain, because they have been living in great abundance.'

Early's army, reduced in numbers by the battles of Winchester and Fisher's Hill, and with many of its cavalry men now detached in small bands as scouts or guerillas, offered no efficient resistance to this destruction. Not yet reinforced, though daily expecting to be, General Early had to draw on the not fully-developed youth of the population around Lynchburg and Charlottesville for recruits to prevent the further advance of Sheridan's cavalry parties.* But Sheridan's main army did not advance on Lynchburg. Though it was unmistakably quelling the spirit of the valley, by its victories and devastations, it did not emulate, in audacity of advance, the smaller expedition of Hunter. In accordance with the tenor of the communications he was receiving from Grant, Sheridan retired to Woodstock on October 7.

* 'A company of reserves, composed of boys under eighteen years of age, which had been employed on special duty at Staunton, had moved to Rock Fish Gap, and another company of reserves from Charlottesville, with two pieces of artillery, had moved to the same point, and when the enemy advanced towards the tunnel, and before he got in range of the guns, they were opened, and he retired to Waynesboro'.'—Early's *Memoir*, p. 97.

Falling back yet a little more, he snatched another success—smaller than a battle, greater than a skirmish—on the 9th, at Cedar Creek. The enemy's cavalry, augmented in strength and commanded by a fresh officer (Rosser), was beaten off by the two officers, Merritt and Custer, who had led so dashinglly at Winchester. Eleven more guns and two or three hundred prisoners were taken from the enemy in this encounter, provoked by himself. Sheridan reported, with Irish glee at fighting, that he had kept the enemy 'on the jump for twenty-six miles.' His men called the affair 'Woodstock Races.'

Thinking that this defeat would keep Early perfectly quiet, Sheridan took up a strong position on the Cedar Creek (near Fisher's Hill), proposing to hold it and rest there a time; dominating, to a certain extent, the whole valley. The Federal commander was slightly mistaken in his idea of the views of his opponent. Two heavy defeats, capped by a damaging cavalry skirmish, might have shaken the nerves of some generals, but in Jubal Early the Confederates had a somewhat eccentric man at their head; and though lack of fair chance allowed him not to achieve such operations as to show him to be certainly a military genius, he was an indomitable fighter. Though he might look grim and fierce after each defeat, he yet possessed in reality a perfect firmness for meeting reverses. After Winchester, he astonished General Breckenridge, as they rode off together from the field, by addressing to him remarks and questions on indifferent subjects in a perfectly calm tone. General Early, then, was quite prepared, as far as spirits went, to try the fortunes of another battle. He would have to fight superior numbers, he considered; but there seemed to be no probability of other proportions ever being at his option, and Confederate valour had often triumphed over

superior numbers. He had received reinforcements from Richmond, and with them a letter from General Lee, saying that the gaining of a victory in the valley would be very beneficial, if it could by any possibility be compassed. With this partial authorisation of his chief Early's own inclination jumped. His position was unenviable. The affection and respect of his troops was probably somewhat alienated from him; in Richmond people were very dissatisfied with the Shenandoah Valley chief; and wags unkindly marked some of the fresh cannon sent to him with the ironical address, 'General Sheridan, care of General Early.'*

The Shenandoah Valley lay half conquered by the severe treatment of the Federal army of occupation. A battle lost by Early would complete the subjugation—gained, would deliver it, and compensate for all the reverses of the summer. On the morning of October 19—exactly one month after the battle of Winchester—Early cast the die. He had about the same forces as at Winchester—according to his own statement a little over 12,000, according to the Federal estimate at least 20,000. The Federal forces were about the same as at that battle, save that the cavalry was a little less. Sheridan himself was away from camp. Marching silently up to the fords and bridge of Cedar Creek before daylight, Early crossed his army with great celerity, and fell furiously on the Federal left flank. It was overthrown quickly; officers and men of the Federals were completely taken by surprise. The divisions of the left communicated something like a panic to the whole army, although General Wright, left in command, worked with great ability to bring the troops into a firm condition. But Early pressed his advantage,

* Lawley, *Last Six Days of Secessia*. *Fortnightly Review*, August 15, 1865.

and by two bold charges succeeded in capturing a number of the guns of the Federals. Eighteen guns were in the hands of the Confederates; that seemed indeed an omen of returning good luck to Early. Soon the whole Federal lines fell back. They abandoned their camp; they fell back two miles on the Middletown road, just as a dense fog came on to give special advantages to each side. All this occurred before ten o'clock A.M. General Early turned the eighteen captured pieces, together with his own, on the still wavering Federals, whom Wright was energetically rallying and re-forming. Early still thought he could sweep them before him, however. The play of his artillery was throwing them into disorder again, and he immediately ordered his troops forward to secure the position, and complete the discomfiture of the Federals. But a sad disappointment now presented itself to General Early. Absorbed with the action, and much of the field being hid from him by fog and smoke, he had not noticed that many of his men, including commissioned officers even, were leaving their ranks to spoil the camp which the Federals had abandoned to them. The temptations were so great to ill-equipped and ill-supplied troops, that, fearful of being behindhand, the greater portion of the whole army were soon at work helping themselves to the stores and paraphernalia which lay about—reckless, or defiant even, of discipline. General Early fruitlessly reiterated his orders for an advance; vainly endeavoured, by his officers and personally, to coerce the shameless plunderers into co-operation with the few divisions which, with the artillery, were carrying on the fight.* It was a cruel *coup* for ‘General Jubal.’

* ‘A silly story was circulated, and even published in the papers, that this battle was planned and conducted by one of my subordinates up to a certain point, when my arrival on the field stopped the pursuit and arrested

Till now all had been success; he had thrown the Federals into a state of semi-demoralisation; now the misbehaviour of his own troops prevented him from giving the victorious completion, he believed in his power, to the battle.*

Meanwhile a solitary horseman was galloping down the road from Winchester to Middletown, and at last came toiling on to the battle-field, with flushed cheeks but resolute countenance.

It was General Sheridan, who having slept at Winchester the night before, on his way to Washington, had received in the early morning the tidings of the surprise of his army, and had instantly mounted and started down the Middletown road. At eleven o'clock he rode on to the battle-field, amid thundering cheers; the troops electrified by his arrival—he himself in the greatest excitement, waving his hat, and shouting out words of encouragement. The position of his army was still critical, although Wright rallied the men into fairly firm order, and no charge (from the causes just stated) was coming from the Confederates. Instantly Sheridan resolved not to rest content with holding his ground, but to strive for victory. Every nerve was strained to get the army into an attacking condition. Sheridan rode along the front from left to right, and his looks and words re-animated the men. His fiery Irish nature seemed to embrace the prospect of the fight, undecided as it still was, with rapture. There was no doubt of its issue in his mind. ‘We’ll lick them out of

the victory. No officer or soldier on that day received an order from me to halt, unless he were going to the rear.’ Early’s *Memoir*, p. 114, n.

* The authoress of *Richmond during the War* received from a young officer in Early’s army the following brief but expressive statement: ‘We lost the day by the insane search for plunder. Some of our men seemed to forget their honour as soldiers in the mad hunt for Yankee gimcracks and the spoils of the enemy’s camp.’—p. 332, n.

their boots yet,' he called out, pointing to the Confederates; 'We'll have all those cannon back again.' Having re-disposed his cavalry, with Merritt and Custer as usual to the fore, at three o'clock he advanced his whole line. The troops charged marvellously well, considering the shock they had received in the morning.

The Confederates at first made a stubborn resistance, though at this juncture their ranks were thinned by the absence of some men engaged in plunder; but the Federal cavalry once again took the initiative of success. With rage and grief Early saw his men give way before those splendid squadrons of mounted rifles which had become their chief dread. Soon he found these penetrating towards his rear, and that the cannon captured in the morning were falling into their hands, followed by many others. The general did all that a man could to stop his disordered lines from giving way to a rout, for a rout was fast coming on. The whole of Sheridan's army was pressing his front, and hopeless panic seized on his men. Several times Early tried personally to rally retreating divisions. Now with entreaties, now with oaths and curses, he strove to stem the tide of fugitives. He called out to them that it was yet time; that, would they but imitate the example of the few who were still bravely battling, the substantial points of victory might yet be secured. But squad after squad, and whole divisions, went by panic-stricken. Believing that there was still a chance would they but make a stand, the rugged veteran rushed into their midst towards the last, and shouted out, in accents of despair, 'My God, won't any of my men make a rally round old Jubal?''* But all was in vain. As the day closed, Early's army fled wildly

* 'Nary rally, General,' a soldier is said to have answered him with true American *nonchalance*. Pollard, *Lost Cause*, p. 602, n.

for the Upper Valley; it vanished into darkness, never again seriously to make head. The Shenandoah Valley, though it might be left unoccupied, was practically a conquered land. Sheridan had reduced it in exactly one month. On the 19th September he 'went in;' on the 19th October, in the severest of his one, two, three of battles, he had, in Grant's congratulatory words, 'turned what bade fair to be disaster into a glorious victory,' and crushed all spirit of resistance in the region which had been the most obstinate (since it had been the most often attacked) of the whole South. Of the three battles which have now been detailed, the crowning victory of Middleton was, as just said, the severest. In killed and wounded it far surpassed Fisher's Hill, and, in the number of guns captured, Winchester. Sheridan's total loss was about 6,000. In the discomfiture of the morning his forces suffered heavily, and from 1,200 to 1,500 men were captured then by the Confederates, and retained and carried off, despite the reverse of the afternoon. Among the Federal slain were many brave and excellent officers—notably, General Bidwell, Colonel Thorburn, and Colonel Charles Russell Lowell. The last mentioned, a young Massachusetts gentleman of high education, received a serious wound in the morning, but refused to leave the field, and was lifted on his horse to lead the final cavalry charge in the afternoon, being then so faint that he could only give his orders in a whisper. He received a mortal wound, and died the morning after the victory; a brigadier-general's commission was at that very time on its way to him from Washington. His death, amongst others, illustrates the heroism of Massachusetts, a State which sent no great general to the war, but very many brave and noble officers.*

* During the short space of the summer campaign, down to the battle in which he died, Colonel Lowell had had thirteen horses shot under him.

The loss of the Confederates, according to their general's statement a year afterwards, did not exceed 3,000, of which 1,100 were prisoners. But Sheridan's estimate, as usual, exceeds Early's, and it seems probable that the prisoners he took really did reach a much higher number than Early allows, and more than compensated for the number he had lost in the morning. The Confederate General Ramseur, whose services had been most valuable to Early all day, was left mortally wounded on the field of battle, in the headlong flight which Early vainly strove to arrest. Finally the unfortunate Confederate chief himself acknowledges the loss of about forty-one guns, the eighteen he captured in the morning and twenty-three besides. He was well nigh bereft of artillery.*

It is unnecessary to mention the trivial changes in position made by Early in the Upper Valley in the winter season, which came on very soon after the battle of Middletown. Only a few operations by the guerillas attested the presence of Confederate forces in the Shenandoah during the winter months of 1864-5. Sheridan fixed his headquarters in Winchester. Part of his troops were in

He left a widow of but twenty; he himself was under thirty. He was a nephew of the eminent poet, author of the Biglow papers, James Russell Lowell, and was thought to show great intellectual promise as well as military. His younger brother had fallen in the second year of the war. P. C. Headley, *Massachusetts in the Rebellion*, pp. 489, 633. *Harvard Memorial Biographies*.

* This is how General Early explains the discrepancy in his and Sheridan's estimate of his loss in prisoners: 'I know that a number of prisoners fell into the enemy's hands who did not belong to my command; such as cavalry men on details to get fresh horses, soldiers on leave of absence, conscripts on special details, citizens not in the service, men employed in getting supplies for the departments, and stragglers and deserters from other commands.'—*Memoir*, p. 118. But this seems a very lame evasion of acknowledging the total claimed by Sheridan; for whatever these men were—and they probably took part in the fighting—their capture must have represented so much defensive power lost to the Confederates.

November sent to Grant's army before Petersburg, but he retained amply sufficient force (besides the moral power he now held) to overawe the valley. A detail of the exploits, daily growing more hazardous, of Mosby, prince of guerillas, might be made interesting, but would interrupt the narratory thread of more important events. We leave the valley practically conquered, although the Federal flag waved only in the neighbourhood of Winchester.

The successes of General Sheridan, added to those of Sherman in Georgia, and Farragut in Mobile Bay, had put the people of the North in a ferment of exultation and expectation. The Union citizens asked each other gleefully, 'What next?' and began to see, as through a glass, dimly, the end of the rebellion.* It was indeed the beginning of the end, although several months of winter were to intervene before the joyful suspicion could become a certainty. Yet some more operations of Grant before Richmond and Petersburg went very near to hastening the fall of the Confederacy. All eyes were turned on Richmond again in October, as the Lieutenant-General made perhaps the boldest and most skilful move of the whole term of his investment.

As soon as he received the tidings of Sheridan's first victory at Winchester, Grant knew that Lee must send some troops away to reinforce his subordinate in the Shenandoah Valley. Besides this, 'the extension of our lines across the Weldon Railroad compelled the enemy to so extend his that it seemed he could have but few troops north of the James for the defence of Richmond.'† By these words of the Lieutenant-General is meant the state of the lines as they were last described (Chapter VIII.);

* Sala, *America in the midst of War*. Letter from New York, October 3, 1864.

† *Grant's Report*, p. 18.

his left flank just overlapping, to the west, the termination of the Weldon Railroad, his right being to be taken as at City Point, whilst further to the north-east, across the Appomattox, and across the James, were the two positions held by Butler's command—Bermuda Hundred and the *terrain* of the Dutch Gap Canal, where also the gunboats lay which were to move up when that great engineering work was completed.

Reflecting on Lee's probably diminished numbers stretched over a long line, knowing his own ability to hurl masses at given points, and to mystify Lee as to which were those points till the time of striking, Grant determined to let fly two carefully planned attacks at one time on the keys of the Virginian's masterly arranged defences. By a movement closer to the river bank than heretofore, and therefore (save that it involved gunboat and opposite bank obstacles) more promising, he would strike a blow at Richmond; and if that hung fire for an instant, he would endeavour, by advancing his left flank, to hem in Petersburg so closely, that Lee, under pain of being throttled therein, must evacuate it and fall back on Richmond itself, with little chance of holding out there, since his communications would be annihilated. On the night of September 28 the two corps of Butler's command, the 10th and 18th, were moved to the north of the James at Deep Bottom, and in the early hours of the 29th advanced straight on to the fortifications of Richmond; the 10th corps to the right on the Laurel Hill works, the 18th nearer to the river on the Chapin's Farm Forts. The two generals who led the movement were brave and experienced commanders. Birney, commanding the 10th corps, was a veteran officer of the army of the Potomac; Ord, leader of the 18th, had served under M'Clellan in 1861-2, and under Grant all through the

siege of Vicksburg in 1863. Some of the troops (of the 10th) were 'coloured,' but had had a training of many months.

The two corps quickly found themselves groping among formidable and intricate fortifications. In the words of Grant, reporting the same evening, 'the Newmarket and Richmond roads, and the whole country, were full of field fortifications.' General Birney drove the Confederates from the first, and forced them before him towards Richmond, till the works at Newmarket Heights gave them the opportunity to make a stand. The coloured division under General Paine* was immediately ordered forward, charged bravely, and although suffering severely from the Confederate fire, carried the heights. The Confederates then retreated with great celerity, followed by Birney's troops, till, at two miles further on towards Richmond, and not more than four miles from the city, the Federals found themselves confronted by the strong line of defences known as the Laurel Hill works, long instituted and backed by forts constructed in 1862. After a brief reconnaissance General Birney determined to attack this position, and at two P.M. the attacking column moved forward. Had these works been other than well garrisoned, and well supplied with guns; had Lee given way to the weakness of reducing the forces in them, to obtain additional strength in those of Petersburg—till now, the more actively threatened—a breach might have been effected in Richmond's south-western bulwarks, and Richmond might that day have fallen. The Laurel Hill works captured, Birney would have formed line with Ord, who was now pounding away vigorously on the left at the forts by the river side. But the Confederate chief, despite his inferior

* A native of Boston, great grandson of Robert Treat Paine, one of the Massachusetts signers of the Declaration of Independence.

and extended forces, had provided for the attack, and Birney was totally repulsed. The assaulting column was met at first by a murderous fire of grape and canister, with continuous volleys of musketry; still the troops pressed on; but finally were held at bay by a formidable *abattis*, while an enfilading fire of artillery and infantry mowed them down in great numbers. At one point the negro troops, while attempting to pass a ditch in front of the works, were slaughtered fearfully by musketry and hand grenades. Birney fell back, and the attack was practically abandoned.

Ord, with the 18th corps, was more successful. Very strong works had been encountered by him; but, after severe fighting, in which each party attacked two or three times with varying fortunes, on the 30th he rested in possession of Fort Harrison, and the whole of the Chapin's Farm fortifications, except a redoubt by the river-side. What Ord had gained gave to Grant a fresh foothold from which to menace Richmond. Two or three hundred prisoners and fifteen cannon had also been taken. Very sharp fighting distinguished this assault. Ord himself, and another Federal general (Stannard), were wounded, and one (Burnham) was killed. The Confederate iron-clad gunboats lying in the river, and their celebrated stronghold on the opposite bank, Fort Darling, opened fire during the fight, but they were not within effective range of the scene of battle. What with the firing here and at Laurel Hill, the Federal advance had inflicted great alarm on the civilian inhabitants of the Rebel capital. All the afternoon the people of Richmond heard the artillery pealing, and the flashes from the pieces were plainly distinguishable from exposed points in the city. Most alarming of all, in the middle of the day a body of Federal cavalry, under Kautz, had passed the

Laurel Hill works, and ridden up to within a mile and a half of Richmond, and for some time hovered about the south-eastern suburbs, called 'the Rocketts.' *

On the morning of the 30th, satisfied that the enemy was being fairly assaulted at Richmond, Grant developed the remainder of his combination, making a strong effort to close round Petersburg by his left flank. This movement, like the other, resulted in improving his position, but did not have the grand success for which the plan was fairly laid out. A strong force, made up of portions of the 5th and 9th corps, advanced to the north-west or left, from the line of the Weldon Railroad, and after a sharp engagement captured the first line of the Confederates, near Poplar Springs Church. Advancing further, however, it was repulsed from the stronger defences of Squirrel Level Road. The Federals lost severely; their opponents, fighting behind breastworks, but slightly. It was Hill's corps which barred the way. General Hill, long in command of Lee's most important flank, again kept up his excellent military character, and frustrated all efforts to turn the Confederate right. Yet the Federals had advanced their line further to the left, the position gained at Poplar Springs was quickly fortified, and became a fresh base for a further extension later in the month. General Grant did not press the attempt to storm the Confederate lines on this occasion, on account of the great effusion of blood that it would have caused. Callous as he had proved himself in many a crisis, he had never sacrificed his men but through the most thorough belief of the necessity of doing so, and he now felt that he could afford to spare his men the task of a grand assault, and

* New York newspapers. *Richmond during the War*, by a Richmond Lady, p. 330. *Rebel War Clerk's Diary*. Coppee, *Grant and his Campaigns*.

confine his operations to the organisation of closer and closer investment. Through the winter months Grant was to remain a quiet but constant besieger—a veritable ‘patient, much-enduring Ulysses.’

The Confederates chafed under the Lieutenant-General’s tenacious grip and obstinate ‘butting.’ To assuage the disgust and trepidation in Richmond at the Federal thrust forward of the 29th September, Lee authorized several onslaughts on Ord’s and Birney’s forces, which accordingly took place with varying fortunes. In some over-daring efforts the Confederates were repulsed from breastworks with heavy loss, but on October 17 they recovered the advanced portion of the position Birney had occupied, and ignominiously defeated Kautz’s cavalry. The odium of this reverse fell upon General Butler, who, as has been stated, was chief in command, under Grant, of the army north of the James. It is not easy to understand why Butler was retained in such a high position at this epoch. A month or two later we shall see Grant abruptly dismissing the unenviably famous general; yet he let pass in silence this occasion of censure, although on the 13th it was capped by the needless sending out of a reconnoissance which resulted in very heavy loss. After that Butler’s command lay quiet, possibly by order, through the whole winter. General Butler strove to retain some attention by incessant application to the Dutch Gap Canal; but that work was already becoming an object of ridicule to many army men, who distrusted both the possibility of its achievement and its utility if completed.*

* An amusing anecdote illustrates the light in which Butler’s work was regarded. In a court-martial held in the Army of the James, two offenders found guilty were sentenced to ‘two years’ hard labour on the Dutch Gap Canal.’ Butler’s wrath was great at this irony on the long-windedness of his undertaking.

Notwithstanding the cessation of operations north of the James, Grant's orders were that the lines there should not be drawn back a foot without resistance. Except for that one day of the 29th September the operations north of the James were never anything but byplay to the great struggle south in front of Petersburg. Nevertheless the lines were to be kept up, and the advanced position of Fort Harrison maintained, for they continually menaced Richmond, and obliged Lee to keep there a large portion of his army which would have been of immense service to him at Petersburg or in the Shenandoah.

The winter was now fast approaching (Oct. 13). Though Sherman might go marching through the sunny South in November, December, and January, Grant was well aware that the asperity of Virginia's winter would preclude active operations against Petersburg or Richmond. As the month of October closed, therefore, he made one more attempt to crush Lee's prospects by closing round Petersburg on the west, and seizing its last certain railway outlet. On the 27th, leaving only sufficient men to hold the fortified line, Grant led the whole Army of the Potomac by the left on towards the South-side Railroad. In order to overlap the Confederate lines, the army had first to march four or five miles due west, then, to gain the South-side Railroad, to march due north. The first movement was effected without difficulty, and only six miles remained between Grant and the coveted railroad. But at the point where a little stream called Hatcher's Run is crossed by the comparatively good road leading from Petersburg to Boydton (in American parlance the Boydton Plank Road), it was found that the Confederates had erected and garrisoned a formidable group of auxiliary fortifications. Having inner lines by which to march his troops, Lee was able to put in a short

time a sufficient force between the Plank Road and the railroad, and a series of fights during two days convinced the Federal general that, well-directed as was his movement, it was for the time defeated. Without a great sacrifice of life, he could not force his way beyond the Boydton Road; he therefore gave the order to retire to his established lines. The Confederates made a successful sally on the retreating columns, which caused the loss of this movement, otherwise small, to approach, though not to equal, the totals of former attempts (Oct. 28). Butler had made demonstrations in the neighbourhood of Richmond whilst Grant moved. The total loss was about 2,000.*

Boydton Road was the last of Grant's battles in the year 1864. 'From this time forward the operations in front of Petersburg and Richmond, until the spring campaign of 1865, were confined to the defence and extension of our lines, and to offensive movements for crippling the enemy's lines of communication, and to prevent his detaching any considerable force to send south.† After desperate campaigning for six months (each month including at least one sanguinary battle), the Army of the Potomac subsided into its winter's rest, and for a hundred days scarce an action took place before Petersburg. The only operation of distinctive character during November and December was the sending of an expedition in the latter month many miles down the Weldon Railroad, almost to the southern boundary line of Virginia. Although General Grant was obliged to leave one line of railway (the South-side) in Lee's possession for the

* *Grant's Report. Lee's Reports. Woodbury, Burnside and the Ninth Corps. Pollard, Lost Cause; Lee and his Lieutenants.* New York and Richmond newspapers.

† *Grant's Report*, p. 19.

winter, he had determined that the Weldon Line should be cut off. Notwithstanding that its Petersburg termination was stopped and enclosed in the Federal fortifications, the defenders of Richmond still contrived during October and November to utilise the line by 'waggoning' from Stony Creek or a station beyond, fifteen or twenty miles south of Petersburg. The expedition in December put an end to this; the track of the line was destroyed to Hicksford, forty-two miles south of Petersburg. The small bodies of the enemy which were found at the waggoning depôts were driven off, and the work was done thoroughly, a week's time being devoted to it (Dec. 6 to 12). The weather was extremely cold; the snow and sleet filled the air, and the troops endured much hardship in marching and bivouacking under the inclement skies.*

Although besiegers and besieged mutually let each other alone—cannonading and reconnaissances such as the above excepted—the winter rest of Grant and Lee was very different from that of Meade and Lee twelve months before. Then, the armies of both generals enjoyed their rest; nay, seemed almost amicably disposed to each other, and glad that, since active operations had dropped off, tacit harmony should prevail. The briefest survey of the lines before Petersburg would have sufficed to convince any one who had been a resident in the camp on the Rapidan that a more embittered feeling now existed. In the beginning of 1864 the state of the two armies was a simple confronting of each other; at the close it was a death-grip. Visitors who came to inspect the Federal lines were sure to hear cannonading, which was constant on some portions of them. The Federal fortifications were wonderful works; stronger, it is said, than those

* *Report of General Meade. Woodbury, Burnside and the Ninth Corps*, p. 472.

they invested. Thirty or forty thousand men, it has been pronounced, could have held their own in them; but as Grant was besieging, and was looking forward to crushing Lee, sooner or later, he maintained the numbers of his army, at the epoch when lowest, at 90,000. The locality and extent of the Federal lines have been already indicated; a few more details will be well, however, both as to their outlines and characteristics. From the extreme right at Fort Harrison to the extreme left west of the Weldon Railroad the distance in a straight line was fractionally under twenty miles. But, measuring all the sinuosities of the vast semi-circle, and also measuring back along the rear-works of the left section, the length of the lines certainly exceeded fifty miles. From Fort Harrison the track went eastward to Deep Bottom, the *terrain* of the Dutch Gap Canal. Thence the line deflected southward to Bermuda Hundred, the promontory south of the James and north of the Appomattox. Thus far was Butler's domain, and the forces in this division formed the Army of the James. North and south of the Appomattox, near Point of Rocks and Walthall Junction, some forts and works protected a permanent pontoon bridge, which afforded ready passage for large bodies of troops to or from the camp before Petersburg. Back to the east, south of the Appomattox, lay City Point, General Grant's head-quarters. A line of forts stood before it, reared soon after the arrival before Petersburg in June. To the south-west stretched the vast lines around the doomed city, beginning with Fort M'Gilvery by the river's bank, then running south-west to the Weldon Railroad, there turning north again to Poplar Spring (gained October 1). Here, on the extreme left, much fighting took place amongst thick forest, and often bodies of men lost their way and had narrow

escapes from capture. This portion of the lines was occupied by the 5th and 2nd corps; the older fortifications on the right were held by the 9th and 6th corps. The latter, after doing good service under Sheridan, had been by him returned to the Lieutenant-General as soon as the finishing victory of October 19 was gained. It may easily be imagined that the course of another year of war had hardened still more the hearts of Federal and Rebel soldiers against each other. The iron had entered deep into their souls during the year 1864. The Army of the Potomac was angry at the immense bloodshed and toil which the obstinate resistance of the Rebels had apportioned to it since it left the Rapidan. On their part, Lee's soldiers had become peevish and desperate—immensely different to what they were in 1863—for they saw only too plainly that, after all their efforts, their prospects were worse than in that year. They might win battles, but the Federals were winning territory. The state of affairs in the West was becoming a source of despondency, which even the privates of the Army of Virginia could appreciate.

But although the general feeling of each army was thus more acrid, the old feeling of fraternisation between outposts on quiet days still prevailed to some extent. It was necessary, indeed, for the effecting of the eagerly-desired exchange of newspapers. Besides the pretty regular exchange for the benefit of the two chief commanders, many a subordinate officer or private thirsted to get an enemy's paper as soon as he had read his own. When the men crossed to each other's lines on quiet opportunities, in the manner that has been described before, the same good-natured care was taken that firing should not begin again till a safe time for getting back had elapsed. On one occasion, however, a breach in the

unwritten covenant for these meetings took place. The Confederates, under what excuse it is not easy to see, retained as prisoner a Federal officer. A few days after this, still more inexplicably, some Confederates nonchalantly crossed over to the Federal lines. Among them were the Mayor of Petersburg and Roger A. Pryor, a well-known hero of the beginning of the war.* The Federals seized these two, in retribution for their captured officer. What became of the mayor does not appear, but Pryor was detained for a long time.

The camp before Petersburg resembled more a city than had the camp on the Rapidan. It was not without architectural pretensions—such as the tasteful quarters of many of the generals, admirably set off by the surrounding forest. A fine timber church was built up in the short space of fourteen days, by a New York regiment. The abode of General Ingalls, chief quartermaster, was an extremely pleasing and picturesque retreat. Photographs of all the interesting views were taken.

At City Point, eight miles from the front, were Grant's head-quarters—simple and unpretending buildings. The railway which had connected the Point with Petersburg had been diverted during September, so as to connect it with the lines, and to run right on past the Weldon Railroad, so that the camp could be supplied with absolute precision in all weathers. By this line, therefore, the Lieutenant-General travelled to and from the front, of which General Meade had the regular superintendence. The river bank at City Point called to mind the long and busy wharves of New York; its bustle showed the importance of the place as a base of operations. But

* Mr. Pryor was one of the party that entered Fort Sumter on April 14, 1861. During the first or second year of the war he became a general in the Confederate service, but is said to have been struck down to the ranks for insubordination. He cheerfully submitted to the punishment.

visitors looked with greatest interest at Grant's headquarters, knowing that therein the operations of all the armies of the United States received their guiding impulse. We have seen the telegraphic communication which took place in October between the chief commander and his lieutenant, Sherman, in Georgia. Still—although the other fields of the great contest might present temporarily more exciting action—the Union citizens looked steadfastly to Grant and the grand old Army of the Potomac to give the finishing blow to the rebellion. They were to be justified in their trust. As the year 1864 closed, inimical critics and superficial observers believed that the goal which that army aimed at was still far from its reach. But Grant, although, taciturn and unassuming, he made no promises to the public or to his subordinates, now spoke and wrote with confidence to his generals (executors of his plans) of the approaching fall of Richmond.

And the Army of the Potomac, how looked it, what signs did it make, as it wintered over against the goal from which it had so often been repelled? Contrary to the Confederate soldiers, whose fighting character had changed little by experience, the Federal rank and file—and officers also—had year by year increased in physical value and technical reliability. The veterans of the Army of the Potomac were now all sturdy fighters and excellent toolmen. Although the ranks had received more foreigners, among other recruits, to fill up gaps, yet the American element was still all-pervading. The old flame of enthusiasm burnt plentifully among officers and men; and it was evident that the army was largely adorned by a noble-spirited and highly-educated youth. The age of high officers, it may here be passingly remarked, presented a younger average than in European armies.

The best names of the Northern States were represented in Grant's camp. When General M'Clellan was before Richmond in 1862 the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres had been on his staff, and European and Yankee observers were dazzled by the spectacle of two French princes acting as *aides* to the Federal commander. In Grant's camp might have been pointed out to visitors two or three young gentlemen, unfavoured and unassuming, who were sons of members of the administration—Seward, Fessenden, Welles. A little later than the month we have arrived at, Mr. Robert Lincoln, the President's eldest son, served on Grant's staff.

It would be interesting to dilate a little on the personal staff of General Grant. Among the score or more of officers composing it were a few Europeans—a German or two, and a Hungarian (Major Szabad). But what must not be passed over is the presence in it, and good military reputation of, an Indian chief. Despite his name, Colonel Eli Parker was a full-blooded 'redskin,' and was still the revered chief of what remnant remains of the once powerful and renowned Six Nations. His features and his frame showed his race, but in dress and manners he was like any other gentleman officer. He had served under Grant all through the siege of Vicksburg and at Chattanooga, and was one of the most trusted and favourite of the Lieutenant-General's staff.*

Four years' hardening had not obliterated or modified even one happy trait which distinguished the Army of the Potomac. Neither officers nor men betrayed the least arrogance of manner, or vaingloriousness of feeling, as regarded a comparison of civil and military life. Veterans as they were now, the troops still fondly looked back to, rather than contemned, the civilian state from which at

* Headley, *Life of Grant*.

least nine-tenths of them had issued. 'When this cruel war is over'—the first words of a popular song—indicated to a nicety the prevailing sentiment of the Northern soldiers. They were all sighing to get back to the happy labours of peace.

A change which was becoming marked in the relations of besiegers and besieged was the frequency of desertion from the Confederate to the Federal lines. It was not to be wondered at. The Rebel prospects were becoming dreary. It would be very interesting, but it is not easy, to get a dramatic and perfectly true description of the views of the leading men of the Confederacy, and especially of their great War Chief, at the close of the year 1864. The desertions so frequently repeated must have smote him to the heart, one would think.* They occurred not merely to the Federal lines; many Confederate soldiers of the utmost valour and staunchness fled away to their homes, either forecasting hardship and ruin, or, from domestic reasons, pining to be with their families. This frequency of desertion should have told the Confederate leaders that their game was played out. Their brave soldiers—the poor 'mean whites,' who had fought so valourously—had forecast the true ending of the war, after all, before the better educated leaders. What availed it that Lee's army had been reinforced in the autumn by heavy recruiting in Virginia and North Carolina, if in December despondency was spreading through the ranks of the veterans?

Without dilating further on the daily growing embarrassments of the Confederate chief, and the privations

* General Lee, seeing the terrible reduction it began to effect in his strength, however, endeavoured to stop desertion by rigorous execution of its military punishment; but on several occasions President Davis pardoned culprits, with laudable humanity of disposition, but, as a Southern writer considers, with far from due deference to General Lee's representations.

of his men, which had not yet reached their extreme point, it now becomes necessary to turn away again from Grant's campaign proper, in order to take a brief review of the closing operations of the year in the West—practically the closing operations of the war in that region. Through the autumn four names had popularly and concisely represented the war. Grant and Sherman, Lee and Hood, roughly stood for the whole area of conflict; for the fighting beyond the Mississippi (where the Federal Canby and the Confederate Price were the leading spirits), always of irregular character, was now almost totally devoid of interest. During November and December Grant and Lee lay quiet, and Sherman, though on the march all the while, was no longer engaged in sanguinary operations, being practically unopposed. But the fourth named chief, Sherman's quondam adversary, the gallant but rash General Hood, was running a swifter and deadlier race to ruin than even his maladroitness at Atlanta had presaged; and, in repelling Hood's final reckless movement, one more Federal general acquired a bright and fair renown.*

We left Hood in the end of October at Gadsden, Alabama. Soon after, he fixed his camp a little to the north-west, at Florence, on the Tennessee River, which he passed by force, in spite of the resistance of a body of Federal cavalry. He camped there for a fortnight, organising his army, which approached 50,000 men. Numbers of his troops were raw levies, but he had a great number of officers, eminently brave and skilful, to lead them.

The Confederate cavalry, under the ex-slavedriver General Forrest, had already crossed the boundary line

* 'Hood, instead of following Sherman, continued his move northward, which seemed to me to be leading to his certain doom. At all events, had I had the power to command both armies, I should not have changed the orders under which he seemed to be acting.'—*Grant's Report*, p. 25.

into the State of Tennessee, after gaining some successes and doing great destruction at the store depôt of Johnsonville, on the River Tennessee. About November 20 Hood set forward his whole army, speedily came into the vicinity of the Federal main body, and, as it fell back, followed it with that kind of bravado eagerness which distinguishes a man who wishes an immediate fight. He was very soon gratified, and gratified, too, with the semblance of victory. Thomas, as has been stated, now held command in Tennessee. By orders from him at Nashville, Schofield, his subordinate, made a stand in a good position at Franklin on the 30th. Although it was four o'clock in the afternoon when Hood came up to the Federal works, a kind of fury seemed to possess him to assault the same evening. The battle was fought in an open field, with no trees or undergrowth or other interruption or shelter for the Confederates. Each charge they made exposed them to frightful slaughter. Capturing at first the outer breastworks of the Federals, they were afterwards thrust back from them, and every attempt they made after that only resulted in their ranks being ploughed by frightful showers of grape and canister. The battle closed at ten P.M., and the Confederates were then repulsed at all points. Nevertheless the Federal general drew off his forces during the night, and fell back to Nashville. In the morning Hood found the field left to him, and the road open to Nashville. He scrupled not to claim a victory, and pushed on. Was it a victory? The figures of his and the Federal losses showed a very different result. He had lost 1,750 killed, 3,800 wounded, and 702 prisoners. Among his losses were six general officers killed, six wounded, and one captured. The entire loss of the Federals was 2,300.*

* New York newspapers. Ingersoll, *Iowa and the Rebellion*. *Cincinnati Gazette*: Grant's Report. Pollard, *Lost Cause*.

Conspicuous—highest in rank, indeed—among the brave Confederate officers who were sacrificed in this battle, was Major-General Patrick Cleburne, who is described to us as both a lion in fight and a military genius. A native of Ireland, he had, before emigrating to America, been a private in the British army. He fell early in the battle, and died on the field, interchanging what were, perhaps, his last words, with a Federal general (Kimball), who rode past him in the heat of the combat, and learnt from his lips that his wounds were mortal.

By December 2 Hood's army was before Nashville, and the inhabitants of that city heard again the fierce rattle of musketry a mile or two without their walls—familiar to them in 1862 and 1863, but during eleven months of 1864 almost forgotten. Hood stolidly camped and entrenched his forces in style of siege, although he had come so far north as to make certain of much hardship for them during the approaching inclement weather. But already reinforcements had arrived for Thomas. A. J. Smith's corps, from Memphis and Missouri, marched into the city on the day of the battle of Franklin, and gave to Thomas, probably, numerical superiority over the devoted Hood. Without this reinforcement—with a force inferior to that which Schofield had brought back from Franklin—Thomas, looking round on Nashville's defences, would have laughed a siege to scorn. Half-a-dozen forts and other works environed the city, a gunboat flotilla was lying in the river, all kinds of supplies were in store, and there were several thousands of government workmen in the city who might aid in defence, if required. Thomas had matured a plan, however, and was willing to let Hood lie in front of him for a short time, in order that he might make complete the victory over him he

purposed. He had, to that end, a special desire to improve the state of his cavalry, which was far from efficient ; and although sufficient time had now elapsed for Sherman to be well on towards the sea, the sagacious Thomas thought it well to err on the side of delay, if at all, keeping Hood in play yet a little longer, that no forces from him, defeated, might turn back and, by an unlikely but possible contingency, do harm to Sherman's movement.

The subject of Thomas' delay brings Grant to our view again, for the Lieutenant-General watched and meditated as thoroughly Thomas' defence as he did Sherman's advance. For once, however, Grant would seem to have grown somewhat nervous—impatient to see Hood's army crushed, and so to have his attention relieved from the south-west, and at liberty, with more forces, for the great combinations in projection on the Atlantic coast. He grew irritated at Thomas' quietude, which he began to set down to non-comprehension of the situation by that really able commander. He knew by this time that Sherman's army was safely arrived before Savannah, and believed that city would be speedily reduced ; and, on the other hand, he was annoyed at the news that some Confederates, under Lyon, had passed beyond Tennessee, and were actually ravaging, at this stage of the war, in the vicinity of Fort Donelson and the banks of the Ohio. They had occupied successively Hopkinsville and Eddysville, Kentucky, sacking the government buildings at the former place. Thomas was really ready to drive away all the Confederates around Nashville by December 10, but the weather, and its effects on the ground, would not admit of his striking for a day or two longer. Grant, in his anxiety, now believed that Thomas would continue supine indefinitely, and on the 15th made up his mind to fly to the West himself, personally head Thomas' army, and

deliver battle at once against Hood. Immediately he left City Point, and steamed up the Potomac, to hurry by train to Nashville. Just as he reached Washington, tidings arrived that the blow was struck.

December 15.—Thomas was carrying all before him in a style which completely satisfied the Lieutenant-General, and added vastly to the difficulties which were now accumulating on the Confederacy.

Early on the 15th Thomas set forward all his forces, assaulted with the greatest vigour, fought all day, and, as the result, drove Hood's army from before Nashville, capturing all its entrenchments, over 1,000 prisoners, and sixteen guns. On the 16th he again attacked it on a range of hills, about seven miles south of the city. The conflict again raged all day. At first the Confederates kept their lines, by a heavy artillery fire on the eager attackers; but nothing could prevail against such inspired troops as those of Thomas now were. They came on like a torrent both on right and left, charged with the bayonet, carried the batteries that had played on them so destructively, captured guns and prisoners, and drove the Confederates from hill to hill in confusion.

On the 17th they continued the fight by cutting up the rear of the defeated enemy, and continuing to capture enormous batches of prisoners. During the battle on the 15th and 16th, too, fifty-three guns had been taken.

It is striking to glance at this juncture, first on the flight of General Hood, and then far away to the east, on the marching army of Sherman. We saw those two generals clashing swords together at and around Atlanta. Hood's policy for a campaign was far worse than his management on the field of battle, where he certainly showed energy, some technical skill, and the greatest personal

bravery. But the Confederate President committed a great blunder in allowing him to march north from the frontiers of Georgia and Alabama. The results of Hood's and Sherman's marches reflect the most striking discredit on that policy. Hood was by no means sure that he could conquer Tennessee, but he left all Georgia behind him, a certain prey to the enemy. And thus the crowning result had come. At the very time that Sherman was peacefully sighting the sea coast at Fort McAllister, Hood was suffering irreparable defeat at Nashville.

All present at the battle of Nashville could plainly see that it was the most decisive victory of the South-Western war. Hood's army was crushed; and Thomas' men knew that it was so. 'I pushed forward to the southward slope of the hill,' says a Federal eye-witness of the battle of the 16th. 'It was about dark; the rain was pouring steadily down; and, standing there amid the dead and dying, I caught the last glimpse of our lines of battle, and heard the last triumphant shout of our men, as even through the darkness they pushed on after the flying foe.'

Thomas continued to pursue Hood for several days, and captured many more prisoners on each day. Only by the greatest and most painful exertions did the wreck of the Confederate army succeed in escaping across the Tennessee to Northern Alabama. Such was the end of Hood's rash invasion of Tennessee—absolute repulse and overthrow, with a loss, from November 30, when he first struck into the Northern State, to December 30, when he made his disastrous exit, of 13,469 killed, wounded, and captured, including twelve generals put *hors de combat*, and seventy guns. This does not include the killed and wounded at Nashville, which, if equal

to Thomas' (and it was probably more), would be over 5,000.*

General Thomas won a deserved renown by his victory. The South-West, he could report, was practically a conquered country. He had completely overthrown the only army which the Confederates had in that region. Early in January, 1865, he executed with alacrity the next duty Grant had for his army, by sending the greater portion of it, under Schofield and Smith, round to the Atlantic coast (by rail), to take part in the operations, now on the eve of execution there, for the closing of the war.

When Sherman marched away to the sea, this excellent General Thomas had inherited his position in the West as naturally as Sherman had taken up Grant's, when Grant became Lieutenant-General. It is somewhat surprising that Thomas had not before stood higher in popular and governmental estimation, for he had done signal service in many fields, and had not once made a blunder, or given occasion for censure. His ability had been developed quite early in the war, when his victory at Mill Spring, Kentucky, led the way to the recovery of Tennessee by Grant and Buell (1862). He had been the right-hand man of Rosecranz in 1863. By his exertions only was Rosecranz's defeat of Chickamauga saved from being an extreme catastrophe. At last, appointed to an independent command, his final achievements were still in the old district around Nashville.

General Thomas' distinguishing characteristic was quiet self-confidence—undemonstrative power. This appeared in his form and features. Though he was over six feet high, and of massive frame, his face was calm and kindly, with a humorous mouth and serene blue eyes. Like several

* *Thomas' Report*, December 29, 1864.

other Northern generals, he had a *sobriquet* or two given him by his troops, the best of which was 'Old Safety.'* He was adored by his troops, and deserved high respect through the length and breadth of the Federal States, for his good service to the Union was exceptional, he being a Virginian by birth, and prior to the war an officer in the regiment (regular army) of which Lee was colonel.

In the battle of Nashville, it is worth notice, a good many coloured brigades were used, who vied with the white troops in forcing the Confederates from the hills, and altogether made for themselves an excellent record.

It is time for us to take a view of the steadfast conduct and work of the President and people of the North while their soldiers were fighting; to indulge specially in a glimpse at the striking character of the President; then to see what giant effect the blows of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Thomas, were producing on the body of rebellion, and to see how Richmond and the whole Confederacy was at last tottering to its fall. Ere we close this chapter, however, three or four little detached expeditions seem to demand a brief notice—of which all but one helped in greater or less degree to the success of the Federals. One from which much was expected, produced, for about the last time, great mortification for them.

I. In the wild and mountain region of the east and west corners of the two States of Tennessee and Virginia—which present on the map the appearance of joining each other, like the points of two diamonds—an isolated struggle

* The following is the queer comparison gravely made to the honour of General Thomas by the chronicler of the services of one of the Western States :—'Major-General George H. Thomas, if it can be so put with due respect, may be called the elephant of our army animals—slow, ponderous, sagacious, not easily aroused to wrath, but when aroused terrible and invincible.'—Ingersoll, *Iowa and the Rebellion*, p. 644.

had been going on for some time since summer, and continued till the beginning of the year 1865. This theatre of war was little noticed by the people of either North or South, and only during Hood's campaign against Nashville did it seem to connect itself with the rest of the line of contest. The Confederate forces were, during November, in the south-west corner of Virginia, under General Breckenridge; the Federal forces in the north-east of Tennessee, and south-east of Kentucky, under Generals Stoneman, Burbridge, and Gillem. Desultory fighting had taken place during October, in which Gillem claimed the victory; but in the beginning of November Breckenridge suddenly appeared in force, and assailing Gillem near Bull's Gap (Nov. 14), beat him, capturing his artillery and several hundred prisoners; following up the success, the Confederate boldly moved on west to Knoxville. That city, which had withstood several weeks' siege by Longstreet in 1863, was far too strong and well garrisoned for serious attack by Breckenridge. His real object was very different. Just about this time, as we have seen, Hood was crossing Northern Alabama into Western Tennessee. Breckenridge, it was hoped by the Confederates, would career through the eastern region of which Knoxville was the centre, and join Hood under the walls of Nashville. This plan seems to have been countenanced by Lee—for Breckenridge, commanding in Virginia, was under his orders. The great chief, we may suspect, never sanctioned Hood's invasion, which was specially ordered by the Confederate Government—by Jefferson Davis personally. But seeing Hood actually engaged in pushing north, Lee may probably have planned Breckenridge's movement, to give Hood, by its assistance, a more favourable chance. But Breckenridge's movement came to nought. The Federals penetrated

the design. General Stoneman concentrated Gillem's and Burbridge's commands, stopped Breckenridge's advance, and soon after defeated his somewhat dispersed forces in several small engagements. East Tennessee was completely cleared, and rendered secure from further inroads by the middle of December. Stoneman went on into Southwest Virginia, and gained another little victory at Marion on the 16th, capturing artillery and 200 prisoners from one of Breckenridge's subordinates (Vaughan); and on the 20th Burbridge's forces captured Saltville, despite Breckenridge's manœuvres. Valuable salt works were here destroyed, and a large amount of stores and eight pieces of artillery captured. This little campaign on the Virginia Tennessee border would probably present some interesting features, had we fuller details of it.*

II. During November and December two Federal raiding parties made successful expeditions from the banks of the Mississippi into the State of that name. From Vicksburg (now for eighteen months a quiet Federal stronghold) a cavalry force, under Osband, proceeded in a north-east direction to the Mississippi Central Railroad, captured and destroyed the bridge and trestle-work over the Big Black River, thirty miles of the road, two locomotives, and large amounts of stores (November 27). Osband's force seems to have been composed entirely of coloured cavalry. On December 21 a larger cavalry force, under Grierson, started from Memphis and raided south all through the northern half of Mississippi, till, veering round to the west, it arrived at Vicksburg on January 5, 1865. This expedition had great influence in rendering complete the rout of Hood's army — railroad track, engines and

* *Grant's Report*. New York newspapers. Reid, *After the War*. *A Southern Tour*.

cars, arms and food stores being destroyed, which would all have been of use to it in the retreat from Nashville. Grierson captured some few hundred prisoners.

III. *Butler's Attack on Fort Fisher.*—The long projected expedition for the capture of Washington went forth in the middle of December. A large force was embarked from the James, from Butler's command. General Grant's intention was that Weitzel, a young officer for some time acting under Butler, should command the troops, but Butler chose to accompany it himself; and, evading a correct fulfilment of the Lieutenant-General's instructions, embarked as the head of the expedition. The fleet which carried the troops, and was to participate in the attack, was commanded by Admiral Porter, whose name was a guarantee for valuable co-operation with a land force. The expedition carried with it a novel and formidable engine of war, viz., a powder-ship containing 215 tons of powder, which was to be exploded right in front of Fort Fisher. The idea of it had been acquired from the reports in the newspapers, some time before, of an accidental explosion of gunpowder, with dreadful effect, in England. The powder-ship was got up so as to resemble a blockade-runner.

Fort Fisher, guarding the entrance to the port of Wilmington, was the first thing to be encountered, Wilmington itself being secure till that was reduced. The expedition arrived off Fort Fisher on December 22. In the early morning of the 24th the monster torpedo was duly exploded, but with nothing like the result anticipated. Admiral Porter and all his seamen, awaiting the shock at a safe distance out, were surprised at the slight tremor it caused. The admiral records that 'it shook the vessel some, and broke one or two glasses, but nothing more.' After this the attack by regular procedure com-

menced. The fleet bombarded Fort Fisher all day of the 24th, and on the 25th, and in the afternoon of the latter day, Butler landed his troops. But utter failure was the result—entire failure to the expedition, and irreparable disgrace to General Butler. Much blame, very much, attached to General Butler, for he had disobeyed his instructions, not only in assuming the active command himself, which the Lieutenant-General had told him to give to Weitzel, but in re-embarking without attempting to entrench and hold a position. With the bold assurance he possessed, he still sought to hold up his head as a military commander. Angry recrimination took place between him and Porter. Porter calmly pointed out how in various ways Butler had not efficiently co-operated. In his report he quietly ignored Butler's military opinion on the difficulties which made him re-embark his troops. 'I do not pretend to put my opinion in opposition to *General Weitzel*,' he said, 'who is a thorough soldier and an able engineer.' He probably knew or guessed that Grant's intention was that Weitzel, not Butler, should have been his acting colleague in the expedition.

General Butler was relieved from further service on January 8, 1865, by order of General Grant, and General Ord was appointed to the command of the Army of the James in his stead. Butler took his disgrace with outward firmness, but with great inward chagrin, which he soon manifested by attempts to vindicate his military management, and by endeavouring to disparage General Grant even. On one occasion he is said to have given vent to his spleen by the bitter remark, that all he would wish for his epitaph would be, '*Here lies Benjamin F. Butler, who saved the lives of his soldiers at Fort Fisher, and never commanded the Army of the Potomac.*'

Further disgrace fell upon General Butler, however; for Admiral Porter returned to the fortress which had baffled and mortified him, with a fresh expedition from Grant's army, under General Terry, and by an heroic assault, on January 15, Fort Fisher was captured.

IV. *Exploit of Lieutenant Cushing.*—The part played by the Federal navy during the war presents altogether a career of great success. In the month of October, to the names of naval renown which had developed themselves, a young man of two-and-twenty added his, by an operation of such cool, deliberate daring, as has rarely been surpassed. Lieutenant W. B. Cushing, an officer serving in the North Atlantic squadron, off the Carolina coast, of which Admiral Porter had then but lately assumed the command, conceived the idea of destroying a great Rebel iron-clad lying in Albemarle Sound, by the means of a boat, a torpedo, and a dozen men to act under his orders. The Confederates—who showed during the war much more energy and ingenuity in engineering work than they ever had in peace—had turned out a very formidable monster in this Albemarle, for so the ram was named. Built about the beginning of 1864, she had shown her teeth effectually in the spring, when she assisted a Confederate brigade, under Hoke, to capture the town of Plymouth, held and fortified by the Federals. She had then destroyed two or three Federal gunboats. Lying still ever since, her existence was a constant source of possible damage to the Federal fleet of the Carolina coast. On the night of the 27th October Lieutenant Cushing, with thirteen officers and men in a little steam launch, left the fleet lying in the Albemarle Sound, and proceeded up the Roanoke River, where, eight miles from its mouth, just beyond the neighbourhood of Plymouth, the great ram lay. The river averages in width along the stretch

about 200 yards, and on the banks, at intervals, the Confederates had picket-stations, solicitous that no surprise should deprive them of the Albemarle. On went Cushing's launch, however, unobserved, till it arrived at its destination. By the light of a fire which was burning ashore, the young lieutenant and his men beheld the monster before them, and at the same time a most annoying and unlooked for hindrance to touching her. She was surrounded by floating logs for thirty feet from her side. Cushing and his men with perfect coolness begin removing them to make way in towards her. As it needs little wisdom to foretell, they are promptly discovered by the crew of the Albemarle. They are hailed, and immediately after a storm of bullets comes rattling into them, three of which strike the clothing of Cushing. But this young man's resolution seems of iron. Having removed some logs, he now runs his launch at the body of them, so that it runs right on and rests there. In an instant the torpedo boom is lowered, and Cushing, by a vigorous pull, succeeds in diving it under the overhang, and at the same time exploding it. He is not a moment too soon. Simultaneously the ram is destroyed, and a shot from her great gun crashes into Cushing's boat,—a dense mass of water rushes up—Cushing tells his men to save themselves, and they plunge into the middle of the river, and swim for their lives. Several of the small party are wounded,—others, incapable of a long swim, land, and are captured; Cushing and one man were all of the fourteen that escaped. Cushing is ignorant that he has succeeded, and that a soul besides himself is saved. After swimming a mile he puts himself to the shore, but so exhausted that he lies on the beach till daylight, with only his head and the upper part of his body out of water. Hiding in a swamp in the morning, two of the Albemarle officers pass by his covert, and he

guesses by their conversation that he has been successful, but is not certain. So anxious is he on this point that when he has toiled on to well below Plymouth, toward the Sound, meeting a negro, he persuades him, when he finds he can trust him, to go back and get the information by discreet enquiry in Plymouth. The trusty negro returns, and tells him that the ram is duly sunk. Then Cushing travels on again, and finding on the shore a skiff belonging to a Confederate picket, gets into it, and, keeping down stream, at last, at eleven o'clock at night (28th), appears alone, but successful, before the Federal ships from which he had set out.

CHAPTER XI.

STATE OF AFFAIRS IN THE NORTH.—ADVANCE OF SHERMAN THROUGH THE CAROLINAS.—GLOOM AND DESPONDENCY IN RICHMOND.

ON the 8th of November, 1864, Abraham Lincoln had been re-elected President of the United States. By 22 States against 3, by 213 'Electoral College' votes against 21, and by a majority in the popular vote of over 400,000, the grandest ruler America has ever had was chosen as the nation's chief for a second term of four years. Each man of those who voted for Lincoln had a right to be proud, and every one who now lives doubtless *is* proud of his vote that day.

Thoroughly honest as M'Clellan was in his profession of unswerving attachment to the Union, there is little doubt that several of his chief supporters were not so—nay, that they were 'Copperheads,' desirous of the success of the South. Had he been elected, a little reflection shows that there would have been great likelihood of his being counselled into recognising the Confederacy. We shall see presently some proofs of this. It was, indeed, but the outward sign of Northern persistency in the struggle—Lincoln's re-election. But it was a moral and political necessity for the preservation of the Union. As Mr. Seward urged pertinently in a speech, early in the election agitation, Lincoln had been elected President of the whole Union, and it was morally necessary that he should be the man to be at the head of the whole of the States when again united. As regarded the practical or active need of the

Unionists, also, it was imperatively necessary that Lincoln should continue President. Although not a man of supreme mental greatness, he had proved himself to be the man for the work. His honesty, his steadfastness to the people's broadly designated policy, his capabilities for toil of head and body, his very considerable (though not supreme) ability, were now patent to all who had studied his public bearing, without bias against him. He was a real live President, and no lay figure. Never, perhaps, in the world's history, had a ruler greater responsibilities imposed on him—greater labours to do, or, for a time, greater disasters to face—than this man. Well was it that nature had endowed him with a physical strength beyond the average, and that his youth had been passed in the invigorating conditions of manual labour, far from cities. The Presidency—never a light task—was to Abraham Lincoln one long toil, but ungrudged, devoted; and for all that, unmistakable work of the hardest description. Nor was the dignity of the office impaired by the peculiarities of speech and behaviour which clung to him from his humble origin and self-acknowledged 'defective education.'* The only specks those circumstances of his career had left were a certain approach to buffoonery, and his well-known indulgence in incessant jokes, made or retailed, which were frequently very brilliant and forcible, in the average, perhaps, pointless or mediocre; and on some few occasions, it is said, coarser than unofficial

* The reader, if he has not seen it elsewhere, will surely be glad that I insert here the brief autobiography, which, being requested, Mr. Lincoln forwarded to the compiler of the *Dictionary of Congress*, in 1858. Thus it ran, neither more nor less:—'Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. Education defective. Profession, a lawyer. Have been a Captain of Volunteers in Black Hawk War. Postmaster at a very small office. Four times a member of the Illinois Legislature, and was a member of the Lower House of Congress. Yours &c., A. LINCOLN.' Raymond, *Life of Lincoln*.

persons even should make use of. Notwithstanding this practice, Mr. Lincoln has shed increased splendour over his office. His speeches and public utterances were frequently grand in style and conception; none more so than those which illustrate the closing epoch of the war, in which we shall shortly see him figuring in the most happy and admirable course of conduct. Seldom does history show a more truly noble, a more truly 'kingly' figure, than President Lincoln presents in the closing scenes which are now to draw on. Thus the man was fit for the place.

Finally, in addition to Mr. Lincoln's fitness for the work, and the moral fitness of his being retained to grasp again the rulership of the South when reunited, there was a third reason why the voters should exult, and humanity rejoice, in the majority given for him. The great policy of emancipation—the great cause of freedom for the slave—was bound up in his candidature. General M'Clellan never avowed any sympathy for the black man, nor would have considered himself bound probably by Lincoln's acts in his favour.* Lincoln, all his life, as an individual, the enemy of slavery, had adopted his emancipation policy with fervour immediately he believed it consistent with and helpful to his paramount duty of preserving the Union. Now he would not swerve from it. Now, therefore, though not at first, the war was a war for the abolition of slavery; for, if the Southern States offered themselves, the President would not receive them back without provision being made for the freeing of the slaves. He was endeavouring by all means in his power to procure the passing of a constitutional amendment by Congress to give an additional force to his emancipation proclamation. This constitutional amendment had been brought forward some time before, had been passed in the Senate, and had obtained a majority

* See his letter to President Lincoln of July 7, 1862.

in the House of Representatives ; but not, as yet, the two-thirds necessary for passing it. Just before the presidential election day, a number of State elections had taken place, which had resulted in still more favourable proportions to the Republican, Union, Abolitionist party ; insomuch that in the Senate there were 31 Republicans to 10 Democrats, and in the House 131 to 37. The Congress was therefore 'in line' with the President on all the grand points of the nation's problem ; and as soon as he himself was re-elected, by triumphant numbers, he stood forth the strongest and best sustained ruler in the world.

Mr. Lincoln was anxious and care-ridden by the suspense for some time before the day ; whilst so, it is said, General Grant addressed sturdy words of encouragement to him. One evening, when the Lieutenant-General was at Washington, on a flying visit from the camp before Petersburg, an officer of high rank called on him, who had just had a long private interview with the President, and had heard him express his misgivings as to the election near at hand, and his uncertainty and anxiety as to what would follow if M'Clellan took his place. Grant soon gave to this officer his more cheerful view of affairs. He believed that the President would be re-elected, and that the Federal cause would ultimately triumph. On leaving General Grant, the officer promptly repaired to the White House again. Midnight had passed, but he found Mr. Lincoln still pacing his room in moody meditation. When, however, he heard from the lips of the officer the words of General Grant, the President's face brightened somewhat, and giving over apparently his speculations on uncertain contingencies, he remarked, ' Well, I guess we can trust him, and he knows as well as any man.'*

* This anecdote of Grant and Lincoln was related to Dr. Vaughan by the officer mentioned in it. Notes on the United States since the war, *British Quarterly Review*, October 2, 1865.

Early in the year 1864 a few political observers had entertained the idea that Grant himself might be a candidate against Lincoln for the Presidency—an idea which probably never entered Grant's head during that year; since he must have reflected, that if the war were brought to a triumphant close, Lincoln, more than anybody, would claim the respect of the Union citizens. At this time, however, a gentleman suggested the idea to President Lincoln, saying that 'there was but one thing which could defeat his re-election, viz., Grant's capture of Richmond, to be followed by his nomination at Chicago, and acceptance.' 'Well,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'I feel very much like the man who said he didn't want to die particularly, but if he had got to die that was precisely the disease he would like to die of.'*

In the month of October there came to America a letter from the old country across the Atlantic, in which John Bright, the great 'tribune of the people' (as he has been called) expressed the earnest hopes cherished by all friends of the Union in England—in Europe generally—that Mr. Lincoln would be re-elected. The opposition had at one time been strong and menacing. The bulk of General M'Clellan's supporters were actuated to their course by that party feeling which unfortunately is so strong in the United States, and in all Anglo-Saxon countries generally. It was to make a fight for the honour of the abstract idea—the Democratic party—that they voted, not with the object of destroying the Union. A few of the citizens of the North may have grown apathetic to their principles, and secretly willing to sacrifice the Union for the sake of peace, but they formed a very small proportion of the population. Few were the common

* Moore, *Anecdotes of the War*, p. 447.

people that were not still devoted to the Union, and willing that the war should be continued till it should be restored. In his message, a month after the election, the President could say: 'No candidate for any office whatever, high or low, has ventured to seek votes on the avowal that he was for giving up the Union. There has been much impugning of motives, and much heated controversy as to the proper means and best mode of advancing the Union cause, but in the distinct issue of Union or no Union the politicians have shown their instinctive knowledge that there is no diversity among the people.'

But though the rank and file, and the candidate of the Democratic party were for the Union, there is little doubt that many of the leaders either formed part of, or acted in unison with a conspiracy of rabid Southerners, which would infallibly have done some harm to the Northern prospects could they have got their candidate in. That M'Clellan might be elected in the place of Lincoln was to the last moment the cherished hope of the Confederate government; that alone is proof of the danger to Union prospects which would have attended his success. After the interview with Greeley in July, some of the Confederate agents, whom the reader became acquainted with (Chapter VII.) remained in Canada, and with a numerous company of other refugees and 'sympathisers' of equal or lower social position, applied themselves to various desperate schemes for obstructing Lincoln's re-election. It was their idea that by Confederate victories in the field, or by carrying war and destruction into Northern territory, a sufficiently extensive disgust at the war would arise in Northern citizens to ruin Lincoln's chance. What damped the efforts of these crafty gentlemen was the extraordinary series of Federal successes which set in as election agitation came on. In the month of August,

probably M'Clellan's chances were best, or, to speak exactly, were least bad. Even in that month, however, Farragut's brilliant victory in Mobile Bay was a laurel for the administration, and a blow to the plans of the Confederates and the 'Copperheads.' But in September and October the triumph of Sherman in Georgia, and of Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, was death to their hopes. It has been charged against President Lincoln's government and against General Grant, that the two movements before Petersburg detailed in our last chapter—the unsuccessful assaults of the 1st and 27th October—were made simply to influence the election; to show vigour and attempt victory at the cost of soldiers' lives in order that more citizens might rally round Mr. Lincoln. There may have been some such idea combined, though Grant makes no allusion to it in his frank report; but the object of those operations—the extension of the lines—was useful, and not wanton. But it is certain now that the Richmond Government and its agents decided on that very influencing of military movements for political exigencies. It is probable that President Davis made the 'fighting' General Hood commander at Atlanta in July, through his wish for spirited action, which, if indecisive, might be brazened out as defeat for the North. And, as the election day drew nigh, the agents in Canada wrote urgently for some successes, somewhere or other, which might be used by the Democrats to cast shame on Lincoln's administration. The plain fact has been established, that when Early attacked Sheridan on the 19th October he was 'endeavouring to collect Democratic ballots.' The following letter had been sent a few days before from the Confederate agents in Canada to the authorities in Richmond:—

'October 13, 1864.

'We again urge the immense necessity of our gaining

immediate advantages. Strain every nerve for victory. We now look upon the re-election of Lincoln in November as almost certain, and we need to whip his hirelings to prevent it. Besides, with Lincoln re-elected, and his armies victorious, we need not hope even for recognition, much less the help mentioned in our last. Holcombe will explain this. Those figures of the Yankee armies are correct to a unit. Our friend shall be immediately set to work as you direct.'*

On receipt of this despatch the Confederate Government ordered a battle to be fought in the Shenandoah at once. It took place, and brought down on their own heads the crowning valley disaster detailed in our last chapter.

The last words of the above letter seem to refer to the 'secret service' for which, besides to obtain information, certain Confederate agents still remained in Canada. While sending their news and their luckless suggestions to Richmond, the agents were inaugurating a diminutive and disgraceful warfare on the northern portion of the Northern States.

Unsolicitous for the neutral British territory which afforded them residence and protection, they sent forth a series of lawless outrages from the Canadian border. On the 19th September a band of about thirty Confederates from Canada, having disguised themselves as passengers, captured two American steamers plying on Lake Erie. The design of their leader, Captain Beall, comprised, it was supposed, further, the capture of the U. S. war steamer Michigan, and the release of a number of Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island, in the south-west portion of the lake.

* Letter in Cypher, translated and given in evidence by Major T. T. Eckert, May 20, 1865. Poore, *Conspiracy Trial for the Murder of the President* (Boston, 1865), vol. ii. p. 56.

But this they could not attain to, and in a few days they were obliged to take refuge in Canada again. Beall was some time after made prisoner, on his venturing on the United States side of Niagara, and, after trial, was hanged at New York, as a spy and a pirate.

On the 19th October (coincident with the battle of Middletown between Early and Sheridan) took place the more celebrated St. Alban's Raid. The little town of St. Alban's is in the north-west corner of the State of Vermont, about ten miles south of the boundary line dividing the United States from Canada. It is the petty metropolis of a brisk and thriving agricultural district, and contained in 1860 about 5,000 inhabitants. The Vermont Central Railroad running through and having its offices at St. Alban's, gave it habitual animation, and occasional batches of visitors—passengers continually passing through to or from Canada, New York, or the New England States.

To this cosy and contented little town, during the middle days of October, from twenty-five to thirty Confederates quietly introduced themselves from Canadian territory, arriving in twos and threes, quite in the manner of those familiar acquaintances of boyish reading, the *Forty Robbers* of the Arabian nights. Their leader, one Lieutenant Bennett Young, was the first of all to arrive, in order that he might make himself well acquainted with the topography of his destined theatre of 'war.' The inhabitants of St. Alban's naturally looked with some curiosity at these strangers. Although they lodged as separately as possible at the different hotels and public-houses, they were frequently seen together, and they had a general resemblance in many peculiarities of dress. But no suspicions were awakened as to their object, and some of the good people of St. Alban's are said to have believed them to be 'English sportsmen,' for considerable ignor-

ance as to the characteristics of Englishmen prevails in the rural districts of Yankeeland.

On the afternoon of the 19th these twenty-five men (for that seems the most accurate estimate) arranged themselves in four parties of five, six, or seven each. Three of these companies had as their duty to attack the three banks which St. Alban's boasts. These banks were all offices on the ground floor, partaking more of the appearance of the French *bureau de change* than of the English banking-house; to none was there a porter or janitor, and the staff of each was probably a president, a cashier, and an out-door clerk. Each fell an easy prey to the Confederate brigands. Two men stationed themselves at the door; two or three entered, and displaying bowie-knives and revolvers, morally annihilated the single clerk within, and hastily proceeded to help themselves to the wealth of the establishment. Altogether, from the three banks, they were said to have taken 200,000 dollars.

Meanwhile the fourth and strongest party broke into the livery and hotel stables, in order to seize horses and equipments with which to retreat. They met with greater resistance than their comrades, for the grooms and stable helps, armed with pitchforks and shovels, showed better fight in defence of their quadrupeds than the bankers had for their money. But the Confederates mercilessly fired on all who resisted them, killing one man and wounding several. They succeeded in getting a sufficient number of horses, and their comrades having all accomplished their bank robberies, the whole party re-united, mounted in the outskirts of the town, and rode off with all speed for Canada.

The citizens of St. Alban's were not long in organizing a pursuit. Those who could find steeds and arms rode after the raiders almost immediately. They came up with some

of them just across the boundary line, and, with some assistance from Canadians, nearly one half were secured. Three were some weeks afterwards discovered in New Hampshire, where they had had the effrontery to take the bounty and enlist in the Federal army.

Such was the St. Alban's Raid,* the direct or indirect sanction of which reflected great discredit on the Confederate Government. It was vain to put about, as the Confederates began to do, that it was 'vengeance for the devastation of the Shenandoah,' for there were no critics but were obliged to confess that that proceeding, though deplorably harsh, was (if unjust even) a genuine military measure, used for the purposes of recognised hostilities, whereas the raid on St. Alban's differs in nothing from the acts of burglars. It also appeared likely that it was planned *before* the devastation of the Shenandoah Valley (occurring only about ten days after). Besides this, it may be mentioned that a long time back, as early as July, some desperadoes of Confederate proclivities endeavoured to inflict a little raid on an undefended Northern district. A party from the British territory of New Brunswick had endeavoured to master the little village of Calais, Maine, in which there was at least one bank.

The Confederate agents in Canada had still plenty of tools to execute their behests, and it is pretty certain that other outrages were afoot to follow up their idea of terrifying the faint-hearted members of the North. On the 2nd November Mr. Seward, the Federal Secretary of State, announced to the Mayors of New York and Buffalo that he had received information from the British pro-

* New York, Canadian, and English newspapers. Rev. John Cordner, *Address at Montreal*, December 22, 1864. The leader of the raiders was duly owned as an officer in the Confederate service, by the Confederate Government. *Rebel War Clerk's Diary*.

vinces of a conspiracy to fire the principal northern cities on the Presidential election-day. At Buffalo a few suspicious circumstances were reported, but at New York, where General Butler and considerable bodies of troops were stationed to maintain perfect order during the balloting, nothing took place; the election passed off more quietly than such an event had probably done for years. Only in the far West did the Confederate machinations come to light on the day. In the great and now world-famous city of Chicago a plot was discovered to release a number of Confederate prisoners who were confined at a camp a few miles from the city, and very inefficiently guarded. If successful, the whole body of rescued and rescuers would have rushed into Chicago and thrown it into anarchy just as the election was taking place. It does not appear that the discovery of this plot had the least influence on the minds of voters, although the Democratic leaders instantly proclaimed loudly and widely *that the whole affair was a plot of the administration to defame them. Qui s'excuse s'accuse.* Surely the 'Copperheads' were gifted with lightning perceptions. The instant, well-nigh, that the plot was announced, they pronounced it a thing devised by the Republicans. They wasted not a moment to examine the details of the discovery, and the event fell with greater celerity than usual into that obscurity which covers all the American war schemes which did not come off.*

The triumphant re-election of Lincoln was bitter news to the Confederate conspirators; but they had completely anticipated it latterly, and they did not relinquish

* Duvergier de Hauranne, *Huit Mois en Amérique* (Letters from Chicago, November 7 and 10). M. de Hauranne at first believed the plot to be trumped up, as the Democrats averred; but on investigation he was completely assured of its truth.

their unscrupulous machinations. On the 25th November an attempt was made to burn New York. Fires were kindled by leaving quantities of phosphorus where it would become exposed to the air in the rooms of the hotels, and the furniture of the rooms was so arranged as to give full chance to the conflagration expected to break forth. Thirteen of the principal hotels were thus marked out for destruction by the incendiaries, who seem to have gone from each to each in quick succession, to leave behind them their inflammatory material. It was noticed that the 'New York,' in which large numbers of gentlemen commonly believed to be Confederate refugees or Confederate sympathisers were staying, was not thus treated. Wallack's Theatre, Barnum's Museum, and the Academy of Music, were attempted; also two government barges in the river. Captain Richard Cobb Kennedy, a native of Louisiana, was hanged for this attempt on the 25th March, 1865. No more of these outrages took place, although it is believed that others were concocted. Soon after this, a few of the lowest and most desperate of the Southerners or Southern sympathisers began the darker and deadlier machinations which were to culminate in the awful tragedy of Ford's Theatre, Washington.

Still, as the months wore away, the impression deepened in the people of the North that the end of the war was coming. The irregular attacks just detailed caused each but a momentary spasm of excitement; still the grand field of war afforded fresh developments, and still, up to the last days of 1864, every Northern citizen, from President to news-boy, was straining his eyes towards Georgia, and rejoicing in the successful progress of Sherman towards the sea.

No movement of the war raised and preserved such an avidity for news as the march through Georgia. Its im-

portance and significance were fully appreciated by the people of the North, and the military excellence of its conduction, although great, was exaggerated beyond its real magnitude. General Sherman's great merits had been better displayed in his movement from Chattanooga to Atlanta than in that from the latter city to the sea. For it must be remembered that complete security from opposition was provided for Sherman in the latter movement, Thomas drawing Hood's army from his rear, and Grant before Petersburg preventing Lee from dispatching any efficient reinforcements to his front. But the novelty and brilliancy of the thing seized hold of public enthusiasm at once, and heightened it to the end. The mystery which hung over the march added zest to the attention of the Northern public. All Sherman's communication with the North being cut off, people and President alike could only trace their general's progress through the medium of the Southern newspapers. For weeks Sherman's position was not definable with any degree of certainty. At the same time it was difficult to say where he was *not*, and the North gloated over the Southern capitals long thought secure, which were beginning to dread the invader. 'I know where Sherman went in at,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'but I do not know where he will come out at.' In his message to Congress, delivered December 5, he concluded a brief reference to the 300 miles' march in progress by saying, 'The result not yet being known, conjectures in regard to it are not here indulged.' There is yet another little memento of the President's eager speculation as to the progress of Sherman's army. Running against an eminent member of Congress one day, he failed to recognise him at first, in his pre-occupied state of mind. Immediately he did so, however, he excused himself by saying that 'he was

thinking of a man down South.' He afterwards acknowledged that the 'man down South' was Sherman.*

At last the clouds broke which partially concealed the marching army from the excited people. Arrived before Fort M'Allister, as we have seen, communication was immediately opened with the fleet, and a few days after the following telegram gladdened the President's heart:—

'Savannah : December 22, 1864.

'His Excellency President Lincoln.

'I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton.

'W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General.'

As soon as Sherman arrived at the coast, Grant had to decide as to the nature of his lieutenant's next movement. In the stage at which the war had at last arrived there could be but one object for the Federal chief to strike. Thomas had just defeated Hood, and the South-west was practically 'a conquered country;' Sherman had wasted all Georgia and destroyed all railway communication between that State and Alabama, whither Hood's shattered forces were retreating; a Federal force from the Mississippi, under Canby, was preparing to attack Mobile, the seaport of Alabama, and the largest city left to the Confederates in the south-west. Of all the Confederate hosts and strongholds, Richmond and Lee's army only, at the close of the year 1864, remained unmodified by attack, and preserved the semblance of Southern invincibility. The capture or destruction of Lee's magnificent army was

* Raymond, *Life of Lincoln*. Noah Brooks, *Recollections of President Lincoln*. *Harper's Monthly*, July, 1865.

the grand work which yet remained for the Lieutenant-General. That accomplished, the end of the rebellion would not be far distant. To that purpose Grant had resolved that the bulk of Sherman's tried forces should be brought up to the south of Virginia to bar the possibility of Lee's army escaping from the toils. The only point now in consideration by him was whether this mighty reinforcement should be transported by sea from Savannah to City Point, and added bodily to his own great host before Petersburg, or whether Sherman should lead it up through the Carolinas during January and February, to arrive in Virginia with the commencement of spring. He was not long in deciding on the latter movement, which would be far more effective, and would not allow the enemy any chance of untoward offensive movements, such as would be possible in the time required for the transportation by sea from Savannah to City Point. General Grant had at first sent instructions to await Sherman's arrival, ordering the transportation by sea (December 6); but he rescinded these on the 18th by another letter, in which he stated his matured opinion in favour of a march North through the Carolinas. He pretty well guessed how congenial the movement would be to Sherman, and doubted not that he would make of it a successful pendant to his march through Georgia. A few days after the 18th a crossed letter informed the Lieutenant-General how thoroughly Sherman would fall in with this plan.

‘The confidence he manifested in this letter of being able to march up and join me pleased me,’ says Grant in his report; ‘and without waiting for a reply to my letter of the 18th, I directed him on December 28 to make preparations to start as he proposed, without delay, to break up the railroads in North and South Carolina, and join

the armies operating against Richmond as soon as he could.’*

Thus something like the Confederate strategy of relief in June 1862 was now to be brought to bear against Richmond, on a far greater scale. Like Stonewall Jackson hurrying from the interior of Virginia to join the left flank of his chief (Lee) in the attack on M'Clellan, Sherman was to march up and take position on the left of his chief (Grant) in the final attack on Lee. Grant's combination, like his means, was gigantic. Although it was yet unknown what force the Confederates would assemble to oppose Sherman, it was still to be expected that the combined forces of Grant and Sherman would far outnumber those and Lee's joined together. In this respect the comparison was to the advantage of Confederate generalship. But the movement of Sherman, unlike Jackson's, was to be performed through a hostile country in the face of opposition; and the distance alone rendered it the task of weeks, not of days, like Jackson's, which was merely to bring his troops through the centre of his own State, with the assistance of railways to some extent. But Sherman, fresh from his march through Georgia, embraced with rapture its more arduous supplement, and boldly engaged unassisted to take his army, ‘at one stride,’ from Savannah, Georgia, to Goldsboro', North Carolina.†

Although Sherman demanded no assistance, the Lieutenant-General instituted the most complete measures for affording aid to the march. It had been determined that Fort Fisher and Wilmington should be taken, and that lodgement would afford one fresh base in case of need for

* *Grant's Report*, p. 31.

† *Sherman's Report* (No. 3.) from Goldsboro', North Carolina, April 4, 1864.

Sherman's army. Another a little to the north was to be procured by improving the post of Newbern, pushing the Federal rule there farther inland. These two commands were to be given to General Schofield, who was coming west from Thomas's army with fresh troops. The fleet all along the sea coast of the Carolinas was to be on the alert. Charleston, it was anticipated, would be rendered untenable, and Admiral Dahlgren, besides his look-out for the seizure of that city, had his eyes on one or two little seaports which were to be occupied and held so as to be available for the landing of reinforcements which might push on to Sherman in any sudden emergency.

Great uneasiness was now spreading through the three States of Virginia and North and South Carolina. While the people of the North had been exulting, through the winter, at the progress of Sherman through Georgia, the Southern populace of the three States had been nursing the hope that that movement would in some manner come to grief. They were beginning to awaken to a true view of the state of affairs, and bitter indeed was the awakening. Secessia's blood rushed to its heart on the arrival of Sherman at the sea coast. The news of the capture of Savannah, 400 miles distant, created a greater sensation in Richmond than had the attempts on Petersburg, but twenty miles distant, or the capture of Fort Harrison in its own outskirts. The newspapers endeavoured to disguise the gravity of the situation, yet the tone of their lucubrations was changed. One ('Examiner') argued that, Savannah being neither a military nor a manufacturing place, its loss was by no means a serious blow to the South; but in the same breath declared that the general military state was eminently unsatisfactory; another ('Sentinel') advised 'all cowards to leave immediately for England, Canada, or Mexico;' the rest ('Whig,' 'Dis-

patch,' 'Enquirer,') joined in predicting what everybody began to see, that Sherman would soon advance north, and that hard times were in store for the Carolinas.

There was no alleviation for Richmond in the month of January 1865. Domestic affairs seemed to grow worse while war operations ceased for a brief time. The distress prevailing in the Confederate capital was becoming both harder and more extensive. People of respectability were suffering in many instances more than the lower classes, and besides dressing shabbily and dining poorly themselves, Confederate citizens had the dissatisfaction of seeing their soldiers also ill supplied and deteriorating. The infantry were ill clad and ill shod, and the cavalry force was even worse off in many instances. In 1861, 62, and 63, regulation supply, aided by private means and often by the spoiling of the enemy, maintained the Southern horsemen in a favourable condition—condition superior to the infantry—but in 1864 all was altered; and in the latter part of the year, Government and private means being exhausted for most of them, and the spoiling of the enemy being no longer practicable, the very same men presented a miserable appearance. Many appeared utter tatterdemalions in attire, and were mounted on poor, weak, miserable animals, hardly better than moving skeletons.* On January 25, General Lee issued an appeal to the Southern people to give the authorities all spare carbines, pistols, saddles, and other cavalry equipments they might possess, as they were urgently needed. This bad condition of the troops might be noted by the populace of Richmond or Petersburg; the army officers knew besides that its consequence—desertion—was still steadily increasing. On the news of the fall of Savannah, too, the

* *Richmond during the War*, p. 359.

Georgian troops serving in Virginia gave way to an ill-boding despondency and dissatisfaction.

Just as the year 1864 closed, Richmond welcomed a wanderer—Captain Semmes, of the noted privateer Alabama. After the sinking of his ship off Cherbourg by the Kearsarge, Semmes had made some stay in England; then, finding that the English Government had firmly set its face against further war-ships being smuggled out for Confederate service, he returned to the Confederacy by the roundabout way of the West Indies and Mexico. Despite the evidences of disorganisation which met him on every hand, as he travelled slowly through the Southwest to Richmond—slowly, for quickness, owing to Federal destruction of roads, was no longer possible—Semmes appears to have believed still that all would turn out right for his cause in the end, and freely expressed himself that Texas alone would be able to fight for many years against the Yankees, were the rest of the South to be subdued. Such an idea was all very well whilst he was passing through Texas, but it must have fallen rather flatly on Richmond minds.*

Inspired by the arrival of Semmes, the Richmond Government attempted a naval operation against their investors. Captain Semmes (created Admiral) was not destined to redress on the James the defeat he had suffered in the English Channel. On the night of January 24 four ironclads and four small wooden gunboats, which had been constructed at great cost and labour at Richmond, endeavoured to force their way through the obstructions which Grant's naval co-operatives had placed across the river to protect the bridges and the works at Dutch Gap Canal. One of the ironclads, of lighter draught than her

* *Letter of Captain Semmes from Alexandria, Louisiana, December 7, 1864.*

companions, passed the boom, but the three larger vessels grounded; and when daylight broke, the Federal batteries firing with better aim than in the night, obliged the flotilla to draw back to the neighbourhood of Richmond.

A gleam of sunshine suddenly illumined the Confederate capital—a cranny of escape from the tremendous difficulties gathering round it seemed suddenly to open on the South. Unofficial peace negotiations became again, during the month of January, the order of the day; and while the more credulous portion of the North thought that the Confederacy was about to re-enter the Union, and the more credulous portion of the South indulged, in the hope that the Federal Government was, at the eleventh hour, going to stop the war and ‘recognise’ the South, the clever, astute, and accomplished politicians at the head of Southern affairs were secretly confident and exultant with the belief that out of the barren diplomacy fence approaching they would at least be able to extract that very desirable thing for their cause, an armistice. The event proved all three to be equally self-deceived.

Mr. Francis Blair, father of a gentleman till very recently of President Lincoln’s Cabinet, and himself on terms of intimacy with the President, appears, about the end of December (1864), to have resolved on attempting the difficult part of an unofficial peacemaker. By position and experience no Northern man could be better qualified for such an undertaking. It was specially in his favour that he was well known to, and, in the old times, an esteemed acquaintance of Jefferson Davis. Knowing thus thoroughly both the ruler he was working for and the Rebel chief on whom he was about to try the *suaviter in modo*, Mr. Blair had plausible grounds for the belief that he was the man to bring North and South, by their rulers, into accord. On these grounds he betook

himself confidently to the Rebel capital, as an 'unofficial' envoy from the North. He soon found his self-assumed task to be both awkward and difficult. The President had given him no authorisation nor instructions—he was, in very fact, 'unofficial.' Mr. Lincoln said, referring to these transactions after their failure, 'he gave Mr. Blair no mission, but only *per-mission*.'*

On his first movement Blair was stopped short at Grant's camp before Petersburg, either for some informality in his pass, or because it did not include his son, who was with him. Returning again by himself with an effective document, the watchful Grant let him through the lines, and he arrived in Richmond on January 11 (1865). He saw Mr. Davis, Benjamin (Secretary of State), Seddon (Secretary of War), and other prominent men of the Southern Government or Congress. Finally, after a stay of three or four days, he returned to Washington, bearing a letter from the Head of the Rebellion for President Lincoln's perusal. In this letter Jefferson Davis expressed his willingness to receive or send an official Commissioner, and so again 'enter into a conference with a view to secure peace between the two countries.' Mr. Blair called on Mr. Lincoln immediately on his return, related his visit, and handed him the letter (January 16). That Blair had brought such a document was unknown to the public; but when he went back again to Richmond a week after, many people, both North and South, believed peace to be brewing. The newspapers, however, both of New York and Richmond, displayed almost unanimously great sagacity, prophesying that the contest could not be ended as affairs then stood, and that nothing would come of the negotiations. And President Lincoln openly told some of his leading sup-

* Raymond, *Life of Lincoln*, p. 662.

porters that such was his opinion. Much as the President longed for peace—meaning by the word simply a termination of warfare—of peace as between two countries he would not brook the idea. (January 18.) He wrote out a letter for Mr. Blair to take back to Richmond, intimating that in all things consistent with the preservation of the Union and the freedom of the slave, the fullest generosity to the South should be shown if it would give up the war, and that he was ‘ready to receive any agent whom Mr. Davis, or any other influential person now resisting the national authority, may informally send me, with a view of securing peace to the people of our common country.’

Mr. Blair made a second stay of two or three days in Richmond, and finally returned to Washington, having arranged that three Southern Commissioners should come north to have a personal interview with President Lincoln. Arrangements were made by the President, and Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, for meeting them at Fortress Monroe, it being thought undesirable that they should proceed to Washington. It was resolved also, that before coming to business a sort of agreement should be obtained from them that their basis of negotiation was that of Lincoln’s letter of the 18th. By dexterous management, however, the three Southerners—Mr. A. H. Stephens (Vice-President), Mr. R. M. T. Hunter (Senator), and Judge J. A. Campbell—contrived to get admitted into Grant’s camp, and eventually to hold the conference without expressly acceding to this stipulation. They arrived on the day that Grant returned to camp from a trip to Fort Fisher, and he, not fully acquainted with, or not fully comprehending the state of affairs, after sending and receiving messages to and from Washington, and conversing personally (without commitment)

with the Richmond gentlemen, ventured to urge the President to come and meet them, though against his latest resolution, on account of the possible misconstruction which friends or foes might put on the abrupt sending back of peace envoys.*

Influenced by Grant's letter, the President changed his resolve, and telegraphed that he would come. Mr. Seward was already at Fortress Monroe, Lincoln quickly joined him, and the remarkable Hampton Roads Conference took place.

(February 3, 1865.) On a steamer anchored off Fort Monroe the President of the United States and his chief counsellor met face to face and amicably the three actual and representative Rebels; and ere a word had been spoken the resolutions of each party were so firmly and conflictingly fixed, that the conference might as well have broken off at once. But as yet neither knew perfectly the other's mind, and Lincoln and Seward listened with rapt attention to the skilful and insinuating overtures of the 'Richmond gentlemen.'

Mr. Hunter was the spokesman of the three Confederates. Stephens, however, occasionally joined in. Lincoln, on the other side, spoke more than Seward. No person besides these five were present. No papers were exchanged or produced, and it was agreed in advance that the conversation was to be informal and verbal only. Lincoln put to his guests the proposition of the Union in every conceivable form or light, suggesting the liberal and considerate modification of anything in the action or legislation of the Federal Government, apart from emancipation, that might be regarded as specially hostile or wounding to the interests or sentiments of the Southern

* *Report of President Lincoln on the Hampton Roads Conference (enclosing all correspondence), dated February 10, 1865.*

people, assuring them that the utmost liberality and oblivion of difference should be endeavoured for on their giving up resistance to the national authority. The commissioners, however, declared at the outset their entire lack of authority to entertain, and practically their rejection of any terms of peace other than the absolute recognition of the independence of 'The Confederate States.' Lincoln met them at every point by the assurance that such recognition was utterly and totally out of the question. Soon after the beginning of the conversation the Commissioners, addressing more especially, it would seem, Mr. Seward, suggested that an alliance of more than ordinary closeness might be formed between the two governments. Although North and South were not immediately to re-unite, there might be a mutual direction of their efforts to some extrinsic policy or scheme for a season, during which passions might be expected to subside. This thin disguise of words meant, unmistakeably, that they offered, as a bribe for recognition, to devote the Confederate armies to aid those of the North in warfare against England or France; to conquer Canada, or drive the French from the recently established empire of Mexico. To this suggestion, after consideration, Lincoln and Seward would not accede, and again insisted on the submission of the South as the only way of stopping hostilities.* Animated and unswerving as both parties were, the conference was conducted in the most pleasant and friendly disposition on both sides. All points of strife or alleged obstacles to re-union were discussed with the greatest freedom. Mr. Lincoln had a bitter pill in store, however, which it was necessary

* Seward, *Letter to Mr. Adams*, United States Minister at London. *New York Times*. *Richmond Examiner*.

to administer. He told the Commissioners of the adoption by Congress, three days before, of the constitutional amendment which declared that 'neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except for crime,' should exist within the United States. He prefaced this news, probably quite fresh to them (as they would not have been told it in camp), by emphatically pronouncing that his terms for peace were just those stated in the conclusion of his message in December, and that slavery he was resolved should die. Mr. Hunter seized on this announcement to urge, as an argument, why the South could not be expected to re-unite—and as an instance of the mistaken views of the North—that very emancipation policy. He descanted in the old approved Southern style on the laziness of the 'everlasting nigger,' his 'protection' by his masters, his habituation to the mild rule of an 'overseer.' If left to himself, he (and the whites too) would *starve*.

'That reminds me of a little story,' said Mr. Lincoln, suddenly swinging forward in his chair. (It was the well-known characteristic of the President, breaking out on this grave occasion.) Messrs. Hunter, Stephens, and Campbell burst out with unrestrained laughter; Lincoln and Seward good-humouredly joined; after which Lincoln proceeded to relate, as 'of a man out in Illinois,' the parable (for aught we know, the original one) of 'root hog or die.' The application was that the negroes were not deficient in the sense of common life, and would certainly work, free, rather than *starve*.*

Another episode in the conversation illustrates better the real humour which there was in Abraham Lincoln.

* Raymond, *Life of Lincoln*. Carpenter, *Six Months at the White House with A. Lincoln* (New York, 1867).

The Commissioners, in pursuance of the leading idea they had at heart—delay of war operations—were asking for further public negotiations, and urging that for that purpose he might treat officially and ceremoniously with their President. This was nothing less than a proposition that he should treat ‘Rebel leaders’ as a legitimate Government,—and Lincoln promptly intimated as much. ‘That,’ said he, ‘would be doing what you so long asked Europe to do in vain, and be resigning the only thing the armies of the Union are fighting for.’

Mr. Hunter made a long reply, insisting that the recognition of Davis’ power to make a treaty was the first and most indispensable step to peace, and referring to the correspondence between King Charles the First and his Parliament as a reliable precedent of a constitutional ruler treating with rebels.

Mr. Lincoln’s face then wore that indescribable expression which generally preceded his hardest hits, and he remarked, ‘Upon questions of history I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in such things, and I don’t profess to be; but my only distinct recollection of the matter is, that Charles lost his head.’ That settled Mr. Hunter for a while.*

The conference drew to a close. Some further propositions or indirect pleadings for an armistice seem to have been made by the Confederates, which Lincoln patiently heard, but constantly rejected. It is supposed by some chroniclers of this strange meeting that the Confederate gentlemen had bound themselves to Mr. Davis not to listen to any terms of peace save independence, and that in their own minds they had a presentiment that

* Account of the conference published (after the close of the war) in the *Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle*, said to have been drawn up by one of the three Commissioners—Vice-President A. H. Stephens.

it would be well to give up the war even without that. If that was their real state of feeling, of what a strange irony of fate were they unconsciously the instruments! By adhering rigidly to his instructions they were in reality consigning Jefferson Davis to a two years' imprisonment within the walls of the fortress at which they were vacantly gazing during the conference.

Discussion ended after lasting four hours. It was understood by both parties that the relations between them were to be the same as if the conference negotiations had never taken place. Thus after warfare for very nearly four years had gone by, these eminent men had met peacefully for the brief space of four hours; and the only practical result was that they had exchanged, face to face, emphatic defiance. The Southern Commissioners withdrew composedly, and with impassive faces. Lincoln was again to them a 'tyrant,' and they to him and Seward 'wicked traitors.' They parted simply. 'God bless you, Hunter,' said Seward, as they two separated. Had that accomplished Virginian gentleman been captured by Federal troops or citizens, Seward would have 'rung his little bell,' and ordered him to a Federal dungeon; but, meeting with him under a safe-conduct, the Federal statesman could not resist saying a word of affection to his old fellow-senator.

Barely twenty-four hours had elapsed after the re-appearance of the Southern Commissioners, unsuccessful, in the streets of Richmond, when the din of war echoed again on Lee's lines. Just before leaving Washington to hold the conference at Hampton Roads, President Lincoln sent to his Lieutenant-General the following brief message:—

‘War Department, Washington, February 1, 1865.

‘*Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, City Point, Va.*

‘Let nothing which is transpiring change, hinder, or delay your military movements or plans.

‘A. LINCOLN.’

Grant had no serious purpose against Petersburg or Richmond. Their fall, he knew now, was only a question of time. He made no feint with one flank to afford the other a chance; he simply extended his left to seize the *last position necessary to be acquired* as a preliminary to the capture of Richmond. (February 5 to 7).—On the morning of the 5th, the 5th corps and two divisions of the 2nd corps moved out to Hatcher’s Run, the principal of a quartet of little streams which ran southward, just to the west of the camp before Petersburg, all having their sources two or three miles south of the River Appomattox, and all merging into Rowanty Creek. Hatcher’s Run had now for some time formed the extreme right of Lee’s lines. Much as it strained his diminished and diminishing force, the Confederate chief had contrived till now to keep his line right on to the Run, thereby overlapping Grant’s, and keeping secure his communications by the west. Grant’s movement was designed to take the Run from him, and make *his own* the overlapping line of fortifications. A continual struggle was waged for three days at Hatcher’s Run—sufficient fighting with fortune, varied enough to animate each side, and so great an amount of marching and counter-marching through the woods as to effectually exhaust the combatants. Rain was falling, and freezing as it fell, most part of the time. The Confederates were at last fain to give over attacking; so Grant’s purpose was accomplished, and his lines permanently extended to the Run. His losses during the three days were about

1,000. The Confederates lost several hundreds, and an able young general, Pegram. Quiet prevailed on Grant's lines through all the rest of February, but there was no lull in the excitement and dismay which reigned among the intelligent in Richmond. Confusion now prevailed in the Confederate capital—the confusion of King Agramant's camp. Some of the newspapers were pouring forth every day a torrent of abuse on the head of President Davis, charging him with all the disasters which had lately befallen the Confederacy; the President and the Congress were openly at loggerheads on the same sentiment; the names of the military chiefs were dragged into the dispute, and the cry soon arose that Lee should be created General-in-Chief, and made virtually 'Dictator.' Yes! the man whose ambition, or whose vanity, had made him take a leading part in concocting the rebellion, and accept with delight the Presidency, was now, after undoubted hard work in the cause, compelled to hear many of his own subjects vociferate—'Depose Davis; he is incapable.' Mr. Davis apparently could not brook the idea of having his power limited; and though he replied respectfully, in January, to the recommendations of the Congress to nominate Lee Generalissimo, it was a week or two before he would do it. The Legislature also hinted at the supersession of one or two of the members of his Cabinet. He then denied, in a letter, the right of such control being exercised over his appointments. The 'Richmond Examiner' sharply criticised this letter—said that the recommendation of the Legislature deserved a better answer. Groaning in spirit, probably, Mr. Davis made the changes. Lee was created General-in-Chief, and General Breckenridge was made Secretary of War, in place of Mr. Seddon.

At last, too, the contingency so long looked at askance

by Southern men of property, was presented to them in a manner that admitted of no shirking. Many of their leading men now told them that their slaves must be enrolled as soldiers, and, as the recompense of their exertions, made freemen. Some members of the Government, and nearly all the newspapers, suddenly urged this measure, with the utmost coolness, on the astonished planters, who knew well that the basis on which the Confederacy had been formed was that of the maintenance, and propagation even, when possible, of slavery. Such a measure as this would touch them where, despite their 'chivalry,' most of them were sensitive—their pockets. Their pride, too—that pride of means and estate which made them condemn the 'mean whites'—caused many of them to revolt at the idea of freeing their 'nigros.' But their President and Government seemed determined to force the measure on them. General Lee, too, perhaps at Mr. Davis' suggestion, made a statement encouraging the project, with the proviso that all slaves enrolled should have their freedom after service made sure to them.

If General Lee believed with the other advocates that a large force of slaves would, even on these terms, fight with a good spirit in the Southern cause, he was, according to all indications, extraordinarily self-deluded. Although no slave insurrection took place during the war; although the slaves may have been in many instances well disposed to their white superiors, and attached even to their individual masters, they had not so misconceived their own interests as to be capable of raising a hand willingly against the forces marching under that flag—the 'Stars and Stripes'—of which the stripes could no longer be construed as meaning the enforced servitude of the black man.*

* One thing was clear from this scheme of the Confederate leaders—

All this while, President, Congressmen, and journalists in Richmond, were united and decided on one point—hatred and abuse of their unrelaxing antagonists. The unsuccessful peace conference was the occasion for exhibiting afresh these sentiments. ‘The vile Yankees!’ ‘The ignoble Lincoln!’—such were the expressions with which the newspapers teemed. ‘Better the benediction of Satan than of Seward,’ cried one, in reference to the innocent ‘God bless you’ with which the Federal Secretary had parted from Hunter on February 3. Yet the valour of the South seemed still true. After consultation, Mr. Davis, the members of his Cabinet, and some of the principal Congressmen, called a mass-meeting, designed ‘to fire the Southern heart’ once more. It took place—two meetings in fact took place, one after the other—and for the moment Southern enthusiasm seemed indeed to be lighted afresh, and to burn with greater vigour than ever. Mr. Davis made a speech, devoted wholly to abuse and menace of the enemy:—‘If all heartily and unanimously answered the demands of the present exigency, then he could say that the South stood upon the verge of success, which would teach the insolent enemy who had treated the Southern people with contumely that in that conference in which he had so plumed himself with arrogance he was, indeed, talking to his masters.’ Mr. Benjamin, his Secretary of State, spoke more to the purpose: ‘All cotton, tobacco, and provisions must be given to support the Southern cause. Let us now say to every

that they considered freedom a thing to be desired by the slave. The accomplished Virginian, Mr. Hunter, thus frankly expressed himself on the subject of arming and freeing the negroes:—‘If we are right in passing this measure, we were wrong in denying to the old Government the right to interfere with slavery, and to emancipate slaves. If we offer the slaves their freedom as a boon, we confess that we are insincere and hypocritical in saying slavery was the best state for the negroes themselves.’

negro who wishes to go into the ranks on conditions of being free, "Go and fight—you are free!" . . . I know not where white men can be found.'

Scarcely had the war mass-meeting raised a faint flicker of confidence and enthusiasm in the people of Richmond, when fresh bad tidings came to them from the South. Sherman was on the war-path again, and seemed to be gradually coming their way. About the middle of January, the 'Richmond Dispatch' said, 'Sherman's repose at Savannah is the repose of a tiger.' Only the obstacles of the elements, indeed, prevented Grant's great subordinate from springing on South Carolina during January; and only the extremity of these, for he was prepared to cope with much in the way of swamp and forest in hewing his way through to Virginia. It was to be no partial pleasure-trip, like the march through Georgia; but his seasoned soldiers were ready to go through the hardships of a march, he knew, as well as its smoothnesses. Till the end of January, however, the heavy rains had kept at their highest pitch the obstacles presented by the swamps. On one day, the General, reconnoitring in person the line of Salkehatchie, found that the river had been so swollen that water stood in the swamps, for a breadth of more than a mile, at a depth of from one to twenty feet. During the month of January, therefore, he mystified the enemy by making various demonstrations leading him to believe that he intended to move eastward on Charleston. But the great marcher had not the remotest intention of doing so in reality. He knew that Charleston would be obliged to be evacuated by the enemy, if his real movement proved successful. He simply instructed a subordinate officer, General Forster, how to take possession at the proper time.

With all their efforts, the army which the Confederates

were organising in Sherman's front was not ready to offer him efficient resistance. It numbered now about 35,000 men, and was headed by Beauregard. That general, whose name was associated with the rebellion earlier than that of any other warrior, was fully aware of the changed condition of Federal and Confederate power. He had just made a speech, in which he said that he should fight to the bitter end; but he closed it by the ominous words, that if he failed, he could pay his passage to a foreign country.

On February 1, ere the peace negotiations had come to a point, Sherman gave the order of march, and began to move boldly away from all communications with his friends, as he had from Atlanta. On the 3rd, his advance—Mower's and Smith's divisions of the 17th corps—carried the first Confederate line of defence at Rivers Bridge on the Salkehatchie, held by infantry and artillery, and covered by a swamp nearly three miles wide, with water varying from knee to shoulder deep. The weather was bitterly cold; but Generals Mower and Smith led their divisions in person on foot, waded the swamp, made a lodgement below the bridge, and, after a sharp contest, drove the defenders in confusion towards Branchville. Sherman's total loss in this engagement was one officer and 17 men killed, and 70 men wounded. Once fairly started, Sherman moved on apace, for the Confederates fell back before him without fighting, and he began to get out of the extreme swampy region. After some skirmishing he crossed the Edisto River, and stood upon the railway track, just west of Branchville (February 10). Immediately his experienced soldiers set to work on the rails, and by tearing them up for a length of forty miles west from Branchville, the last link connecting Richmond with the South-west (Georgia, Alabama, and

Mississippi) was severed. Speedy concentration of the Confederate forces was prevented by the same operation ; a portion lay on his right hand, and the main body, under Beauregard, on his left. Kilpatrick's cavalry now pushed on towards Augusta, and met and fought that of the enemy under Wheeler.

South Carolina was at last feeling all the horrors of war—from which, till now, all but its seacoast fringe had been exempted. A peculiar feeling of hatred was felt to this State by all Unionists, as it had been the first to secede, and the original concocter of rebellion. Sherman's march through this State was, it is sad to say, marked by much deplorable vindictive devastation. His orders authorised nothing beyond such exaction from the country as would subsist his army. In the execution of this, his foragers—'bummers,' as they were called—were very unscrupulous; and though Southern partisan feeling has exaggerated much, probably there was—it is but too evident—a great deal of brutality and wilful robbery (distinct from foraging) committed.

Sherman's prompt movements disconcerted all the plans of the three or four able strategists opposing him. The main body of the Confederates was at Columbia, the State capital of South Carolina; there Beauregard was anxiously waiting for the arrival of reinforcements which were coming through Georgia, under Cheatham, late of Hood's army. A small reinforcement had already come to him; Lee at Richmond, weak in numbers as he was, had sent a portion of his cavalry under Wade Hampton to South Carolina.* But the most valuable force which could have been joined to Beauregard's was that under Hardee in Charleston. Sherman had just severed this from Beauregard, and now he marched vigorously upon

* Wade Hampton's home was at Columbia.

Columbia. Columbia was about sixty miles north-west of his position near Branchville; Charleston was about as many to the east. Till he moved, the Confederates could not divine but that he was going to swing his army round on Charleston; thus it was that Hardee had remained in and before that city with his forces—about 20,000 men. Sherman, however, knew better than to waste his time on Charleston. Like a skilful chess-player, his move was calculated to bring under two pieces at one blow. Directly Hardee learnt that the invader was moving on Columbia, he began to evacuate Charleston; for, in the present extreme weakness of the Confederacy, it would not do to keep his 20,000 men there whilst the very heart of the Confederacy was struck, and Beauregard's army was not strong enough to resist. That Charleston had been held so long is said to have been owing to the desire of President Davis merely. It would have been advantageous to have evacuated it earlier. On the 17th Hardee marched off in a northerly direction, and on the 18th Charleston was occupied by the land and naval forces of the Federals, representatives of which had been constantly in front of it from the first year of the war. Before evacuating, the Confederates burnt upwards of 6,000 bales of cotton, and fired the public buildings. The fire spread, caught some ammunition, and destroyed great part of the city, the largest of the South except the long-captured New Orleans.

The day before Charleston was occupied, Columbia had been entered by Sherman. On the night of the 15th the head of his columns arrived in the vicinity of that city on the south bank of the Congaree River. The enemy, who were close by on the other side, shelled the camp which Sherman's soldiers pitched, but without effecting much damage. On the 16th Sherman's whole

army was opposite Columbia; he shelled certain points of the city, where stores were seen being removed. On the morning of the 17th the Mayor came out in a carriage and formally surrendered the city to General Sherman; at that very hour, however, a small party of Sherman's 17th corps (Iowa men) had crossed the Congaree in an old flat-boat, and were entering it from a point immediately west. It was with much satisfaction that they ran up the Union flag on the Capitol of South Carolina. General Wade Hampton's cavalry had but just quitted the city, having, according to General Sherman's statement, piled and strewed about the street a vast number of bales of cotton for burning. In the night a great conflagration arose, which destroyed almost the whole city, one of the finest of the South, containing many handsome buildings, both public and private; amongst the latter, General Hampton's own house perhaps the first in importance. It seems likely that the fire was caused by released Federal prisoners, combining with negroes and others.*

Sherman could make no stay in the half-destroyed city. Beauregard's army was at last likely to be reinforced, and Sherman therefore pushed steadily on to reach his base, Goldsboro.' The measures concerted by Grant to make all things smooth for his establishing himself there were already meeting with complete success. The whole of Grant's vast combinations, Sherman's movement included, were now working like clockwork. Admiral Porter and General Schofield had one by one and day by day captured all the defences along the Cape Fear River, and on the 22nd occupied Wilmington. From that seaport to Goldsboro' was seventy miles; to Fayetteville, where

* *Sherman's Report* (No. 3). Ingersoll, *Iowa and the Rebellion*. Pollard, *Lost Cause. Lee and his Lieutenants*. For the occupation of Charleston, see Coffin, *Four Years of Fighting*.

Sherman must first arrive, sixty miles. On that day Sherman's army was laying its pontoons over the Catawba River, 130 miles to the west of Fayetteville. Kilpatrick's cavalry crossed last, in the night of the 23rd, during a terrible rain. On the 2nd and 3rd of March they were at Chesterfield, ninety miles from Fayetteville. Beyond cavalry engagements and petty skirmishes, no obstruction had been offered to their march. On March 9 Kilpatrick had a very sharp engagement with Wade Hampton. As he lay camped for the night in Sherman's rear, Hampton and his horsemen pounced down upon him very soon after midnight. Hampton himself led the rush on his headquarters, while the rest of his camp was also attacked. Nearly all Kilpatrick's officers were made prisoners. Kilpatrick himself, flying on foot, succeeded in reaching the encampment of his men, where he found them fighting and being driven. He rallied them in a swamp 500 yards back, led them on again, and retook his camp, which the Confederates had begun to plunder.

Beauregard's forces were now at Charlotte, North Carolina. In chief command, with Beauregard willingly assisting him, was General Joseph E. Johnston, the same who at Atlanta had not been allowed a fair trial by the Confederate Government. The Confederate people were thought to desire his reappointment, which Lee, now Commander-in-Chief, had acceded to. The forces under him were now increasing considerably; Cheatham's corps from the South-west, which had for many days been marching in the rear of Sherman's left, was at last drawing up to Charlotte. Hardee's forces, too, succeeded in heading Sherman from his right, joined with Hampton's cavalry, and marched towards Raleigh, where a general concentration was to take place under General Johnston. Although he had the longer route, Sherman nearly

caught up Hardee, for that general's forces and Wade Hampton's cavalry had but just burnt the bridge of the Cape Fear River, when, on March 11, his advanced divisions reached Fayetteville.

The news of Sherman's success in his movement had reached quickly to the Confederate Government only. The Richmond populace, and the people and the Government of the North, only received tidings of Sherman's advance by driblets; the former because their Government was now chary of stating the military position, the latter because of the lack of communication with Sherman. The Confederate President had been deeply chagrined by the result of the Hampton Roads conference. He looked regretfully back to it, though without the least purpose of entering upon different terms of negotiation to those he had imposed upon his envoys. He knew there was no further chance of a fresh diplomatic meeting, but he fell into the idea of attempting to obtain peace with recognition by setting his Generalissimo to work on Grant. Lee asked an interview with Grant for the purpose of arrangements for peace. Grant, however, with his imperturbable common sense, acceded no interview, gave vent to no criticism on the suggestion, but simply forwarded it to Washington to the Secretary of War. Grant's telegraphic message reached the capital late on the night of March 3. It was the eve of President Lincoln's re-inauguration, and he and the members of his Cabinet were sitting up consulting in the 'President's Room' in the north wing of the Capitol. Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, having received the message, informed the President of its contents, and there and then, a little before midnight, Mr. Lincoln—earnestly backed in his opinion by Stanton and Seward—wrote back that the request was to be refused; Grant was on no account to

hold any political parley, but was to press to the utmost his military advantages.*

On the next day, President Lincoln delivered his inaugural address, which, very short for such a document, is perhaps a little long for these pages, but contains such noble and valuable expressions that it will be better to insert it:—

‘Fellow-countrymen,—At this second appearance to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of the course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper; now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have constantly been called forth concerning every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

‘The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself. It is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all, with a high hope for the future. No prediction in that regard is ventured. On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, the insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—to dissolve the Union and divide the effects—by negotiating. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let it perish, and war came. One-eighth of the whole population were coloured slaves; not distributed generally over the Union, but located in the Southern

* Barrett, *Life of Abraham Lincoln*.

part. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew the interest would, somehow, cause war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest, was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected the magnitude or duration which it has already attained; neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astonishing. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God. Each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both should not be answered; and neither has been answered fully, for the Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offence come; but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh!" If we shall suppose American slavery one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern that there is any departure from those divine attributes which believers in the living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away; yet if it be God's will that it continue until the wealth piled by bondsmen by 250 years' unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said 3,000 years ago,

still it must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous. With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are engaged in—to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.'

This speech, both for its own merits and for the impressive consideration of the nearness of the President's death at the time when he delivered it, must rank as one of the most affecting public documents in the English language.

On the 17th—on the occasion of a captured Rebel flag being presented to him—Mr. Lincoln, after alluding in shrewd terms to the rumoured enrolment of negro troops by the Confederates—which he justly considered was more easily to be ordained than effected—concluded by saying, 'We can now see the bottom of the enemy's resources. (Applause). I am rejoiced to see the end so near.' That end was indeed close at hand, and also the end of poor wearied Abraham Lincoln. That day a month forward he was in his coffin.

President, statesmen, and generals in Richmond were now racking their brains to devise measures for meeting the crisis which was at hand. With dismay they saw that 'the great Anaconda scheme,' long ago vainly exulted in by the North, long ago derided with some plausibility by the South, had at last become a visible and dangerous fact. Government, generalissimo, and effective armies, were all shut up within the limits of North Carolina and Virginia, and on every side a Federal army was piercing those two States. Johnston's forces, concentrating about

Raleigh, North Carolina, were now rising in number to between 60,000 and 70,000 men. Unfortunately, however, desertion set in among Hardee's troops, included in the estimate, and the diminution in his numbers before he could finally join his chief, Johnston, was considerable. The force with which Lee still showed a bold front at Petersburg and Richmond was much less than Johnston's, though composed in its entirety of better material. Its total was only about 45,000 men. Lee was now making an effort to extend his left still further beyond the Hatcher's Run position to the west, and what cavalry he had was posted a little north of Dinwiddie and south of the Southside Railroad. About February 25 General Lee determined in his own mind that Richmond would have to be evacuated. The question which then presented itself was, how it was to be done? Directly he turned his attention to it he perceived how difficult an enterprise it would be, and day after day passed away without his being able to hit upon any plan containing good hopes of success. He quickly settled, however, what should be the new position which he would take up. On the line of the River Roanoke he could make a last stand; and Danville, a little town beyond just within the Virginian boundary, on a tributary of the Roanoke, could be the new seat of the Confederate Government. It is doubtful whether he fully imparted all this design to Mr. Davis as his settled determination.

Tidings still poured in of additional perils for Richmond and additional complications of strategy for General Lee. From the Shenandoah Valley—so often the path by which Lee's army, or portions of it, had swept forward to attack the North—a Federal force now rushed into the region of the James River, immediately west of Richmond—the region which alone had never before been entered by a

raiding party—the side of Richmond from which it had till now been singularly exempt from menace. To give the perfecting touch to the operations of this force, General Sheridan reverted temporarily to the condition of a simple chief of horse, turning over the command in the Shenandoah to General Hancock, whom Grant instructed to proceed to Winchester for that purpose. With nearly 9,000 cavalry, General Sheridan left Winchester on February 27, and marched to Staunton (eighty miles) in three days, moving so sharply as to prevent the Confederates from destroying a bridge or two as feeble efforts to obstruct him. On March 2 Sheridan came to blows with his enfeebled old opponent Early, and ‘made short work’ of him—the very shortest work conceivable. The action took place at Fishersville, near Waynesboro’; Early had not quite 3,000 men. He distrusted them, and they distrusted him; he planted them with a river close at their backs, so that they should be obliged to make a struggle. Sheridan’s troops swooped down on them, and after a brief slaughter, in which only a dozen Federals fell, captured almost the whole army. General Early, with a few men and inferior officers, just managed to escape by riding aside into the woods and fleeing for their lives. This was Jubal Early’s last defeat. At the end of March, public feeling in Richmond and in the remnant of his command—two or three thousand scattered men—being against him, he was superseded. His health suddenly failing him, too, the unfortunate old Virginian rode off to his home, and lay there moodily meditating on the dangers and disasters which were accumulating on his State.*

There was no force at all, after Early’s army was routed, to interfere with Sheridan’s movements. For sixteen days his practised cavalry roved about all the region north of

* *Sheridan’s Report. Early, Memoir. Lawley, Last Six Days of Secession.*

the James River, between Richmond and the Blue Ridge whence they had issued, at their pleasure. The chief's first proceeding was to occupy Charlottesville, a noted Virginian city, the seat of the State University, founded by Jefferson. Then separating his forces in three divisions of safe strength, he kept them constantly at work in different routes. First, they raided south-west, to the neighbourhood of Lynchburg; then they retraced their steps, and raided east to within twenty miles of Richmond. They encountered no opposition. All the people they met with were struck with amazement at their inroad in this long secure region. They did extensive destruction on the track of the railroad from Charlottesville to Lynchburg, on the 'Virginia Central' from Charlottesville to Richmond, and damaged in various places the canal from Richmond to Lynchburg by the side of the James River. The original performance Sheridan had in view, however, failed. Grant had suggested to him that he should move due south right on to North Carolina, and there dexterously run into the camp of the ever-advancing Sherman. But this operation, which might have been rendered very difficult by some agile manœuvring of Johnston's army, was not carried out, for incessant rain had at this period so swollen the James that Sheridan could find no means of crossing to the south bank, the bridges being all destroyed in time by the enemy. By this fortunate circumstance the Southside Railroad from Richmond to Lynchburg still remained intact for the Confederates.

Sheridan fully appreciating the need there was now in Grant's policy for incessant, untiring action, to cripple still further the staggering Confederacy, resolved, as he could not proceed south, to pass on to the east, and rounding Richmond by its north, present himself at Grant's side for fresh work immediately against Richmond. This

movement, of which the next chapter will show the happy result, was accomplished with great success, despite a feeble effort made to intercept Sheridan's forces by a body which came out from Richmond, under Longstreet, on March 16 or 17. Sheridan had then just passed over the South Anna and by the old battle field of Ashland, where Stuart had fallen. Although passing within ten or eleven miles of Richmond, he evaded Longstreet's force, and finally arrived at Whitehouse, on the Pamunkey, on March 19.

After this irruption of Sheridan's cavalry from the west had passed on, Richmond might flatter itself that no more attention was needful to that quarter; General Lee now heard, however, that the powerful Federal infantry force still remaining in the Shenandoah under Hancock was making ready to advance on Lynchburg; and, still more ominous, though not so immediately harassing, that south-west Virginia was beginning to be occupied by a large force from Thomas's army.

CHAPTER XII.

DESPERATE EFFORT OF GENERAL LEE.—ADVANCE OF GENERAL GRANT.—FALL OF RICHMOND.—SURRENDER OF LEE.

‘I AM rejoiced to see the end so near,’ said, simply, Abraham Lincoln on March 17. About the 23rd he left Washington and steamed down the Chesapeake and up the James to Grant’s camp before Petersburg. The hour was come, and the man. Proud Richmond was to fall, and the President of the United States was come to take possession.

General Grant was sure now that Richmond was in his power; all he was anxious for was lest the great genius of Lee might carry away intact the army defending it, and give him still long and costly work to do ere the war could be closed. Well, and as the event proved completely, as he had taken his measures to prevent this, the Lieutenant-General could not banish from his mind the vexing idea that, after all, there was a bare possibility that Lee might elude his grasp when Richmond should fall into it. ‘At this time,’ says the Report, ‘the greatest source of uneasiness to me was the fear that the enemy would leave his strong lines about Petersburg and Richmond for the purpose of uniting with Johnston before he was driven from them by battle, or I was prepared to make an effectual pursuit. * * * I had spent days of anxiety lest each morning should bring the report that the enemy had retreated the night before. I was

firmly convinced that Sherman's crossing the Roanoke would be the signal for Lee to leave. With Johnston and him combined, a long, tedious and expensive campaign, consuming most of the summer, might become necessary.'

The Lieutenant-General had now determined that he would do without Sherman's army in finally coping with Lee. Not from any jealousy of the brilliant fame recently acquired by his great subordinate did he decide thus; but it was evident that Johnston had at last got together a considerable and improving army, and it was scarcely to be desired that Sherman should drive that on into Virginia before Lee's army was secured. Each army, he decided, should finish its own work. Sherman's should wait awhile, and watch Johnston's movements; his, the noble old Army of the Potomac, should close on its old antagonist, the Army of Virginia. Perhaps the moral fitness of the last idea had considerable weight with him; he had acquired a strong feeling of sympathy for the Army of the Potomac, though only known to him during the fourth year, just running out, of the war; he felt it due to the army that it should, by itself, alone, reach finally the goal for which, for four years, it had been struggling.*

General Grant looked forward to some sudden and concentrated attack on his own lines, as the signal that the enemy was about to attempt evacuation. On March 25 such an attack took place—as cleverly planned, as desperately executed, as ever sortie was, but yet an utter failure.

On the extreme north-east portion of Grant's lines the distance between his and the Confederate fortifications was very slight; they being, for about three miles south

* *Grant's Report. Coffin, Four Years of Fighting.*

of the River Appomattox, only from 160 to 300 yards apart. Where this part of the lines was narrowest General Lee determined to make an assault, and hoped that the valour of his soldiers would so carry things as to allow of the development of the full consequences of a first surprise. He counted upon nothing now, probably, but he had planned grand and startling measures for following up the first success, should that be achieved. Fort Steadman, about a mile and a half south of the Appomattox, was to be carried, then Fort Haskell on the right, and Fort M'Gilvery on the left; the latter being number one—the only fort north of Fort Steadman. Behind these there were not, as further south, rear entrenchments; should his storming party, therefore, master all three, Lee would send out more troops, and the whole would sweep on to City Point; there they would capture portions, or the whole, of the vast stores of the Army of the Potomac, would compel Grant to march his whole left flank back, and, if nothing adverse occurred, might finally enable the whole Confederate army to clear away for the Roanoke with increased supplies and vastly improved spirits. Such seems to have been the bold scheme, not depended upon, but fully sketched out, by the desperately encompassed and overpoweringly outnumbered Virginian chief.

The great current of desertion from the Confederate lines to Grant's camp has been spoken of, and also how it must have affected General Lee. He, or his executive officers, now saw in this habit an excellent way to open their attack. About 4.30 A.M., just after the Federal patrolling officer had visited the pickets in front of Fort Steadman, squads of Confederate soldiers stole over to the Federal line in the manner of deserters; but on arriving, instantly closed with the pickets, and overpowered

the whole line. Immediately following came a picked body of Confederates, and behind these the whole attacking force, three strong divisions led by General Gordon, of late the rising man among the Confederate warriors, and the associate as a corps commander of Longstreet and A. P. Hill. The guard in the trenches before Fort Steadman was overborne by the suddenness of the attack, and Fort Steadman and its garrison were captured. Forthwith the Confederates laid hands on the guns of the Fort and turned them on the surrounding Federal line, sweeping it both to right and left. Next they took a little battery to the left, and then, all in a breath, advanced to capture Fort Haskell, the strong work on their right which commanded Fort Steadman. Here their success failed. The troops in Fort Haskell repulsed them with heavy loss. The greater portion of Grant's army was now under arms; there was no other portion of his line which could be surprised; meanwhile Fort Haskell commanded the position, and returned their fire with interest. A little later a strong body of Federals, under General Hartrauft, charged on Fort Steadman, and quickly and energetically repaired the disgrace of the daybreak. Driven out again, Gordon's divisions had to recross to the Petersburg defences under a terrible fire. They had displayed quite the old Confederate valour, but they were utterly worsted. Nor was this all. Ere the day closed, General Meade, under Grant's instructions, ordered a general advance, and the whole strongly entrenched picket line of the Confederates was captured and held. In the total fighting of this day Grant's loss amounted to 2,034, of which about half, including 500 prisoners, was the result of Fort Steadman. On the other hand Lee had at last encountered a far heavier actual loss. When General Hartrauft retook Fort Steadman, 1,900 Con-

federates gave themselves up rather than face the terrible fire which their comrades suffered in recrossing to Lee's lines. In the capture of the entrenched picket line 700 more were made prisoners, and adding to these the killed and wounded, Lee's total loss amounted to over 4,000.*

Whilst this last desperate effort of Lee was being fought before Petersburg, Sheridan's magnificent body of cavalry, nearly 10,000 strong, was coming through the extreme right flank of Grant's line in front of Richmond (Army of the James); crossed the memorable Chickahominy, and rested on the banks of the James at Deep Bottom, the usual place of transit between Grant's right and left armies. On the 26th it moved over, through Bermuda Hundred, over the Appomattox, past the rear of the scene of conflict the day before, on to the extreme left of Grant's lines; and as soon as it had taken position there the doom of Lee and his army might be said to be sealed. General Sheridan repaired personally to Grant's head-quarters at City Point for the day. There Mr. Lincoln was still the guest of the Lieutenant-General. He had been joined by Mr. Seward.

On the morrow there was one more accession to the gathering of distinguished statesmen and generals. General Sherman arrived, having voyaged round from Wilmington to City Point, with the utmost possible despatch, to have the advantage of a personal interview with his chief. His stay was of the briefest. Instantly a council of war was held, and Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Meade, Ord, and Sheridan, deliberated on the shortest way of ending the rebellion, which was at last practically under their feet. Lincoln and Grant by themselves exchanged

* *New York Herald, Times, Tribune, World. Grant's Report. Meade's Report and Congratulatory Order. Woodbury, Burnside and the Ninth Corps*, p. 476. Pollard, *Lost Cause*, p. 686.

opinions, perfectly coincident, as to bestowing very liberal treatment on all or any Rebel forces or officers surrendering during the conflict about to commence. Grant enlightened the others, and Sherman specially, on the military situation. A day or two before this General Grant had issued his instructions to his subordinates for the operations which he felt sure would be the final struggle for Richmond. It is said that he openly expressed his opinion that Richmond would fall within ten days.

These operations, not to be characterized as such great battles as those we have hitherto dealt with, must be related as succinctly as possible; their minute details would prevent our obtaining a neat view of the striking and important incidents which marked in Richmond itself its complete conquest. The ability displayed in them by the Federals was rather that of gaining the very utmost advantages out of the battles than the mere fact of gaining advantage; for the overpowering numbers employed against Lee precluded the possibility of his gaining a victory. The most he could hope for was to succeed in effecting a retreat. We shall see last of all how Grant balked him in this point also.

On March 29 Grant's army was posted thus: from left to right—Sheridan (cavalry), Warren (5th corps), Humphreys (2nd), Ord (parts of 24th and 25th), Wright (6th corps), Parke (9th corps). Sheridan, as the evening closed, had established his force, about 9,000 troopers altogether, at Dinwiddie Court-house, nearly twenty miles west of the town of Petersburg. Just north of it was the Confederate position of Five Forks, fortified and held since February, as their last effort to annul Grant's overlapping policy, and retain the all-important Southside Railroad. The total of Grant's forces thus in line from the Appomattox bank below Petersburg, to Dinwiddie

Court-house, must have been over 100,000 men. On the other side of the James remained still his other army, called after that name. A portion of this, under Ord, had come into the Potomac army lines for the final operations. The remainder was left under the command of General Weitzel, and numbered still 20,000 to 30,000 men. Its duty was to enter Richmond as soon as Lee should be driven out of Petersburg. Weitzel was to be circumspect in doing so, although no resistance or attack was apprehended.

The part assigned to General Sheridan by his chief commander was to fight the enemy, should he assume that offensive policy which his massing troops on his right seemed to indicate; but if the enemy should not do so, to 'cut loose' and rush on to the Southside and Danville Railroad, which destroyed, the enemy's communications would be annihilated. Ere the 29th closed, however, General Grant seeing his line excellently established, modified this plan, determined to retain Sheridan's force as his extreme left, and attacking the enemy for a few days without cessation on all points—'acting all together as one army'—drive him out of his defences, force him to attempt a flight, fall upon him in the act, and so finish up the opponent who had so long defied him. The following are his own words as to this plan, and the letter he sent to Sheridan:—

'Everything now looked favourable to the defeat of the enemy, and the capture of Petersburg and Richmond, if the proper effort was made. I therefore addressed the following communication to General Sheridan, having previously informed him, verbally, not to cut loose for the raid contemplated in his orders until he received notice from me to do so:—

“Gravelly Creek, March 29, 1865.

“GENERAL:—Our line is now unbroken from the Apomattox to Dinwiddie. We are all ready, however, to give up all, from the Jerusalem Plank Road to Hatcher's Run, whenever the force can be used advantageously. After getting into line south of Hatcher's, we pushed forward to find the enemy's positions. General Griffin was attacked near where the Quaker Road intersects the Boydton Road, but repulsed it easily, capturing about 100 men. Humphreys reached Dabney's Mill, and was pushing on when last heard from.

“I now feel like ending the matter, if it is possible to do so, before going back. I do not want you, therefore, to cut loose and go after the enemy's roads at present. In the morning push around the enemy if you can, and get on to his right rear. The movements of the enemy's cavalry may of course modify your action. We will act all together as one army here, until it is seen what can be done with the enemy. The signal officer at Cobb's Hill reported, at 11.30 A.M., that a cavalry column had passed that point from Richmond towards Petersburg, taking forty minutes to pass.

“U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

“Major-General P. H. Sheridan.”

It was on the morning of the 31st that the final struggle between the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia fairly began. All day of the 30th rain had fallen in torrents. Sheridan merely reconnoitred the Confederate position at Five Forks—it was very strong, fortified with logs and earth, and the approaches blocked with felled trees. Numerous rifle-pits fronted it all, and it was occupied by masses of troops. Warren and Humphreys advanced some slight distance further

north, to improve position. That was all which took place on the 30th.

Battle of Five Forks (1st day).—On the morning of the 31st Sheridan's cavalry and Warren's 5th corps advanced simultaneously on the Confederate right—Sheridan taking for his share of the work the capture of the Five Fork's position, Warren the occupation of the White Oak Road, extending east from Five Forks, on which, as the connecting link of the Five Forks garrison with Petersburg, the Confederate troops were massed in heavy proportions, to the number it is supposed of 15,000. Heavy they may be called as compared with those of the rest of Lee's lines, but they were not heavy enough to resist the strong force of the Federals converging on them from south-west and south-east. Fighting with the same spirit as ever, it was yet a bootless game they played all day. As fast as one body of the Federals was repulsed the other returned. Thus, the first event of the day, the advance of Warren's corps from the south-east, resulted in a Confederate success. Deployed somewhat injudiciously, Warren's divisions were repulsed from the White Oak Road, and forced back and pursued to the Boydton Road, which they came from. But whilst Warren was being forced back, Sheridan's cavalry was attacking the Five Forks. The fortifications were actually penetrated, but Confederate infantry being hastily marched back from pursuing Warren, the Forks were saved for that time, and Sheridan's men had to beat a retreat. They were forced back towards where they came from—Dinwiddie Court-house; but here Sheridan, with ready generalship, using his cavalry, some in their denominational capacity, some dismounted and roughly entrenched as infantry, checked all the efforts of his pursuers, and inflicted on them a heavy loss at but slight loss to him-

self.* Now again came in the consequences of the great odds combined against the Confederates, also the vigour and high spirit of the men representing those great odds. While Sheridan checked the Confederate pursuit and assault on Dinwiddie so skilfully, the repulsed 5th corps, reinforced by a division of the 2nd corps, renewed its effort of the morning, and meeting no efficient opposition—the men to make it being engaged with Sheridan—captured the line of the White Oak Road. Thus the day closed, with the Federals again in an advanced position. Sheridan rested for the night at Dinwiddie Courthouse. His management had given General Grant great satisfaction, and during the night he received from him authority placing Warren's corps entirely at his disposal for the decisive work of the morrow. Grant remained personally superintending the lines around Petersburg itself and westward to Hatcher's Run, getting all ready for closing on the city as soon as Sheridan should have accomplished the reduction of the Five Forks. President Lincoln this evening began to telegraph to his people the progress of the operations which were to be the triumphant vindication of his rule and policy, sending off a first message, at 8.30 P.M., to Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War at Washington.

April 1 (2nd day.)—It will be seen that Sheridan had one portion of Lee's army to himself—his cavalry and the 5th corps dealing with it, while to the east the main body of the Army of the Potomac still held within Petersburg the main body of Lee. The battle of the 31st was therefore entirely a personal affair between

* 'Here General Sheridan displayed great generalship. Instead of retreating with his whole command on the main army, to tell the story of superior forces encountered, he deployed his cavalry on foot, leaving only mounted men enough to take charge of the horses.'—*Grant's Report*, p. 39.

Lee's right and Grant's left. Grant showed his excellent judgment again in entrusting Sheridan with the entire operations of the left. That indefatigable young general now proposed to himself, as the work of the day, not only the occupation of the Forks, but the capture of the whole of the bulk of that portion of Lee's army which was confronting him. That portion of Lee's army was probably this day 18,000 strong, and comprised some of the best men, under Pickett and Bushrod Johnston. It had to depend entirely on itself, for Lee could send no more reinforcements, his main body (barely a main body) being but just sufficient to keep up a sentry line and fort garrisons in the defences extending from the Appomattox bank, east of Petersburg, to Hatcher's Run, eight or nine miles west of it. Lee remained personally in Petersburg.

Sheridan's first plan for the day's work appears to have been the capture or destruction of his enemy in two portions; first, the forces which still lay before him a little north of Dinwiddie; secondly, the garrison remaining at Five Forks. The first was to be effected, by adroit movements, by the 5th corps and his own cavalry force. He wrote overnight to Warren, 'Attack at daylight, anyhow, and I will make an effort to get the road this side of Adam's House; and if I do, you can capture the whole of them. Do not fear my leaving here. If the enemy remains, I shall fight at daylight.' This plan failed, partly it would appear from the slowness in moving of Warren's corps; partly from the rapidity with which the Confederate troops, on the discovery of the danger, fell back on the Five Forks position. But Sheridan hotly pressed on the day's work, quickly devising new measures. By the middle of the day, moving north-westerly, he had all his cavalry round to the west

of Five Forks; meanwhile the 5th corps, with one division of cavalry under Mackenzie, freshly sent by Grant, was slowly moving up on the east. The Confederates were thus between two forces, each of which was too strong to be driven back—the 5th corps because it was as large as the total of Pickett's and Johnston's strength, the cavalry because of their fine spirits and condition and excellent leadership. The 5th corps, for some reasons not clearly explained, came very slowly on; Sheridan, all on fire to get on with the work, rode over to it, and deeming the fault to rest with the commander, used the authority given him by Grant, removed Warren on the spot, and appointed Griffin, the senior division commander, to its head. Impressing on him the necessity of demolishing the Confederate right before darkness, the 5th corps was now hurried up to the eastern flank of the Five Forks position. All this while Sheridan's own cavalry were waiting on the west of it, 9,000 strong; three brigades dismounted ready for storming on that side, two mounted in order to take advantage of any contingency on removed points whither the speed of their horses might carry them. Some time after four o'clock the attack on Five Forks began. The 5th corps, with Griffin commanding, and Sheridan it would seem supervising, 'burst like a tornado' on the left flank and the rear of the Confederate position. Immediately the attack seemed to spread all round. At the sound of the onset of the 5th corps, which they had been long listening for, the dismounted cavalry on the far side of the Five Forks attacked that flank and a portion of the centre. Alternately repulsed and attacking again, not a moment's respite was afforded the Confederates on either side. There was no possibility of forcing back the 5th corps on the east; and though on the west the dismounted cavalry

several times staggered before the vigorous volleys of the guns the Confederates had there, they were so well managed by Sheridan's subordinates—Merritt, Custer and Deven—that they, too, came on incessantly till blue coats swarmed over the Confederate works at all points. General Sheridan was impetuous in urging all forward. 'Smash them, smash them!' he cried, as the brave Virginians were at last seen to stagger and give way before the furious rush made on them from right, left, and centre. They turned and fled wildly, endeavouring to retreat by the rear. Only partially did they succeed in this; they had indeed been caught in the toils; hundreds began to be taken prisoners. Meanwhile the Federals, with wonderful quickness, turned the guns of the fort upon the rest as they fled. Dusk was approaching, but Sheridan pressed his advantage with the greatest vigour. 'I want the Southside Railroad,' he shouted; 'we have our record to make before the sun goes down. On, on to the Southside Railroad!'

All was achieved that the young commander desired and worked for. The whole of the Five Forks portion of Lee's army, comprising his best troops, was irrevocably routed. At least 5,500 were captured, about 3,000 had been killed or wounded; the broken remnants rushed off in dire confusion, pursued for several miles by Sheridan's cavalry, of which the ready-mounted brigades had dashed into them directly they were turned out of the Five Forks. They were prevented from taking any but a westwardly route, accordingly they fled by the River Road, away from Petersburg.*

Here must be mentioned the plentiful testimony there

* *Grant's Report. Sheridan's Report. New York newspapers. Pollard, Lost Cause. Lee and his Lieutenants (Pickett). Coffin, Four Years of Fighting. Townsend, Campaigns of a Non-Combatant (New York, 1866).*

is to the great personal gallantry General Warren displayed while leading the 5th corps. At the same time it seems to have been with some justice that General Sheridan considered that his subordinate was not working his corps either well or with due speed even.

Sheridan's losses in the battle of Five Forks appear to have been from 3,000 to 4,000.

As the sun went down on April 1 Federal and Confederate might each plainly perceive that the most serious change had been effected in Lee's array from its state of the morning. The whole of his extreme right had been severed from Lee; some defences on Hatcher's Run were now the western term of his lines, at about ten or twelve miles west of Petersburg; and where, five or six miles further on, Pickett and Johnston had stood in the morning, Sheridan, with his cavalry, the 5th corps, and a portion of the 2nd corps, was now posted, with the power of moving right on to the Appomattox bank. Grant had sent to Sheridan an additional division from the 2nd corps late in the evening, in order so to strengthen him in his position at the Five Forks and its vicinity that there might be no possibility of Lee's main body suddenly cutting its way out in that direction, after the fleeing forces of Pickett and Johnston. All day Grant's forces in front of Petersburg had menaced Lee's main body. In the vast combinations he had made thoroughly to finish his work, Grant found employment for every man of his army. The few soldiers left about City Point were now brought up, and, last of all, the Lieutenant-General sent a requisition for sailors from the fleet lying in the James, to come on to his lines, to guard the large number of prisoners captured and about to be captured. At ten o'clock at night, suddenly, in one grand crash, the whole of the cannon all along the lines opened with tremendous

roar on the defences of Petersburg. It was the knell of the Confederacy beginning to toll. It was kept up till four o'clock in the morning of April 2.

Sunday. Evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg.—Then, with the first dawn of that memorable day, the whole of the Army of the Potomac advanced, and in a brief time carried all before it. Everywhere the outer line of Lee's fortifications was carried—in three or four places a complete rent in them and an utter demolition of the defending forces was effected.

The 9th corps, under General Parke, attacked all along from the south-west front of Petersburg back to the eastern river bank, where the army made its arrival nine months before, and where its own Fort Steadman had so recently received the last Confederate attack. Wright's 6th corps, and the portions of the 24th and 25th, led by Ord, carried all, from the left of the 9th corps to Hatcher's Run. Here, midway between the Run and Petersburg, Wright gained the most important advantage. He made a complete breach in the lines, and pushed right through on to the portion of the Southside Railroad before him, and the river Appomattox beyond it. This was doing, on a smaller scale, what Sheridan had accomplished the day before. Lee's main body was now enclosed in a two or three miles' radius west from Petersburg, while a portion of his troops was again shunted off to the left (westward). Wright and Ord addressed themselves to tearing up the railroad, and entrenching their position on the immediate west flank of Petersburg, so that by 10.45 A.M. General Grant telegraphed to President Lincoln, 'Everything has been carried from the left of the 9th corps. We are now closing round the works of the line immediately enveloping Petersburg.' Wright had completely overborne and beaten the Confederates

who had striven to oppose him. He captured nearly 3,000 prisoners. Meanwhile the Confederate body, which he had severed from Petersburg while endeavouring to maintain itself at Sutherland's Station, a little further to the west, was attacked by overwhelming forces. Sheridan's cavalry, the 5th corps, and a portion of the 2nd corps, fell upon it from both flanks. It broke and fled, abandoning its guns; also many prisoners, some of whom purposely lagged behind, and gave themselves up.*

By this time Parke's 9th corps was effectually in possession of the outer line of defences immediately in front of Petersburg. It had encountered harder work than the rest; and it was not till about 10.30 A.M., some time after Wright had become completely successful, that it accomplished all its task. Two Confederate forts, named Gregg and Mahone, situated in the centre of Petersburg's south front, at the point where the Jerusalem Plank Road used to enter the town before the siege, long baffled the men of the 9th corps. Fort Mahone, a work of three guns, was carried by a gallant rush; but Gregg—a strong fort, with sally-ports, embrasures, holding six guns, and surrounded by a deep ditch—held out for nearly an hour after. Its garrison was only about 300 or 400 men (Mississippians), but they were brave and desperate; with them were two of Lee's veteran Generals, Heth and Wilcox; and they knew that, though resistance might be fruitless to save the fort, the delay caused thereby would be of value to Lee and the main body of their army in the rear. The Federal 9th corps, however, animated, as all the Federal host was this day, by a well-founded belief that success generally was certain, redoubled its efforts, and at last carried this trying obstacle. The greater part of the garrison fell in their brave

* *Grant's Report. Meade's Report.*

defence. For a little while there seemed now to be a chance that the Federals might actually enter Petersburg on the heels of the Confederate fugitives, from the outer line. Just before ten o'clock, however, some few thousand fresh troops arrived in the town from Richmond, under Longstreet, brought as hastily as possible in answer to an urgent summons of Lee, despatched during the night. Lee's able disposition of this reinforcement staved off overwhelming disaster. One desperate attempt, indeed, was made to retake Fort Gregg, but this was completely repulsed. Lee then posted his forces so that by preserving the inner line (which had long been provisionally laid out), safety from attack till nightfall was secured.*

Just before Fort Gregg fell, while the smoke and flame rising about it told how fiercely that portion of the Confederate line was assaulted, General A. P. Hill, conferring with his chief in the rear, saw, as Lee did, what a desperate emergency was coming upon them. He instantly sprang upon his horse, and dashed off from Lee's side, towards the threatened portion of the lines. As he was going through a ravine wholly deserted by Confederate troops, he suddenly came upon a detached squad of Federal soldiers, whose zeal had led them far on before their main body. Surprised, but by no means losing presence of mind, Hill called out to them to surrender; but this stratagem, which had often before been practised with success by unsupported Confederate officers, had lost its virtue in the stage in which affairs now stood. The Federals levelled their pieces at him, and he fell, shot through the heart.† Thus, on the last day of

* *Meade's Report*. Woodbury, *Burnside and the Ninth Corps*. Headley, *Massachusetts in the Rebellion*. Coffin, *Four Years of Fighting*. Pollard, *Lee and his Lieutenants*.

† Pollard, *Lee and his Lieutenants* (A. P. Hill), p. 446.

Petersburg's defence, fell the brave A. P. Hill, who had displayed valuable soldierly abilities all through its siege, and all through the three years of war before, from the first commencement. Always fighting in Virginia, and always acting as executive officer under Lee, he was but little inferior in merit to Longstreet, or Stonewall Jackson, even. He had been in constant bad health for a year or two previous to his death, but had never given up the command of his corps. Not one military disgrace marked his career. Happy, in some respects, was he in his death, for it befell just when the final disaster was coming upon the cause he believed in. Jackson died in the midst of glory and success, and Stuart when the prospects of the Confederacy seemed comparatively fair; but as Hill took his last glance around him, all looked black and dreary. The weary hopelessness of further struggle must have been revealed to him; he must have felt that what seemed to him unfathomable disaster was coming upon his country; and it is at such a time, if ever, that death—and sudden death—seems acceptable by comparison with the sorrows which present themselves as the conditions of life.

A little while after Hill had rushed from Lee's side to meet his sudden death, General Lee arrived at a complete appreciation of the disaster to his defences—the thorough hold and power of penetration that General Grant at last possessed. He knew that he could give himself, in a military sense, no blame for what had occurred; he knew what had done it all—the forced extension of his lines, with inadequate numbers to man them. Turning to Colonel Marshall, the officer who had long been specially attending him, he said in a calm voice, 'Well, Colonel, it has happened as I told them it would

in Richmond; the line has been stretched until it has broken.*

All the army in Petersburg was now busily getting ready for evacuation in the night. Provisional measures for evacuation appear to have begun a few days before, yet it had not been counted on as likely to happen so soon. The troops, however, behaved admirably. General Lee devoted his whole energies to the getting off of his army. His wife and family he had resolved to leave in Richmond, knowing that the place would be well treated by the Federals when they should occupy it. Only for a little while in the evening did he attend to aught else but the process of evacuation. General Hill's body had been brought in, and Lee, his commander, with a few of his companions in arms, stood by while the burial service was hastily performed.

As soon as darkness set in the Army of Virginia began to pass over the bridge to the north of the Appomattox, evacuating Petersburg. General Lee proposed to march as expeditiously as possible to Danville, on the Roanoke (140 miles to the south-west), by way of Amelia Court-house and Burkesville. At Amelia Court-house (thirty-five miles west) he had arranged for stores to be awaiting the army. Somewhere near thereto he would in all probability be joined by the fugitive portion of Pickett's and Johnston's and the other severed divisions of his army.

In the morning, between 11 and 12 o'clock, General Lee had sent a telegram to Richmond conveying the final bad news to the Confederate President. 'My line is broken in three places,' he said, 'and Richmond must be evacuated.' We will now follow that telegram, and watch

* Pollard, *Lee and his Lieutenants*.

the death throes of that city in its condition of capital of the Confederate States.

(Richmond, 11.30 A.M.) President Davis was in church. He had sent his wife and family out of Richmond for Danville three days before, as a precautionary measure; but he had no idea that the end was yet close or certain. No message had come to him in the early morning. The furious cannonading of Petersburg the night before could not be heard in Richmond, and no alarming demonstrations were reported making by the Federal army of the James, in the immediate vicinity. He was in his accustomed place amidst the usual congregation in the St. Paul's Presbyterian Church. The service was proceeding quietly, when a messenger suddenly entered the church, made his way up the aisle, and placed in Mr. Davis's hands a sealed packet. Mr. Davis broke the seal, and read the message; then he arose, and, under the eyes of the whole congregation, left his pew and walked somewhat unsteadily out of the church. Agitated whisperings passed from mouth to mouth, and intuitively every one seemed possessed of the dreadful secret of the sealed despatch. The service was proceeded with, however; but at the close the preacher, Dr. Minnigerode, gave out that the local guards of the city were to assemble at once, and that there would be no afternoon service.*

(4 P.M.) The people of Richmond had not expected, in the early morning of this eventful Sunday, the doom which now suddenly revealed itself to them. Richmond was quite unprepared for the crowning disaster of war. The F. F. V. families residing in it were still desperately shutting their eyes to the state of affairs. As late as the beginning of March there had actually been a belief that the Confederate States were on the point of being recog-

* *Richmond during the War*, p. 362.

nised by some European power. An extravagant rumour had run about that a special messenger of recognition had been despatched from France, had landed on the North Carolina shore, and was making his way to Richmond.

Owing to the keeping back, or misrepresentation by the Government, of the messages from Petersburg, Richmond had for several days, while the final operations were going on there, remained in a strange state of ignorance as to their real character. The nature of the decisive blows striking at their 'back door' was very erroneously comprehended by the Richmond populace. The two days' battle of Five Forks came to them only as indecisive and not materially important fighting. Mr. J. M. Daniells, of the 'Richmond Examiner,' died on the night of the 1st, believing that Lee had gained some slight success, and with little thought that Richmond was to fall on the next day.*

The hours succeeding the morning service which Mr. Davis had so abruptly left, were therefore terrible hours for the inhabitants of Richmond. Many people very soon learnt that the city was to be evacuated. To the War Department and the Post-office enquirers came hastily, found their suspicions true, and went hastily back to their houses with tribulation in their countenances. Gradually the news has spread to every one, and by this time a multitude of visible tokens affirm the fact. Waggons come rattling through the streets, to the various Government offices, where the archives are brought out, and tumbled into them in the roughest manner. The banks are suddenly open; directors have hastened to them to superintend the packing or securing of specie, valuables, and documents, and depositors enter and draw out their

* Pollard, *Lost Cause. Rebel War Clerk's Diary.*

money. Hundreds of the citizens—almost all who are people of social standing—desire to flee from the city ; for of all the cities of the South, Richmond, beleaguered longer than any, seems notwithstanding to have the least true appreciation of the moderate nature of its besiegers, who are now about to be its conquerors. As yet no signs of lawlessness appear, although the poor are already picking up good rewards by helping to load or carry packages, or by finding vehicles and horses with which to escape. Meanwhile some people, too obscure or too sagacious to think of flight, are making the preparations at home which their fears suggest to them—secreting any valuables they possess. In several instances men dig holes in their gardens as the darkness comes on, in their uncertainty and fear as to what may happen.

(8 P.M.) President Davis having hurriedly run through his house, destroying some papers, packing up others, and valuables, leaving the bulk of his furniture, but taking with him his carriage and horses, for fear of interception by Federal cavalry, at last at eight o'clock takes his departure from his capital by special train for Danville.

Crowds have assembled round the railway station, and in other public places and streets of the city—crowds of the poorest and roughest whites and negroes, slaves and free. They have seen the President depart, and now the remnant of army left in Richmond is in order of march. Richmond will be abandoned to a lawless multitude of desperate, want-hardened poor. And then, after and above all, will come the Federals. Richmond, therefore, dreads the night which is at hand. Verily, Richmond at last begins to rue the day when it abandoned its allegiance to the United States.

In an obscure chamber of the capital the Mayor and a few members of the City Council meet and hastily dis-

cuss the best measures for exercising some control over the city during the night of confusion expected. They are in communication with the military authorities also, and serious trepidation fills their breasts at the rumours of certain intentions of General Ewell. Ewell is now in command in Richmond. Breckenridge is also in the city, proposing to remain till morning, and ride off with the last departing troops. But Ewell has orders to do some destruction before he leaves. The most sensible proceeding resolved on by the City Council is that all spirituous liquors be destroyed. Just as night falls this is attempted, but unfortunately fails in execution to a great extent. A most atrocious piece of mischief, however, succeeds about this time. Some malicious persons, out of desire for a state of anarchy, or by order perhaps, cut the hose for extinguishing fire all over the city.

(12—MIDNIGHT.) An awful state of affairs has developed itself. The poorer populace of Richmond—the desperate from want, and the vicious by nature—are bent on regaling themselves this night at other people's expense, since there is no longer a government to restrain them. They begin to break into shops, and private houses even, and fires begin to break out. Through alarm and terror, or curiosity, the guards of the State Penitentiary have fled from their posts, and numbers of lawless and desperate villains incarcerated there escape, join with the crowd, and, quickly comprehending the situation, set the example and give the incitement of plunder and destruction. The mob has not yet got all the city to itself, however, for soldiers and Government employes are still at work getting off some more stores. Private persons of respectability also are still trying to get a place in the trains which are leaving, as fast as they can be sent off, for Danville, or in the canal packets which are

starting for Lynchburg. The former destination seems the favourite, but F. F. V.'s are glad to go to the latter—anywhere, so that they get away from Richmond. Hundreds of Government waggons are still at the commissariat depôts, loading bacon, flour, and whiskey, with which to follow the retreating army. They have almost to cut their way out as they drive off. A dense throng of famished citizens hang round the buildings, and await with eagerness a later hour, when they may bear down all opposition and enter to help themselves. A cascade of whiskey streams from the windows; the men lick it up from the gutters. Not till sunrise were the doors thrown open to the populace—then they rushed in, with a vehemence almost sufficient to shake the building.

(4 A.M. April 3.) The last train for Danville has departed, and still a disappointed crowd remains at the Railway Depôt. What are its components to do? All the members of the Government (save Breckenridge) were off by midnight, and now the Confederate troops are all moving off to the south-west. Meanwhile numbers of people decide on leaving by any means, and the roads leading west from Richmond are filled with fugitives on horseback, in all sorts of vehicles, and on foot even. After the regiments cross the bridge over the James, a guard remains to prevent any individual slinking back. Meanwhile almost all the people of the poor suburb of Manchester, on the south side of the river, cross over to Richmond and join the plundering mob which is roaming about the streets of the city. The Mayor and Council at midnight, and after that hour, were still endeavouring to do their duty; but little good fortune has attended their efforts. A deputation goes to General Ewell, and urges him to forego his intentions of destruction. They have learnt

that the Government tobacco warehouses, four in number, are to be fired. The act will endanger the whole city, and they urge this on General Ewell; but the grim veteran replies, with an oath, 'that he shall obey his instructions.' By whom these instructions were given is not clear. It has been urged, however, that Breckenridge, still remaining in the city, should have exercised his authority as Secretary of War to revoke them; for he dissented from Ewell, it is said, and shrank from the calamity which he divined, and which actually followed.

What a scene now presents itself in this early morning of April 3. Richmond has become a Pandemonium. Fires are raging fiercely in Main Street, the Capitol Square, and all the eastern portion—the business portion of the city. The motley crowds—white working men, negroes, skulking soldiers—are breaking into shops and private houses as they list, whilst in some instances opportunities of plunder present themselves in the open streets by bewildered individuals bringing out goods for carrying off in flight. It will be well to call in here the words of an eye-witness to help the reader in the conception of the strange scene Richmond presents while still distant by a few brief hours from capture—that capture which would now be welcomed by many citizens as a relief from the ravages of its own population and some of its late defenders. Here is the experience of a Confederate soldier, who seems to have been entrusted with some special service during this memorable evacuation:—

'As I passed the old market-house I met a tall fellow with both arms full of sticks of candy, dropping part of his sweet burden at every step. "Stranger," said he, "have you got a sweet tooth?" I told him that I did not object to candy. "Then go up to Antoni's and get your bellyful, and all for nothing!"'

A citizen passes him with an armful of hats and caps. 'It is every man for himself, and the devil for us all to-night,' he says, as he rushes by.*

At 3 A.M. an awful explosion rends the air, and shakes Richmond to its foundations. It is the simultaneous blowing up of the three Confederate ironclads, 'Virginia,' 'Fredericksburg,' and 'Richmond,' lying a few miles down the river.

In the city also the flames have reached the arsenal, and catch a great number of cars loaded with shells, which there has not been time enough to have removed. These explode at intervals, with terrifying reverberations.

Day breaks, but a dense cloud of smoke hangs like a pall over all the eastern portion of Richmond. Still the mob revel and plunder as they list. 'About this hour, however,' relates the authoress of "Richmond during the War," 'a lady passed up Franklin Street, holding in her hand a small phial in which there was about a table-spoonful of paregoric. "This," said she, "I have just purchased in Main Street, at ——'s drug store. Richmond is in flames, and yet for this spoonful of medicine for a sick servant I have had to pay five dollars."'

(6 A.M.) The death throe of the Confederate capital is fast coming on. Already a carriage is driving out of the city *to the east*, containing two or three gentlemen, the chief of whom may well be supposed to wear a peculiarly rueful aspect of countenance. It is Mayor Mayo going out to the Federal camp to surrender the city. On May 16, 1862, while M'Clellan's army was menacing the city, Mr. Mayo, mayor then as now, had indulged in the avowal 'that he would never be a party to capitulation—the citizens would have to find another man to fill his

* *A Rebel Courier's Experience.*

place—he would go into the ranks.’* ‘When I said I would die a bachelor I did not think that I should live to be a married man,’ said Benedick. We will think neither better nor worse of Mayor Mayo for his bombastic sentence of 1862.

(7 A.M.) While the mob is still busy about the Main Street, and the fire still spreads and comes towards it; while the abandoned Government stores still afford food and drink for many to gloat over; while a few Confederate cavalymen still linger and watch the scene—participate perhaps to some extent in the plundering, but forgot not to take glances ever and anon down towards the eastern extremity of the Main Street—suddenly the mob nearest that end separates and disperses, crying out, ‘The Yankees are coming! the Yankees are coming!’ and steadily—very steadily at first—there comes riding in a party of about forty Massachusetts cavalry, under Colonel Stevens. The Confederate troopers make off, the Union cavalry break into a trot, and, dashing up to the Capitol Square, unfurl in the centre of Richmond the flag of the United States.

(8 A.M.) The mere sight of the stars and stripes flying, and the forty blue-coated men upholding it, is sufficient to tell the people that all is over; but soon Richmond hears the beat of the Federal drums, and the chorus of thousands of Federal voices singing songs of triumph. What a strange fortune is this which now presents itself! Look! Long lines of *coloured cavalry* are filing into Richmond—Richmond, the metropolis that was of slavery! Hark to the strains that resound through the air. It is an old familiar tune to the people of Richmond, but they hear it with bitterness; ’tis ‘The Star Spangled Banner.’ What is this that regiment after regiment is chanting?

* Pollard, *First Year of the War*, p. 316.

This is not familiar to the people of Richmond. Listen! 'Old John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul is marching on! Glory, hallelujah, glory, hallelujah.' A new song also is sung, the words of which are specially descriptive of the extraordinary change now accomplished, viz., that the 'massa' is running away while the 'darkey' stays.

Some Southern witnesses have represented the negro troops as marching into the city 'with savage shouts,' which were responded to by the negro inhabitants. The prejudice of the Southern witnesses seems to actuate them in this construing of the natural exultation of the Federal soldiers. What is certain is that the first operation the negro troops engaged in was one of great mercy to Richmond. The fire was still raging—was perhaps just attaining its highest pitch—as they entered. Immediately stacking their arms and laying aside their knapsacks, they sprang to the engines, worked in relays to bring up water, or tore down threatened buildings to arrest the ravages of the fire which Rebel authorities had kindled.

Another creditable circumstance is related of the negro troops. Many people, with the women and children of the burning portion of the city, had sought refuge on the green sward of the Capitol Square. Three sides there were in flames, which could not reach the people, but whose fierce breath and glare scorched them. With numbers of these—white and coloured alike—the Federal soldiers shared their rations, or even bought them things from the sutlers' stalls, which already Yankee camp-followers were setting up.

The fire rages almost all this day, but at last is got under by the exertions of the Federal troops. All the banks were destroyed (Bank of Richmond, Traders' Bank, Bank of the Commonwealth, Farmers' Bank, &c.),

several of the hotels (American, Columbian, &c.), two newspaper offices, the Confederate Government stores, the bridges, the State Court-house (a fine old building on the Capitol Square), the Mechanics' Institute, and at least one church.

General Weitzel, the commander of the Army of the James, establishes his head-quarters at the Capitol. Guards are placed at various places about the city, where they may be of service in protecting the inhabitants. Thus a Federal soldier stands outside General Lee's house, where the general's family is still residing.

(4 P.M.) What have we now? An expressive little incident truly. Here is Mr. C. C. Coffin, correspondent of the 'Boston Journal,' quietly entering Richmond, where, Abolitionist as he has always been, he might have run peril of his life till now if known. This enterprising Yankee was in Grant's camp yesterday, observing all the final fighting; entered Petersburg at the same time with General Grant himself, in the first dawn of the morning. The explosion of the iron-clads at 3 A.M. had been so tremendous that it was heard in Grant's lines, and its meaning being well understood by the Federals, the troops advanced and quietly occupied Petersburg. After viewing that place, Mr. Coffin has come riding hard all the way from City Point, crossing the Appomattox and the James on the pontoon bridges, and on by the Varina and Newmarket roads, till he overtakes a division of Weitzel's army still marching on, and at the outskirts of Richmond. This faithful purveyor of facts for the press and the historian make his way on to the Capitol Square, and alighting at the Spottswood Hotel, asks, with unruffled but observant equanimity, if he can be accommodated with a room? They tell him Yes; they reckon that he can, if he will take his chance of being burnt out before

the morning. Any room in the house is at his disposal. Nobody is staying there! He enters, and signs his name in the guest-book in the line succeeding the signatures of a score or more of Rebel officers, who have left in the morning.

Rambling into the Capitol building at an early hour on the morrow (April 4), Mr. Coffin encounters no less a person than Admiral Farragut, who had arrived in Richmond from Porter's fleet in the *James*, directly after the entry of Weitzel's army. Mr. Coffin—latest of all yet arrived from Petersburg—tells him of Grant's triumph there, and that Lee's shattered forces by this time are being actively pursued through the open country by Grant's magnificent army. 'Thank God it is about over,' says the Admiral, alluding to the rebellion.

It was some hours after this that the last visible token requisite to attest the completeness of the conquest of Richmond was given (1 P. M.); for a tall stranger came striding through the streets—a stranger, who, like Mr. Coffin, was an abolitionist—the greatest of all abolitionists—for he was the man who, seeing at last the way opened for him, had verily and indeed effected abolition. Amidst the deafening cheers of the Federal soldiers and a very few late Rebels, and the almost adoration of the coloured population of Richmond, President Lincoln makes his way to the Capitol Square, and at last stands—triumphant and thankful, but still with a grave and careworn face—in the forum of the city which has so long defied his authority. Admiral Porter, and a few sailors from the steamer which had brought him up, were all the guard that accompanied Mr. Lincoln, and he led his little son by the hand as he walked along. Any man might have shot him that day; but we may please ourselves by believing—since there is not the least

evidence to the contrary—that no man then in conquered Richmond entertained the dastard thought of doing so. For ten days longer Abraham Lincoln's life was spared; for ten days longer he was permitted to enjoy the success which he had so toiled for, to receive still increasing evidence of its completeness, and to give a few brief but distinct hints of the mercy he proposed to show to his crushed enemies.

As President Lincoln moved through the streets, he carefully and cordially responded to the enthusiastic greetings of the negroes. He bowed as they cheered him—yes, in the streets of Richmond, the head of the State acknowledged the salutations of coloured men as he would those of white citizens. A white lady saw it from her window, and turned away her head with an air of ineffable disgust.

Arrived at the Capitol Square, the President found that a splendid carriage had been prepared for him by General Weitzel, and presently he took a drive through all the principal streets of the western portion of Richmond. The negroes now again ran after him with wild excitement, cheering vigorously. Inspired by the arrival of 'Massa Lincoln,' these poor long-degraded members of humanity had this day awakened to the vast change in their condition. They cheered heartily, heedless of what their late masters might think of it.*

Mr. Lincoln visited the house which was so lately the habitation of Jefferson Davis—now the head-quarters of General Weitzel, the Capitol being only the general's business rendezvous. The President of the United States sat down for awhile in what had been the Rebel President's reception-room. Soon there was introduced

* Coffin, *Four Years of Fighting*. Raymond, *Life of Lincoln*. Richmond during the War. New York Newspapers. Pollard, *Lost Cause*. Leyburn, *Fall of Richmond*. Harper's Monthly, June, 1866.

to him a prominent Rebel, who had stayed behind, not caring to follow the retreating Government—Judge Campbell—the same who had been one of the Southern trio of the memorable Hampton Roads conference. This tall old Virginian gentleman entered, looking pale, agitated, and depressed—he had long been filled with despondency, had long anticipated that the rebellion would come to the state which was now actually exemplified to him. The President responded at once with dignity and cordiality to his ceremonious bow.

Ere he left Richmond, President Lincoln visited the Libby prison, and gazed with deep emotion on the unwholesome dungeon in which so many of his soldiers had been confined.

By a retribution natural to the course of events, but still striking, the Libby held, for a few days after this, several hundred Rebel prisoners. These had no such long and trying detention as its Federal occupants had suffered; they were released when, in a very little while, it was seen that the rebellion was crushed.

On the 6th President Lincoln paid another visit to Richmond, and gave orders to Weitzel to allow the members of the late legislature of Virginia to meet. Then he departed for ever from the city.

Our goal is reached—Richmond has fallen. Remains only to be narrated the surrender of General Lee and his army. With that event, one short week after the capture of Richmond, closed the whole war. Though a few Confederate organisations were under arms for six weeks thereafter, almost the last shots of war were those changed by the armies of Grant and Lee.

‘Good bye to the army of Northern Virginia,’ wrote a newspaper correspondent on the morning of the 3rd of April, speaking of the Rebel organisation which was

fleeing from Petersburg as of one about to give up the ghost. The view of this gentleman was prophetic, but by no means singularly so, for Grant and all his subordinates were confident—as, with wonderful promptness, they began the pursuit—that, now they had gotten Lee's army in the open, away from its defences, the time would not be long distant when its capture or destruction would crown their efforts. It has already been incidentally mentioned that the explosion of the Confederate ironclads, and a few fortifications, at 3 A.M. of the 3rd, was distinctly felt at City Point and the lines before Petersburg (now close up to the city on all sides). The portion of the army then in front of Petersburg—for with the shortened lines the whole army was no longer investing the city—immediately advanced, and by a little before 4 A.M. the city was occupied. General Grant was in it very soon after. 'Cool, calm, and evidently well pleased with the aspect of affairs,' is the description given of his demeanour. After taking a brief glance round he retired, and put almost the whole army in motion to overtake Lee's retreating forces.

Lee's main body was obliged to commence its march for Danville by proceeding west along the north bank of the Appomattox, being joined as it sped on in the morning of the 3rd by the rear-guard from Richmond, under Ewell, and also, it would appear, by the shattered troops which had escaped and fled west from Five Forks on the 1st, and from Hatcher's Run (Sutherland Station) on the 2nd. The total strength thus formed is estimated by some writers as 35,000 men, by others as but a little over 25,000.

General Grant, on leaving Petersburg, moved the Army of the Potomac westward, along the south bank of the Appomattox, in three great bodies, all within supporting

distance, and bent jointly and individually on heading and stopping Lee. There were but two directions, the Lieutenant-General saw, for the Rebel chieftain to take—west or south-west—Lynchburg or Danville. As the army took its first steps it met expressive evidences of the wavering condition of the forces of which it was in pursuit. All the houses passed on the roads for many miles west of Petersburg were found filled with wounded Confederate soldiers; and large and small squads of sound men—stragglers—were overtaken pushing for their homes, reckless of further obedience to the Confederacy. These were made prisoners, nearly 2,000 being in this way picked up during the day's march on the 3rd.

Of Grant's three grand divisions of pursuit, the one most ahead was composed, as might be expected, of Sheridan's cavalry and the 5th corps. After Sheridan, who was nearest the Appomattox, followed General Meade, with the 2nd and 6th corps; while more to the south, along the Southside Railroad, went General Ord, with the 24th and 25th corps. With this last body rode General Grant himself. The greater portion of the 9th corps was to follow it in the afternoon of the 3rd.*

On the evening of the 4th Sheridan's command arrived at Jettersville, forty miles west of Petersburg. Sheridan immediately after found, with mingled joy and apprehension, that Lee's army was lying at Amelia Court-house, six miles to the north-east, and only thirty-six miles west of Petersburg. Sheridan, therefore, had headed Lee; but his cavalry and the 5th corps were not quite equal to Lee's strength, and Sheridan perceived that there was great danger of his being driven out of the way if Lee at once desperately pursued his line of retreat. Determined

* *Grant's Despatches. Grant's Report. Meade's Report. Sheridan's Report. With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign*, by a Staff Officer.

to do his utmost to obstruct that retreat, he immediately entrenched his forces, and waited anxiously for Meade to come up speedily, and put a sure stop to Lee's progress. No such attack as Sheridan feared was made on him. The morning and afternoon of the 5th passed quietly, and in the evening Meade's forces came up and effected a junction; whilst about the same time Ord's command reached the neighbourhood of Burkesville, ten miles south-west. Thus, by the evening of the 5th, the whole Army of the Potomac was on the Danville Railroad, barring Lee's progress towards that city. At 6 P.M., just before reaching Burkesville with Ord, General Grant received a letter from Sheridan, sent to him post-haste across the country. He immediately turned and rode over to the position of Sheridan and Meade.

What had caused the strange and ruinous delay of Lee during the morning and afternoon of the 5th? General Sheridan, in his report, gives it as his opinion that then, and then only, after the evacuation of Richmond, Lee had a fair chance of escape. Had the Virginian chief, then, lost his cunning in war? After the fearful material losses he had suffered, did the genius of Lee at last give way? We are not to conclude so. Calm in spirit, and, as it seemed, physically unwearied, the Confederate war chief was still showing his accustomed military skill and manly daring, and appears to have proposed to himself to attempt the same bold system of marching and fighting with which Napoleon for two months baffled the overpowering force of the allies in 1814. But a singular misadventure, added to the general state of depression existing among his men, forced on him the fatal halt, and prevented his enacting any operation save a further desperate effort to fly out of the toils. The food which the Army of Virginia had brought with it from Petersburg and Richmond was

only about sufficient for the day's march on the 3rd; and when it reached Amelia Court-house, Lee had calculated to find abundance, in accordance with the instructions he had sent for supplies to be located there some days before. What a disappointment met him when he arrived there on the morning of the 4th! Not a single ration was there at Amelia Court-house. The orders he had given were either misconstrued in transmission, or, in the confusion of the fall of Richmond, wrongly executed; and the railway trains from Danville, filled with supplies for Lee's retreating army, *ran through to help in the evacuation of Richmond without unloading the stores at Amelia Court-house.**

During the whole of the 4th and 5th, therefore, Lee had to employ great part of his army—his best men—in foraging for food—a most difficult quest. On the morning of the 6th, finding that his unrelaxing pursuers were in full force in his front, he was obliged, with his men still half famished, to push on in urgent flight, and due west this time, along the Southside Railroad, for Lynchburg. Danville and a junction with Johnston's army were now unattainable, for Grant's three pursuing divisions blocked the road.

With all the speed possible Lee now marched for Lynchburg (seventy miles to the west), but Grant followed fast on his rear and left flank. Grant had given orders for a general attack on the Confederate position at Amelia Court-house with daylight of the 6th, but before daylight the Army of Virginia was gone from there. Ere the day closed, however, it was caught up, and heavy blows dealt on it. Sheridan's cavalry dashing forward, cut into its rear at Sailor's Creek, six miles due north of Burkesville. Here a hot battle took place. Sheridan,

* Pollard, *Lost Cause*. Lawley, *Last Six Days of Secession*.

with the quick and daring conception usual to him, by throwing forward the bulk of his cavalry force, succeeded in occupying the west bank of the Creek *after* the passage of Lee's main body, and *before* the arrival of the rearguard, under Ewell; then, by the prompt bringing up of the 6th corps (Wright) on the rear, which Sheridan personally superintended, the whole of this rearguard was involved so inextricably between cross fires—the fire of the infantry in the rear and that of the expert mounted riflemen in the front—that, after further ineffectual resistance, it was captured almost in its entirety—nearly 6,000 veteran soldiers, 14 pieces of artillery, and ammunition and supply waggons. General Ewell gloomily gave himself up with it, also half a dozen subordinate generals, among them Brigadier G. W. Custis Lee, the eldest son of General Lee.

Meanwhile, the pursuing division under Ord (24th and 25th corps and cavalry), moving north-west from Burkesville, had cut into the head of Lee's main body, and, although the advanced troops were sharply repulsed, with the loss of their leader—General Theodore Read, the last officer of note to be slain—Ord, coming up with the remainder, completed the delay which the first bold rush had imposed on the enemy. Both had to entrench for the night, the disadvantage of which was all for Lee, for he was still forty-five or fifty miles from Lynchburg, and his men were still in a state of semi-starvation. As the morning of the 7th dawned, all things looked adverse to Lee; his army, reduced yet further in numbers and condition, had gained not a step beyond a bare keeping ahead of the Army of the Potomac. The plan of escape entertained on starting had been frustrated. Lee could not reach Danville and make a junction with Johnston,

and by reaching Lynchburg only temporary safety could be secured.

Grant, who saw all this with great contentment, and who knew that troops from the west of Lynchburg (Shenandoah and West Virginia) could soon make an advance on that city, and that Sherman, in accordance with a letter he had sent him on the 5th, would in a day or two be closing upon Johnston's army, now addressed to his great, but plainly overpowered enemy, a wise and courteous request for his surrender. (April 7.) 'The result of the last week,' he said, 'must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance. . . . To shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, I ask of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate armies known as the Army of Northern Virginia.' General Lee replied to this note the same day. 'Though not entirely of the opinion you express as to the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood; and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.'

On the morning of the 8th General Grant (who was then at the little village of Farmville, twenty miles west of Amelia Court-house) wrote to General Lee as follows:—

'April 8, 1865.

'General,—Your note of last evening, in reply to mine of same date, asking the condition on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply, I would say that, *peace* being my first desire, there is but one condition that I insist upon, viz. that the men surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the government of the United

States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or designate officers to meet any officers you may name, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

‘ Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

‘ U. S. GRANT,

‘ Lieutenant-General commanding
Armies of the United States.

‘ General R. E. Lee,

‘ Commanding Confederate States’ Army.’

During the 7th and 8th the two armies had kept up a keen race, though not a particularly swift one. Several times the head of Grant’s pursuing army succeeded in getting some active skirmishing with its poor breaking-down old antagonist. Grant’s main body, under himself and Meade, was now, as was its prey, on the north of the Appomattox, while Ord’s force and Sheridan’s cavalry were pushing along parallel on the south side. By the evening of the 8th both armies—all three bodies—were drawing near to Appomattox Court-house, a little ‘town’ of perhaps a dozen houses, but a genuine country capital, being of the average size as yet boasted by American county towns. It is about twenty-four miles east of Lynchburg. Less than thirty miles therefore remained for Lee’s wearied army to traverse in order to reach the haven which men and commander hoped would give them safety for awhile. For General Lee, with what design is not quite clear to us, still clung desperately to the idea of planting himself in a fresh position, and showing further resistance. (8th.) At a late hour he received Grant’s roughly-described terms of surrender. He wrote back a letter which indicates that he still deemed himself

strong. 'I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia,' he said, 'but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for its surrender. I cannot, therefore, meet you with a view to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia; but, as far as your proposition may affect the Confederate States' forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A.M. to-morrow on the old stage-road to Richmond, between the picquet-lines of the two armies.' On a careful perusal of these words, the suggestion for the meeting proposed by them seems so devoid of exactness that it is evident that the Southern chief was trying his hand at diplomatic ambiguity and finesse—a line of action utterly foreign to his nature, and assumed on this occasion, probably, in the interests of his men, in the hope of saving them from an immediate fight. But he failed at the outset either to obtain any negotiation of the kind he thought of, or any respite on such a basis. Again Grant, with firm sense, held by his instructions, and obtained his end.

About the hour, probably, when Lee was writing 'that he did not think the emergency had arisen to call for the surrender of his army,' the emergency, unknown to him, was just developing itself, and he and his army had at last, to use the old Federal phrase, 'reached their last ditch.'

Sheridan—the indefatigable Sheridan—had again headed Lee. With his cavalry only—from 7,000 to 9,000 men—he had reached Appomattox station, situated on the western portion of that Southside Railroad which has been for some time so familiar to us. There, six miles south-west of Lee, he was in the same relative position to him as he had been in at Jettersville on the

5th. Great were the inflictions which Sheridan's fine cavalry were dealing out to the Rebel army. But for their speed now, four trains of supplies would have rejoiced and reinvigorated it on the morning of the 9th. These were lying ready at Appomattox Station; but just as Lee's vanguard moved on thither, on the evening of the 8th, from the neighbourhood of the Court-house, up came the Federal cavalry, from a march of twenty-five miles along the south bank of the Appomattox, seized the trains, and ran them away to the east towards the infantry force of Ord following in their rear, at the same time driving back the Confederate advanced divisions towards Appomattox Court-house. Then, with wise boldness, Sheridan resolved to hold Appomattox Station at all risks; and, accordingly, lay entrenched there, with his 9,000 troopers only, till, with the first break of the morning, Ord's infantry—urged by message to 'hurry up'—arrived; and Lee was fixed, just as Ewell had been, with a large force in his front opposing his progress, and a large force in his rear ready to close on him.*

Sunday, April 9.—Very soon after sending off the letter last copied, probably, General Lee learned what untoward events had occurred in his front—that his troops had been repulsed on moving on the Appomattox Station. The sudden check there, though not by the calculations of reason a thing to be surprised at, *did* surprise, and, in the overwrought state of their feelings, terribly startle the men; and at last, we may suspect, told on the firm temperament of Lee himself. He summoned a council of war in haste, and, about midnight probably,

* *Sheridan's Report. With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign.* Major Sir Henry M. Havelock has given a careful professional study of the operations of the flight and pursuit of Lee. *Three Main Military Questions of the Day* (London, 1867).

deliberated, with Longstreet, Gordon, and his own nephew Fitzhugh Lee, on what could be done for the Army of Virginia in the desperate straits it was now in. Affecting it is to consider this last council of war sitting—the perplexed chief and lieutenants of one of the noblest bodies of soldiers (viewed solely as such) that ever trod the earth—their highest eminence in all qualities of valour and military skill. Gordon, young and enthusiastic, yet discreet withal; Longstreet, in the prime of life, intrepid in fight, devoted entirely to the chief he had so long followed; Fitzhugh Lee, of jovial, humorous nature, talented and energetic in all cavalry work, but lacking now any good force to work with; Lee himself, whom all revered now in his adversity as they had when he had so oft led them to victory. After a considerable period of reflection these brave men came to a decision that, under certain conditions, one last effort should be made. With daylight Fitzhugh Lee and Gordon should endeavour to cut their way through the Federal force at Appomattox Station, and open an exit to Lynchburg for the whole army. But the conditions of this attack were thus resolved: that, if they encountered cavalry only, they should fight away against the fiercest opposition; but, if they should find that cavalry backed by infantry, the attempt was to be abandoned, and the fate now so ominous submitted to.

Just about midnight General Grant received the letter of Lee last copied and just referred to. In the early hours of the 9th he replied as follows:—

‘April 9, 1865.

‘General,—Your note of yesterday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed at 10 A.M. to-day could do no good. I

will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertain the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, and save thousands of human lives and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed.

‘Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself,

‘Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

‘U. S. GRANT,

‘Lieutenant-General U. S. armies.’

After despatching this to General Lee, Grant rode away to the south-west, to cross the Appomattox and join Sheridan and Ord at Appomattox Station. Whilst on the way, however, he received, at 11.50 A.M., midway between ‘Walker’s Church’ and Appomattox Station, the following fresh letter from Lee:—

‘April 9, 1865.

‘General,—I received your note of this morning on the picquet-line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitively what terms were embraced in your proposition of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now request an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday, for that purpose.

‘Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

‘R. E. LEE,

‘General C. S. armies.’

General Grant wrote a note, stating where he was, and that he would await a little further to the front appointment of place and time; and with this note one of his officers, Colonel Babcock, rode off at once for General

Lee's camp, to arrange the interview which was to give peace to America.

Meanwhile the last blows of Grant's and Lee's combat were exchanging—were over, probably, by twelve o'clock—and the news that the end of the weary struggle was at hand was communicated to the officers of both armies, and was guessed at with intense delight by the men. The attack resolved on in Lee's final council of war was duly delivered (before Lee had received Grant's first letter of this day); Gordon and Fitzhugh Lee, with infantry and cavalry, struck out desperately against Sheridan's force, to clear the way to Lynchburg. Almost as the fight began, however, Ord's infantry corps (5th, 24th, and 25th) came up and formed behind Sheridan's cavalry. Had this effectual hindrance not arrived it seems little likely that Gordon and Lee would have succeeded in cutting their way on—Sheridan's resolve was as firm to obstruct as theirs to advance. When the Confederate chiefs perceived what they had to deal with, however, Gordon saw that he must beg a truce, with a view to surrender. Just as he was so deciding he also received a message from his General-in-chief in the rear, saying that he was in treaty with Grant. A white flag was now sent out to Sheridan's forces, which, finding the Confederates waver in the attack, had begun to press confidently towards them. General Sheridan received it from one of his subordinates just as he was about to order a charge. He was without any message as yet from Grant, and could not, therefore, be certain that genuine negotiations were begun; but, knowing their probability, and averse that any further lives should be lost, he immediately seized a white flag and rode forward himself towards the confused Confederate ranks. Just as he neared them the Confederate General Wilcox was gallop-

ing along to speak to General Gordon, under whom he was acting. Seeing the white flag, he stopped; and he and Sheridan instantly recognised each other, for, curious to relate, the veteran Wilcox had been in former days a professor at West Point, at the time when Sheridan was a pupil there. They saluted, but could not satisfy each other whether they were to cease fighting or not, for Wilcox knew nothing yet of surrender. Up came General Gordon, however, and certified Sheridan that there was no doubt Lee was even then at the front arranging for an interview with Grant. 'If that is the case,' said Sheridan, 'we should arrest this affair at once, and have no more people hurt.' Of course this was promptly done, and no more shots were exchanged by the armies of Grant and Lee.*

Soon after this, both Sheridan and Gordon having retired their troops, they themselves, with all the general officers acting with them, indulged in mutual introduction and an exchange of civilities—a rough *al-fresco* meeting which, by its frank and touching cordiality, betokened well for the restoration of harmony in the preserved Union. None but general officers were allowed to pass the skirmish lines, but of them a large and brilliant cluster assembled midway between their respective armies. Then might be seen many of the foremost chiefs of the great war—grey and blue coat intermixed—with their good swords by their sides, with the tinge of battle still on their faces, conversing in the most amicable manner, lounging arm in arm even, or drinking healths in whiskey. All seemed to acknowledge with satisfaction that the war was at an end. The Federal officers of most note in this meeting were Generals Ord, Sheridan, Custer, Merritt,

* Pollard, *Lee and his Lieutenants*. Lawley, *Last Six Days of Secession*.

Crook, Griffin, Ayers, Bartlett, Chamberlain, and Forysth. Of the Confederates there were Longstreet, Gordon, Wilcox, Heth, and others. Ord and Sheridan were presently summoned away to attend General Grant, but the rest chatted together for an hour or more. This scene took place between Appomattox Court-house and Appomattox Station, in the front of Lee's army. Of a somewhat similar character were the communications, later in the afternoon, between the officers of Lee's rear and those of the portion of Grant's army following it under General Meade. That general—the victor of Gettysburg, and diligent second of Grant during the whole of Grant's campaign—rode into the Confederate camp soon after surrender was known to be a fact. Turning to a Confederate general, he observed, referring to the talk of some Confederate soldiers as he and his staff rode by, 'Your troops are very complimentary to me; they say I look like a rebel.'

'Do you take that for a compliment?' said the Northern Virginia officer.

'To be sure I do,' replied General Meade; 'any people who have shown the courage and spirit you have must have their admirers everywhere.' Thus, by kindness and suavity of manner, the successful Federal officers were already doing their best to instil sentiments of reconciliation in the men towards whom they had good grounds for entertaining feelings of vindictiveness.*

The memorable interview between Generals Grant and Lee took place at a little after 2 P.M., in the 'town' of Appomattox Court-house. The town, according to description, had little indeed to recommend it for the scene of so great an event as the pacification of a continent. It might boast indeed its public building, the Court-

* Pollard, *Lee and his Lieutenants. Richmond During the War.*

house, but it consisted solely of one street, and one end of that was boarded up to keep the cattle out. Such the little place upon which fame for centuries to come was suddenly thrust this Sunday afternoon, April 9, 1865. The best house in the street was lent for the occasion by its owner, Mr. Wilmer McLean. It is an old-fashioned structure, with a long verandah in its front, and a flight of steps leading up to the entrance thereon.

General Lee arrived first, accompanied by Colonel Marshall and an orderly only. A few minutes after General Grant arrived, with Generals Ord and Sheridan, and several staff officers attending him and them. He went in accompanied by Colonels Babcock, Badeau, and Eli Parker (Chief of the Six Nations). Ord and Sheridan waited a while outside, till they too were summoned in, when they entered, as an eye-witness describes it, 'walking the floor silently, as people do who have the first peep at a baby.'

The Federal officers had become imbued with a deep feeling of respect and sympathy for the lion-like foe whom they had at last hunted down. Sitting round the camp fire a night or two before, Grant himself had intimated to his staff officers the easy terms and courteous treatment he proposed to give to all surrendering Rebels, men and chiefs. 'Though Rebels they were Americans, and his object was to restore them to the Union, not to degrade them.'

When Grant went in General Lee was sitting in the parlour—a square room, carpeted, furnished with a sofa and centre table. Lee was 'got up,' as usual, with scrupulous nicety, in a new Confederate uniform, with high riding-boots, and with a beautiful presentation sword by his side. It was only on state occasions that he made a habit of wearing a sword. General Grant pre-

sented somewhat of a contrast to Lee. He wore a 'sugar-loaf' hat, almost peculiar to himself, a plain blue frock, unbuttoned and splashed with mud, but bearing the three silver stars on his shoulders, the insignia of his rank of Lieutenant-General; dark blue pantaloons tucked into his boots, and no sword.

Saluting cordially, the two generals were not long in proceeding to business. General Grant first apologised for not wearing his sword. In the hurry of the morning's work he had left it in the rear with his baggage. Lee soon assenting to the liberal terms which Grant by word of mouth offered, the latter, taking a pencil and a sheet of paper, wrote as follows:—

'Appomattox Court House, Va,

'April 9, 1865.

'General,—In accordance with the substance of my letter to you on the 8th instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit:—Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate; the copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of his command. The arms, artillery, and public property, to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe the parole, and the laws

in force where they may reside.—Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

‘U. S. Grant, Lieutenant-General.

‘General R. E. Lee.’

General Lee then wrote out a formal reply, accepting the proposition :—

‘Head-quarters, Army of Northern Virginia,
‘April 9, 1865.

‘General,—I have received your letter of this date, containing the terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th instant, they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.—Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

‘R. E. Lee, General.

‘Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant,
‘commanding United States’ Armies.’

The above two letters, as soon as composed, were fairly copied out by the *aides*, and at half-past three o’clock Generals Grant and Lee affixed their signatures.

During the whole interview General Lee appeared calm and contemplative, to a degree bordering on taciturnity, yet without the least air of reserve or mortification. After signing his letter, he remarked to Grant, in a suggestive tone, ‘Most of my cavalymen own their horses.’

‘I think that the horses must be turned over to the United States,’ said Grant.

‘I coincide in that opinion,’ was Lee’s rejoinder.

‘But,’ said General Grant, ‘I will instruct the officers who are appointed to carry out the capitulation to allow

those who own horses to take them home. They will need them to do their spring ploughing, and to till their farms.'

'Allow me to express my thanks for such consideration and generosity on your part,' said General Lee, with emotion. 'It cannot fail of having a good effect.'

The two Generals then arranged that each soldier of Lee's army should be given a certificate of parole, to prevent any inconvenience happening to them, from Federal or Confederate authorities, as they travelled towards their homes.

Finally, as he was about to take leave of Grant, General Lee remarked, 'My army is short of rations, and I have a few hundred prisoners of yours.'

General Sheridan spoke up: 'I have rations for 25,000 men;' and General Grant immediately gave an order to supply Lee's whole army with such a meal as the men had not had for days.

Thus terminated this remarkable interview—a bright page in American history, and honourable in the extreme to General Grant.*

General Lee passed out of the house first, and from the verandah (where the expectant Federal officers were waiting) signalled to his orderly to bridle his horse. 'Whilst this was being done,' says the staff-officer with Sheridan, who has furnished us with his very interesting experience, 'whilst this was being done, he stood on the lowest step of the piazza (we had all risen respectfully as he passed down), and, looking over into the valley towards his army, smote his hands together several times in an absent sort of way, utterly unconscious of the people

* Coffin, *Four Years of Fighting*. Pollard, *Lee and his Lieutenants*. New York newspapers. *Sketches of Colonel Battersby*. *Harper's Weekly*, November 4, 1865.

about him, and seeming to see nothing till his horse was led in front of him. As he stood there he appeared to be about sixty years of age, a tall, soldierly figure of a man, with a full grey beard, a new suit of grey clothes, a high felt hat with a cord, long buckskin gauntlets, high riding-boots, and a beautiful sword. He was all that our fancy had painted him, and he had the sympathy of us all as he rode away.' General Grant came out a few minutes after General Lee, just in time to exchange a second parting salute. This singular conqueror exhibited no change of countenance or manner; not a muscle of his face seemed relaxed, and no one could have guessed by observing him that an event of extraordinarily joyful character had just been accomplished.

When General Lee returned to his own lines, his men crowded round him with frantic demonstrations of sympathy and affection. 'Men,' he said, 'We have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you.'

In his report, made about a hundred days after the surrender of Lee, General Grant thus alludes to the supreme results obtained by it:—

'General Lee's great influence throughout the whole South caused his example to be followed, and to-day the result is that the armies lately under his leadership are at their homes, desiring peace and quiet, and their arms are in the hands of our ordnance officers.'

The total number of men which represented the Army of Northern Virginia, when paroled, was 28,078. Only about 22,000, however, showed up on the 12th—the day of receiving certificates. By that day Grant was at City Point, and on his way to Washington, travelling back without stopping to take a look at Richmond—in which he did not actually set foot till some months later.

No details have I given the reader of the joy and excitement aroused in the Northern States by the fall of Richmond. They were great, and unparalleled in the history of America—unparalleled the world through, since the European delight in the month of July 1815. The telegram Grant sent off, announcing Lee's surrender, kept up the excitement, but scarcely added to it.

Heavily fell the news on the people of the South. Through the length and breadth of Virginia it spread in two or three days: to conquered Richmond, where it extinguished all the hopes which a few people, sanguine—and, it must be said, singularly absurd and ignorant—entertained, that Lee would yet conquer and redeem their State; to Lynchburg, which had been expecting Lee, and which surrendered to a Federal scouting party on the 11th; to Danville, where, on the 6th, Jefferson Davis had issued a passionate proclamation, declaring his purpose to continue the war, and not abandon one State of the Confederacy, and whence, a day or two after, he crossed south into North Carolina; to the guerilla general, Mosby, in the Shenandoah, who at first declared that he cared not for Lee's surrender, but would continue the fight, but whose men rapidly deserted him, till at last he had to give himself up alone; to General Jubal Early, lying superseded, sick, and weary, in the region west of Lynchburg, still bitterly rejecting the idea that the Federals should conquer his native State—Virginia. This last of the Confederates received the news in the eccentric manner characteristic of him. 'Blow your horn, Gabriel!' he exclaimed, solemnly invoking the archangel, 'Blow your horn, Gabriel! It is time to die.'*

* Pollard, *Lee and his Lieutenants*. In his *Memoir* we find General Early repeating the idea so vividly impressed on him: 'I received most unexpectedly the news of the surrender of General Lee's army. Without

The news reached General Sherman, in North Carolina, by the evening of the 10th (by telegraph). 'Rebel armies are now the only points to strike at,' Grant had said to him in his letter of the 5th. Sherman now pushed back Johnston's army to the north-west, and on the 13th occupied Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina. It became apparent that Johnston would soon have to surrender.

In the far south-west Mobile was captured on the 12th by a Federal army, under General Canby, assisted by the fleet. The fortifications had given the Federals some desperate work to do for several days. The last fighting took place on the day of the surrender of Lee.

With the exception of one petty fight, a month later, in Texas, the war was literally over on that day. All that the Federal generals had to do thenceforward was to advance and occupy, demand, and receive surrender.

the slightest feeling of irreverence, I will say that the sound of the last trump would not have been more unwelcome to my ears.'—p. 129.

EPILOGUE.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—DISBANDMENT OF THE ARMY.

‘WE will see how the ship will sail on the Democratic tack,’ said Thomas Jefferson exultingly, when the United States were first launched into the community of nations. In his latter years the staunch Republican who had drawn up the ‘Declaration of Independence,’ and who was chosen to be the third President, formed, with solicitude, a prescient anticipation that a disruption of the Union into North and South would occur. The storm which he and others foresaw had burst, and for four years had raged terrific, but the good ship had weathered it bravely. Confidently the crew now cried that no injury of any consequence had been done to her. Rather was she lightened for good—for the great Republic was at last cleared of the staggering incubus of slavery. The storm had ceased, the heavens had cleared, and the ship was entering port; but her Captain was never to land. He was struck down in full sight of the harbour, and in earshot of the cheering on shore, and the ringing of bells, and the congratulations of the captains of all other ships of state. Dead lay Lincoln in the midst of a blaze of triumph. All the world over men know the tale of the foul murder of the great American President. Only a brief description of it, therefore, will be necessary.

After leaving Richmond on April 6, President Lincoln

returned to Petersburg and City Point, *en route* for Washington. It was expedient that he should hasten his return to his capital, for Mr. Seward (who had returned just before the fall of Richmond) was thrown from his carriage and severely injured on the 5th. But Mr. Lincoln first devoted one day to visiting the sick and wounded soldiers lying in the hospitals at City Point. (8th). He went round and shook hands with every one of them, up to the number of 6,000. 'It was like the visit of a father to his children,' we are told. To most he addressed some kind remark; all were enthusiastically aroused by his visit. At one point noticing an axe, he took it up, with some pleasant observation about 'his strong muscles,' and his 'having once been considered a good wood-chopper.' He was invited to try his hand upon a log of wood, and at once proceeded to make the chips fly in primitive style. He told the soldiers that he thanked them all for the help they had given in winning the glorious victories of the Union.*

Embarking at nightfall, Mr. Lincoln sailed up the Chesapeake and Potomac during the 9th, and by the evening was safe at home again in Washington.† Late at night, an hour or two after he arrived, behold the joyful

* Barrett, *Life of Lincoln*. F. Moore, *Women of the War* (Hartford, 1866), p. 168.

† The following is a description of Mr. Lincoln, just before leaving City Point:—'The President was on board the *River Queen*, when later in the day our party pulled alongside and requested an interview. In a few minutes we had all shaken hands with "Caesar." Rocking in his easy chair, "Honest Abe" graciously received our compliments, expressed with a cheerful, though somewhat careworn countenance, his unfeigned happiness at the apparent speedy termination of a struggle so disastrous to both North and South. The conversation was interspersed throughout with that lively vein of wit and humour so peculiar to President Lincoln.'—*Transatlantic Sketches, or Sixty Days in America* (London, 1865), p. 32.

telegram came to him from Grant, announcing the surrender of Lee.

And now the heart of Abraham Lincoln was brimful of gladness. He who for four years had been first in power and first in care on the American continent, was now transformed into the man of greatest happiness. 'This great trouble,' as he was accustomed to call the war, was vanishing utterly away from him.

'All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,
All the dull deep pain and the constant anguish of patience.'

During exactly four years his Presidency had been one of war; now there remained to him for certain three years and eleven months of peace, during which he could devote himself, in the words of his second inaugural, 'To bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who had borne the battle, or for his widow and orphans; to do all which might cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.'

While taking a carriage drive, either in the afternoon of the 10th or of the fatal 14th, Mrs. Lincoln noticed the altered appearance which the good news had wrought in her husband, and remarked to him how well and how lightsome he seemed. 'And well I may be so, Mary,' the good man replied, 'for I consider that this day the war has come to an end.'

Crowds of enthusiastic citizens surrounded the White House all day, as a visible congratulation to the President. To satisfy them he made a short speech. Referring to the work of re-organisation which must soon be begun, he expressed himself as anxious not to make a mistake of policy. 'If I make a mistake it doesn't merely affect me or you, but the country. 'You have made no mistake yet,' shouted the crowd.

Meanwhile a foul conspiracy against the President's life was developing itself. From half-a-dozen to a dozen persons were concerned in it. The original intention is thought to have been to abduct the President; but now his life, and the lives of General Grant and the leading members of the Cabinet, were marked out to pay a penalty of success, and to give the South a chance of upsetting that success.

John Wilkes Booth—a Marylander by birth, a man of considerable talent as an actor, of bad moral character, and of the utmost bigotry in favour of the South and slavery—was at the head of the conspiracy.* His principal subordinate was one Powell or Payne, a young man of fierce intrepid disposition, and of great personal strength.

On the 11th President Lincoln delivered a lengthy speech—his last—on the problem of re-organising the Union. 'We meet this evening, not in sorrow but in gladness of heart,' he said; and then, after expressing the indebtedness of the nation 'to General Grant, his skilful officers, and brave men,' he went into some details as to what he thought might be the best technical mode of re-organisation. They were somewhat vague; and, as he said, he was still considering his mode of action thereon.

On the 13th General Grant arrived in Washington—his campaign ended. On the next morning, the fatal 14th, the President breakfasted with his eldest son, Captain Robert Lincoln, and heard from him the full particulars of the manner of General Lee's surrender, which he had witnessed as one of Grant's staff.

After breakfast the President received various public

* New York newspapers. Baker, *History of the United States Secret Service* (Philadelphia, 1867). Poore, *Conspiracy Trial. Trial of the Assassins* (Philadelphia, 1865). This contains some good outline portraits.

men; notably Mr. Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives, who was about undertaking a tour to the far West.

At 11 A.M. a Cabinet meeting was held, at which Grant was present. 'The President was very cheerful and hopeful, and spoke very kindly of Lee and others of the Confederacy.'*

It had been arranged that President Lincoln should be at Ford's Theatre in the evening of this day, and the manager had announced it, and also that Grant would be there—Grant, of whom all were now so desirous to get a sight. But the Lieutenant-General, desirous to be with his family—and feeling his old bashfulness of popular laudation come over him, perhaps—left Washington in the afternoon, for Burlington, New Jersey.

President Lincoln, believing Grant was going to be at the theatre, had changed his own mind, and was not going; but when he found that the Lieutenant-General had gone away instead, he resolved to go, as the people would be disappointed if neither he nor Grant were there.

At 8.15 P.M. the President entered Ford's Theatre, with Mrs. Lincoln and two young friends, Major Rathbone and Miss Harris. As he entered, the audience gave enthusiastic cheers—the last he was ever to hear. The flag of the United States hung before the state box which he occupied.

The play performing was 'Our American Cousin.' Several times the actors, inspired by the presence of the President, made interpolations, or 'gags,' *apropos* of the current events in which all were so interested. Notably it is said one of them introduced the President's well-known locution 'That reminds me of a little story,' and

* *Secretary Stanton's Despatch*, 1.30 A.M., April 15, 1865, announcing the President's murder.

Mr. Lincoln laughed audibly at the 'hit.' Men said afterwards, however, that he seemed abstracted and sombre, even while much of the performance was going on, and once, without any apparent reason, he went to the rear of his box and put on his overcoat.

At 10.15 P.M., while the third act of the play was performing, and only one actor was on the stage, John Wilkes Booth entered the President's box from the rear, and shot him through the head. The wound was mortal, and Lincoln became immediately unconscious; his head dropped forward as he sat in his chair, and that was all. Wilkes Booth dropped his pistol, and sprang from the box on to the stage below. As he fell he seriously injured himself—by breaking a bone in his leg—but, up again in a moment, he ran across the stage like a demon, waving a long dagger, and crying out 'Sic semper tyrannis.' He made his way out by the rear of the theatre, where a horse was waiting for him.

It was a strange scene that night in Ford's Theatre. The people rushed towards their poor President's box in awful excitement; and there lay the wise and noble ruler of 30,000,000 of people, insensible, dying in the midst of his subjects. Blood and a portion of the brain were oozing out from the wound at the back of the head, just above and below the temporal bone. He was quickly removed to a private house opposite Ford's Theatre, and—with the surgeon-general of the army and other surgeons in attendance on him, surrounded by the members of his Cabinet and other distinguished persons, with his wife and his son Robert gazing from time to time in agony at their unconscious husband and father—at 7.22 A.M. of April 15, 1865, Abraham Lincoln breathed his last.

Simultaneously with the shooting of Lincoln, Booth's fellow-conspirator Payne had attacked Mr. Seward, the

Secretary of State. That gentleman lay ill in bed, not yet recovered from his accident of the 5th. The assassin, pretending to have come from Mr. Seward's family doctor, hastened to the room where the Secretary lay with his daughter by his bedside, seriously wounded both the sons of Mr. Seward and an attendant who successively strove to arrest him, and then endeavoured to kill the Secretary by repeatedly stabbing him about the throat and face. Owing to Mr. Seward's presence of mind in throwing himself half out of bed, his wounds did not prove mortal, but he lay for several days unconscious. The shock of this attack on her husband appears to have caused the death of Mrs. Seward, who died almost as soon as he recovered. Mr. Seward has not figured in these pages in the high proportions which his work during the war might well be made to illustrate. Next to Mr. Lincoln he probably is the statesman who deserved most of his country during the struggle with rebellion. His relation to Mr. Lincoln in the Cabinet resembled much that of Sherman to Grant in the field. For many days, while Mr. Seward began to grow convalescent, the knowledge of Mr. Lincoln's death was kept from him, as all about him thought; but he had divined it. 'I knew he must be dead,' he said, when they at last alluded to it, 'for he would have come to see me before this if he had been alive.'*

The oaths of office, as Mr. Lincoln's successor, were administered to Mr. Andrew Johnson, Vice-President, at 11 A.M. on April 15. General Grant arrived in Washington on the same day, hurried back from Burlington by the terrible news forwarded to him.

One more difficulty for the preservers of the Union suddenly revealed itself two or three days after; and its

* Carpenter, *Six Months at the White House*, p. 231.

happy arrangement illustrated again, in a striking manner, Grant's individual modesty and constitutional discretion.

General Sherman—as erratic as he was talented—had thought to do good service by procuring the surrender of Johnston's army on very easy terms. In his desire to achieve it, and so extinguish the war, he had fallen into a course of impulsive action, which was, to say the least, very injudicious. Meeting General Johnston on the 17th, he signed with him a memorandum as 'basis of agreement' of a peculiar and nondescript character. It was rather a provision for disbandment than a surrender on Johnston's part, and the articles of the memorandum, besides being as far as was possible more liberal than the terms of surrender given by Grant to Lee, touched on purely state matters such as Sherman—a military officer merely—was hardly warranted in entering upon. The United States Government would have been most seriously hampered in its policy by countenancing the document. President Johnson, advised by his Cabinet, by Grant, and especially by Mr. Stanton, promptly expressed his disapproval of it, and Grant was charged to proceed at once to Sherman's camp in North Carolina, assume command, and, after forty-eight hours' agreed notice, force Johnston to surrender.

In executing this duty Grant had a most delicate task to perform. Sherman had, during six months past performed so great exploits, that he was almost the rival of the Lieutenant-General in military reputation. Now was the opportunity in which a petty spirit might have sought to avenge itself on one which seemed to aspire to outshine it. Now, in effect, some of Sherman's enemies were quick to malign and degrade the brilliant general so lately praised by all. But Grant proved himself as modest and true in his behaviour to the friend in a false

position as he had to the foe conquered. Arriving at Raleigh on April 24, in the most unostentatious manner, he declined to take the official command of the army, which Sherman at once tendered, and kept himself so quiet during his stay that when, on the 26th, Johnston, finding himself pressed again, visited Sherman to make a more conformable surrender, the Confederate general was entirely ignorant that Lieutenant-General Grant was in Sherman's camp. Grant had no desire to parade the supreme authority he held; and, quietly telegraphing to the War Department that 'Johnston had surrendered to Sherman,' he immediately returned to Washington.*

(April 26.) The terms Johnston obtained were precisely the same as those of the surrender of Lee. The number of men paroled was 37,106.

Eight days after this all the Confederate organisations, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, officially ceased to exist. (May 4.) General Richard Taylor—who appears to have succeeded to Hood's command—gave them up to General Canby, the captor of Mobile. The number was very large, but the forces were widely scattered.

On May 11 Mr. Jefferson Davis, after a flight, day by day more perilous, through North and South Carolina, was captured by a party of Federal cavalry in the vicinity of Irwinsville, Georgia. He was conveyed to Fortress Monroe, where he was confined for about two years.

At the same time that Mr. Davis was endeavouring to escape by flight, there was on the North American con-

* 'General Grant left Raleigh at 9 A.M. of the 27th, and I glory in the fact that during his three days' stay with me I did not detect in his language or manner one particle of abatement in the confidence, respect, and affection, that have existed between us through all the varied events of the past war; and though we have honestly differed in opinion on other cases as well as this, still we respected each other's honest convictions.'—*Sherman's Report* (No. 4) from City Point, May 9, 1865.

tinent another fugitive President, whose prospects, to superficial observers, might seem of the darkest. Benito Juarez, President of Mexico, had just at that period been chased by the French and Belgian supporters of the empire of Maximilian to the verge of the country, to the government of which he still staunchly maintained his right. For several months he and his government wandered from place to place about the Mexican territory, just south of the United States boundary; but, with true Indian tenacity of purpose, he always contrived to remain within the Mexican frontier, and to keep with him the nucleus of an army. A little over two years having elapsed, the greatest changes were wrought; for the United States Government having, by Mr. Seward's vigorous diplomacy, enforced their persistent policy of discountenancing the occupation of Mexico by French troops, Maximilian's empire crumbled to pieces. The execution of the ill-fated Austrian Archduke unfortunately cast a dark stain on the recovered liberties of the people of Mexico.

On May 26 General Kirby Smith, commanding the Federal troops in Texas and all the region west of the Mississippi, made surrender of them to General Canby. The number of men thus surrendered cannot be given with any accuracy, nor was a proper formal surrender carried out. The men dispersed incontinently, and General Smith fled to Mexico.

After this there was no longer any Confederate organisation. The Confederate States ceased to exist.

The rebellion being completely at an end, with greater rapidity even than it had been compounded did that vast machine of warfare, the Union Army, begin to uncoil itself. Immediately on his return to Washington, the day before Mr. Lincoln's assassination, the Lieu-

tenant-General had concerted with the President and Mr. Stanton prompt measures for cutting down war expenses. That same evening the Secretary of War telegraphed to New York, for the information of the nation at large, that it had been decided:—

First. To stop all drafting and recruiting in the loyal States.

Second. To curtail purchases of arms, ammunition, quartermaster's and commissary supplies, and to reduce the military establishment in its several branches.

Third. To reduce the number of general and staff officers to the actual necessities of the service.

Fourth. To remove all military restrictions upon trade and commerce, so far as might be consistent with public safety.

The assassination of the President put a stop to all the rejoicings which were taking place, and no civil pageants but those of grief followed. It was felt, however, that the army ought to have a public recognition made to it of its services; and therefore, before the disbandment (which it was soon seen might safely be effected) took place, a grand review was held at Washington. During the two days of May 24 and 25 the Army of the Potomac and the army of General Sherman 'marched past' in one continuous stream, from nine in the morning till six in the afternoon, receiving the plaudits of the President, the Cabinet, the Lieutenant-General, and the thousands of citizens who for several days had been rushing into Washington from all parts to see the grand spectacle. The two armies thus marching in succession numbered 160,000 men; but the whole of the Army of the Potomac was not present. Such a review had never before been seen on the continent of America, and, it may well be hoped, may never be called forth by circumstances

again; for, as the men went by, they were marching away into history. Immediately after the review disbandment was actively proceeded with.

On May 1, 1865, the United States Army had numbered about 1,080,000 men, the highest total it ever reached. Three months later, by the beginning of August, upwards of 700,000 men had been 'mustered out,' and were resuming the occupations of civil life.*

By the same time, also, the greater portion of some 200,000 horses and mules used by the army were in process of sale by auction. General Grant had very early made a shrewd remark with regard to the animals: 'They are now idle, and eating their heads off. When they are sold to the farmers, in the South as well as in the North, they will support themselves and more too, in tilling the soil and moving the crops, and the thousands of men taking care of them will be relieved from duty.'

During the year (from May 1864 to May 1865) the United States expenditure had been 1,200,000,000 dollars, or at the rate of 3,500,000 dollars daily. Directly Johnston's army surrendered, the government was enabled to reduce the expenditure by a million dollars a day.

With, for the number, extraordinarily few exceptions, the soldiers suddenly discharged fell with the most excellent spirit and alacrity into the labours of civil life. The occupations to which the discharged officers and generals betook themselves were various, and in many instances presented the most singular transformations.

'It has been my fortune to see the armies of both the east and west fight battles,' said the Lieutenant-General in concluding his report; 'and from what I have seen I

* As I close this work (December, 1868), the statement is telegraphed that the total strength of the United States Army is only 48,000.

know there is no difference in their fighting qualities. All that it was possible for men to do in battle they have done. The western armies commenced their battles in the Mississippi valley, and received the final surrender of the principal army opposed to them in North Carolina. The armies of the east commenced their battles on the river from which the Army of the Potomac derived its name, and received the final surrender of their old antagonist at Appomattox Court-house, Virginia. The splendid achievements of each have nationalised our victories, removed all sectional jealousies (of which we have, unfortunately, experienced too much), and the causes of crimination and recrimination that might have followed had either section failed in its duty. All have a proud record, and all sections can well congratulate themselves and each other for having done their full share in restoring the supremacy of law over every foot of territory belonging to the United States. Let them hope for perpetual peace and harmony with that enemy, whose manhood, however mistaken the cause, drew forth such herculean deeds of valour.'

Of himself, what said the conqueror of Richmond?—the man under whose leadership these victorious armies prospered?

'Whether my views and campaigns might have been better in conception and execution, is for the people who mourn the loss of friends fallen, and who have to pay the pecuniary cost, to say. All I can say is that what I have done has been done conscientiously, to the best of my ability, and in what I conceived to be for the best interests of the whole country.'

America has given forth no uncertain voice as to the value of the work Grant did for her. She recognised in him, as all men must, a conscientious worker. By the

toil of his brain and body, and by the firmness of his resolve, he had accomplished the grand task entrusted to him. The Union was restored, and slavery abolished. The greatest reward possible was therefore due to him, and America has given it by choosing him to fill the chair of Abraham Lincoln, as the next elected President of the United States.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1815.

Just published, in 8vo. with MAP, price 10s. 6d.

WATERLOO LECTURES:

A STUDY OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1815.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL CHARLES C. CHESNEY, R.E.

Late Professor of Military Art and History in the Staff College.

‘The short duration of the Waterloo campaign, the simplicity of its strategy, and the decisive nature of its results, have caused its history to be adopted at the Staff College as a rudimental lesson in the study of military art. Colonel CHESNEY, who, until promoted to a superior rank, was the Professor of this subject at that Institution, has published to the world the lectures which he then delivered to the students. In their compilation he has consulted all the authorities on the subject, French, German, and English, and has produced a work of great value to the future historian and to the general reader. The work is extremely valuable.....The Staff College may certainly be congratulated that such honest inquirers and brilliant writers as Colonel CHESNEY and his predecessor, Colonel HAMLEY, have filled its chair of history and pointed out the line for their successors to pursue.’

SATURDAY REVIEW.

‘These lectures are eminently just in the distribution of discriminative criticism. Delivered to students of the military art, they must be unusually interesting and useful to military readers; they are nevertheless so popular and untechnical that they are well adapted to instruct and please the larger audience of general readers. It is a great story, told by a man who unites to a sound military understanding a good literary taste and an excellent power of expression.’

LONDON REVIEW.

‘Colonel CHESNEY examines and balances with care the testimonies of the principal writers on his subject, and he brings a heavy charge against M. THIERS of perverting testimony, even NAPOLEON’S own, to blacken honourable names, GROUCHY, of course, being chiefly meant.....This sentence in itself will be sufficient to shew that Colonel CHESNEY has the courage to

think for himself, and the skill to put his conclusions in nervous language. His work ought to become a military classic.’

UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

‘The volume contains the clearest, most authentic, and impartial account of those memorable four days, and is a complete answer to the meretricious romance for which NAPOLEON himself furnished most of the materials in his *St. Helena Afterthoughts*, hoping that such figments would be accepted by the French for their national history.’

MORNING POST.

‘While every detail of the Battle of Waterloo has for the average Englishman a perennial interest, the student of military history is never weary of studying the strategy of that wonderful four days’ campaign, a campaign that well merits the attention which it has received. Compact in time, important in result, conducted by the chief generals of the world at the very prime of their reputation, and being, as it were, the finished result of the experience of twenty years’ war, we may here, if anywhere, look to see skill, conduct, and forethought taking the place of blind chance, and to find the operations leading up, step by step, to a perfect end. To the literature of this interesting subject Colonel CHESNEY has made a valuable contribution, and one which will well sustain the reputation which he acquired in the chair of Military History at the Staff College. Although the title seems to suggest a strictly professional work, Colonel CHESNEY’S book deserves and will obtain the attention of others than those to whom it is more immediately addressed.....No one can read this book carefully without being struck with the different picture of the Waterloo campaign which it presents from that which is hung up in the gallery of popular imagination and national vanity.’

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and CO. Paternoster Row.

NEW ILLUSTRATED WORK ON IRELAND.

Second Edition, in One Volume, 8vo. price 21s.

REALITIES OF IRISH LIFE.

By W. STEUART TRENCH,

*Land Agent in Ireland to the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Marquess of Bath,
and Lord Digby.*

With Thirty Lithographic Illustrations from Original Drawings by
the Author's Son,

J. TOWNSEND TRENCH;

AND A MAP OF IRELAND,

Indicating the Territorial Possessions of the Ancient Princes, Lords,
and Chiefs, from the Eleventh to the Seventeenth Century.

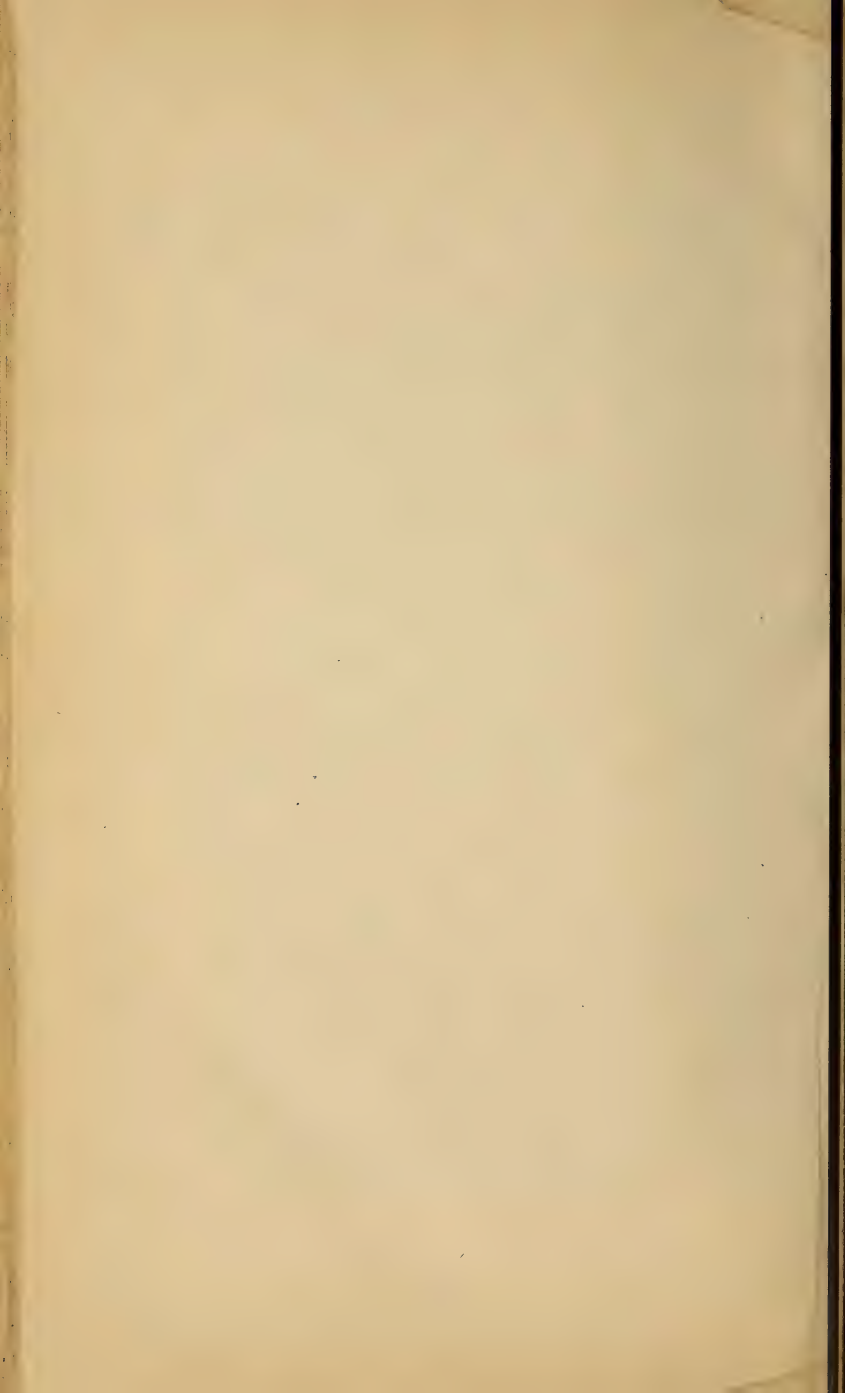
The PALL MALL GAZETTE.

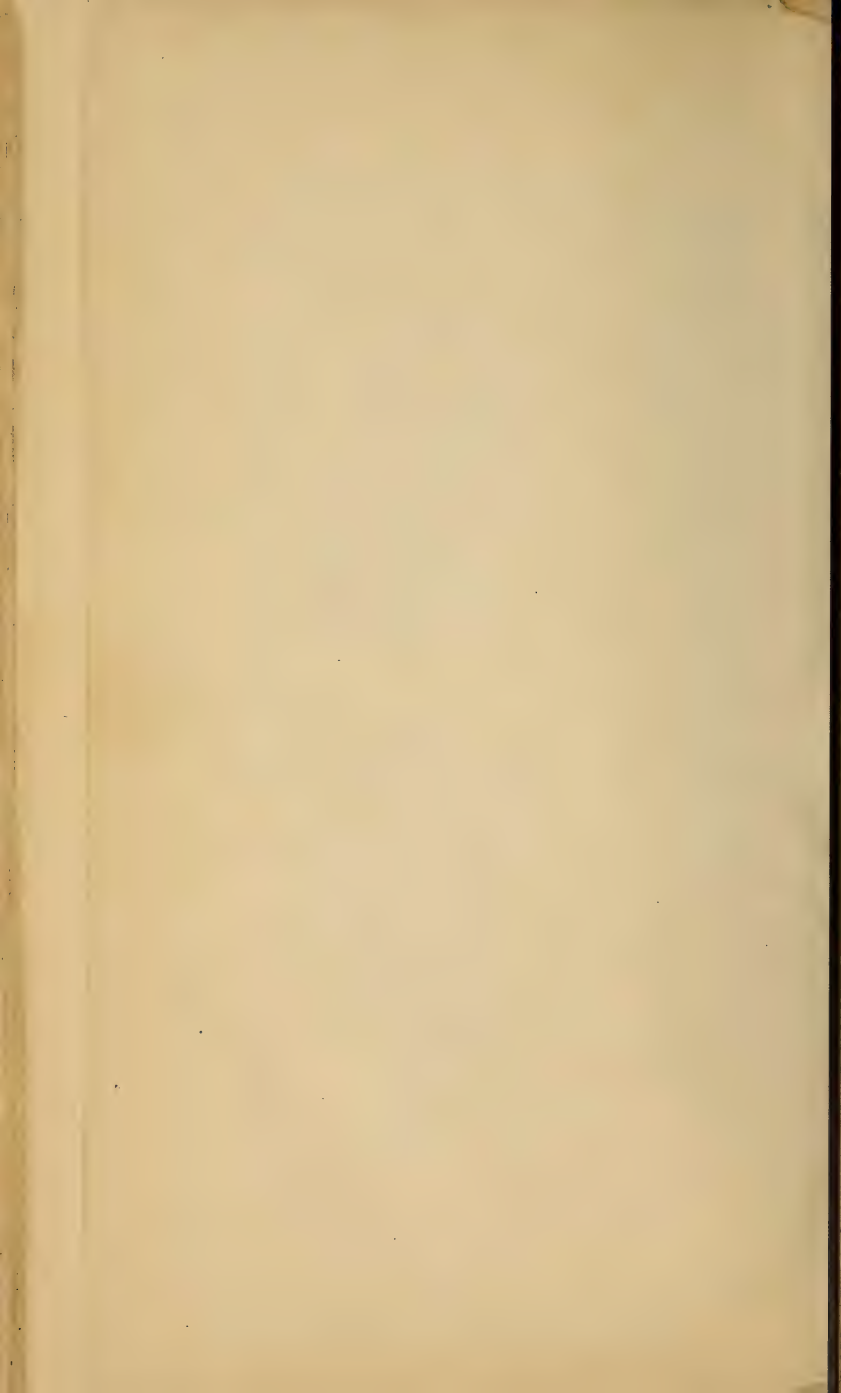
The appearance of this work is most opportune. It will help ENGLISHMEN to understand IRELAND and the IRISH better than they have ever done before, while surprising them into the conviction that hitherto their acquaintance with either has been almost nil. Mr. TRENCH's book differs from every other relating to Ireland which has ever come under our notice. It is not the production either of a traveller, or of a politician, or of a partisan of any cause or opinion, ecclesiastical or social, but of a native and a resident, of a gentleman whose life has been spent among his countrymen and in the most intimate relations with all classes of them, especially the most numerous and depressed class, and whose avocations have led him down to the very heart of the great question of all in Ireland—namely, the land question. . . . It is impossible to read the work without gaining a clear conception alike of the causes which have brought about the wretchedness of Ireland and of the only measures by which that wretchedness can be effectually relieved.

The TIMES.

This is certainly a remarkable book, and it distinguishes itself in the current literature of the Irish question by striking out a decided line of its own. Mr. TRENCH handles a subject essentially picturesque in a manner broadly sensational, at the same time preserving, as he assures us, the utmost fidelity of detail. . . . Those who care to hear of the pathos and humour that blend so strangely in this strange people had better seek them for themselves in Mr. TRENCH's volume. The episodes of MARY SHEA, ALIC M'MAHON, and PATSY M'DERMOT, remind one of CARLETON's *Trails and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, and these have the advantage of being avowed true to boot. But we cannot dismiss the book without noticing Mr. TRENCH's story of a seal-hunt in Kerry, one of the most thrilling incidents of sport we ever read—those with grizzly bears, man-eaters, or elephants not excepted. . . . The whole volume is brimful of action and excitement in one shape or another, from the first page to the last, and its spirited but very sensational illustrations are a fair index to the contents. Few strangers to Ireland will finish the book without having far more vivid impressions of the country and the people than they had before; and it is not often that we have information on a grave question of the day administered in so stimulating a form.

London: LONGMANS and CO. Paternoster Row.



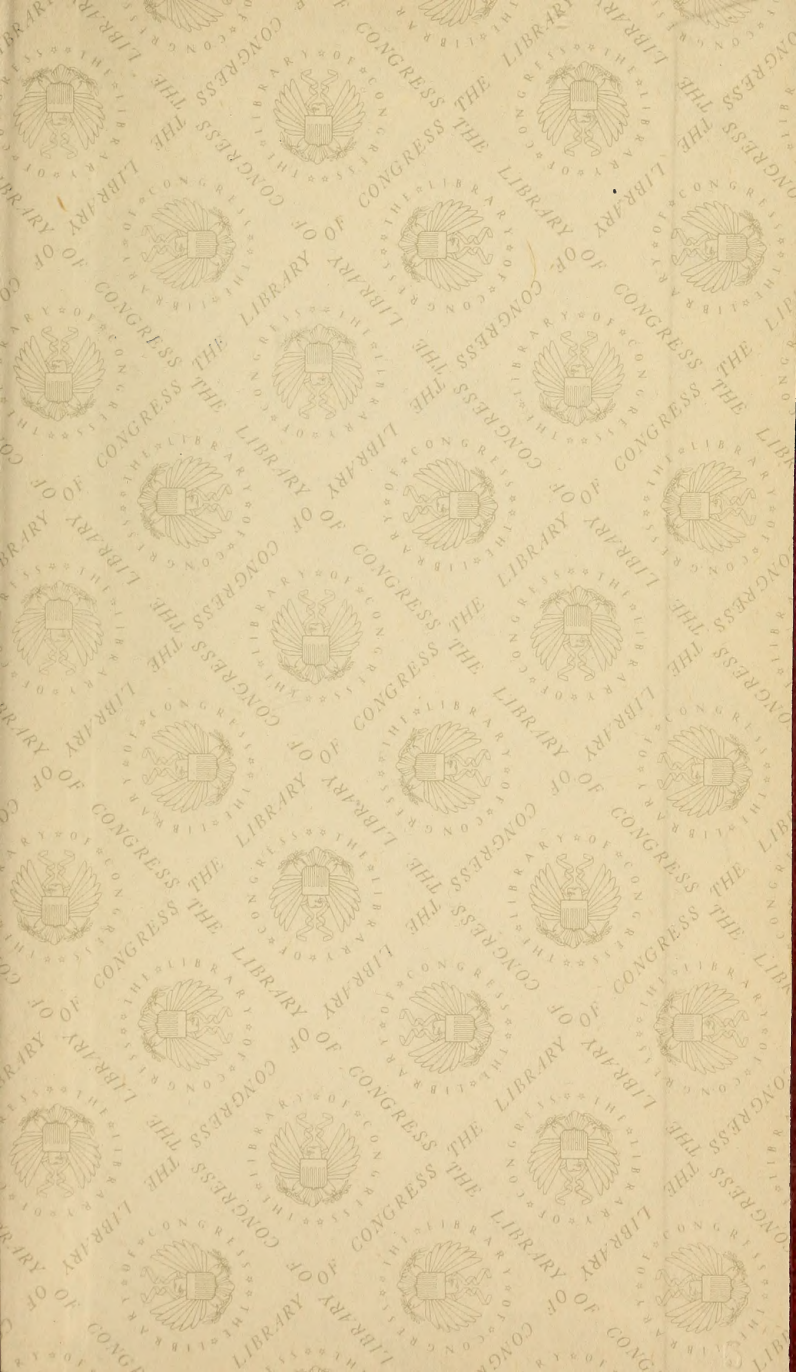




Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: May 2010

Preservation Technologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 012 193 082 1

